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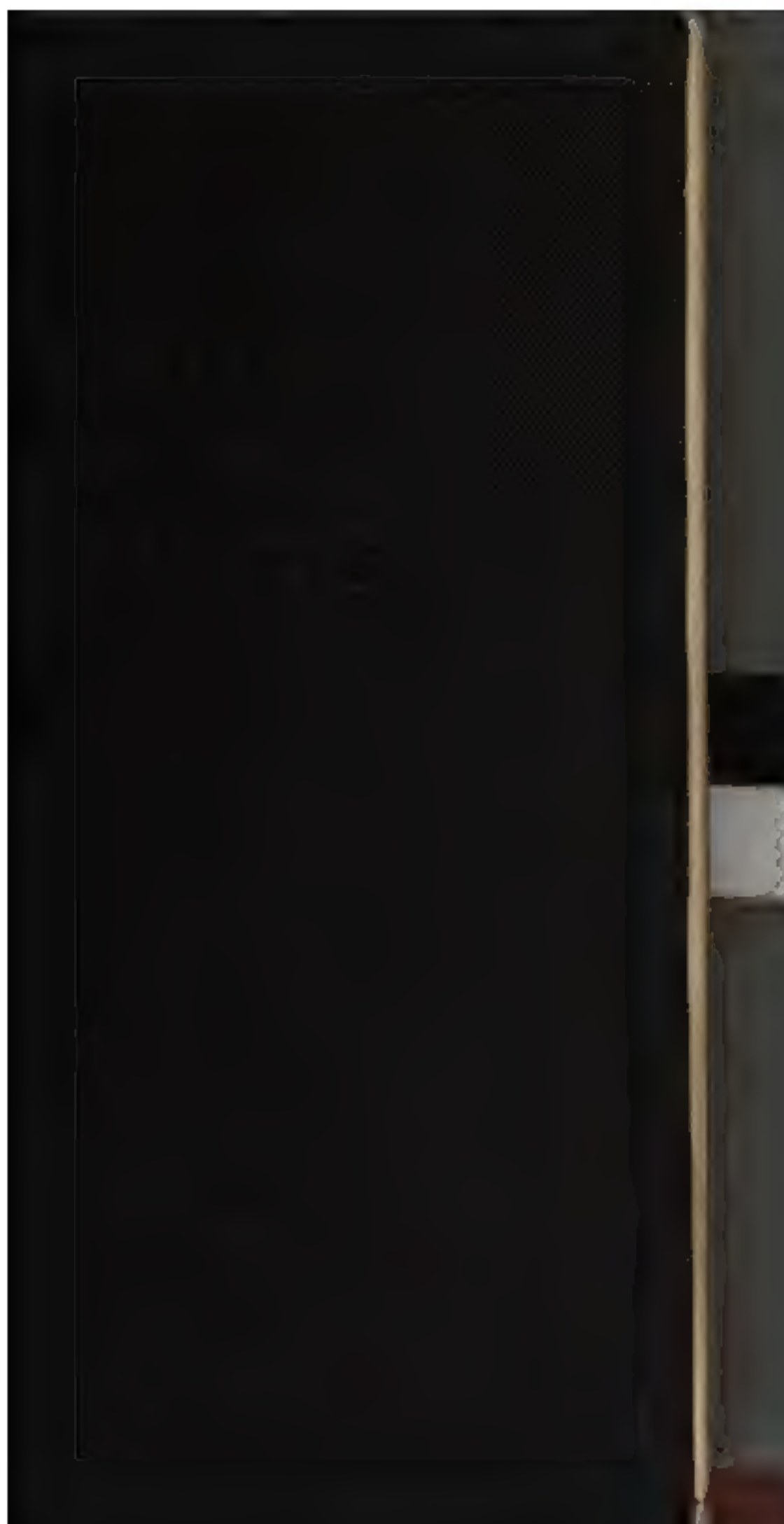
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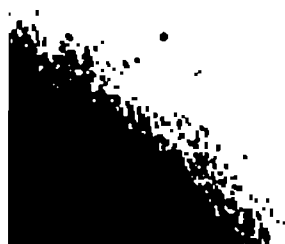
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HYMNS

FOR THE

SERVICE OF THE KING.

"I speak of the things touching the KING."—*Ps.* xlv. 1.

"Sing praises unto our KING, sing praises. For GOD is the KING of all the earth : sing ye praises with understanding."—*Ps.* xlvii. 6, 7.



LONDON:

JOHN F. SHAW & CO.

48 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1881.



TO
H I M
WHO
"INHABITETH THE PRAISES OF ISRAEL,"
THE CHURCH'S COVENANT GOD,
JEHOVAH,
FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
WHO HATH SAID
"LET ME HEAR THY VOICE, FOR SWEET IS THY VOICE,"
AND
HATH COMMANDED HIS PEOPLE
IN
"PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,"
"MAKING MELODY" IN THEIR HEART,
TO
"SING WITH GRACE"
UNTO
THE LORD,
PRAYING THAT HE WILL USE THEM FOR HIS OWN GLORY,
THESE
Hymns for the Service of the King
ARE HUMBLY
DEDICATED.



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PREFACE.



IT having occurred to the Editor of this book that it would be desirable to have a collection of Hymns selected by old and young members of the Church of Christ, a circular to that effect was issued. An invitation was given that Hymns might be sent ; the hearty response was the best evidence of the feeling existing generally upon the subject. This work is the result. In its compilation there were two difficulties, viz. :—1. The selection of the most favourite Hymns from the thousands which were sent to the Editor ; and 2. The difficulty in avoiding copyright. The readers will judge for themselves how far the Editor has been successful. His most grateful thanks are tendered to those who have aided him, whether by sending Hymns, by allowing their compositions to be used, by aiding in compiling a list of tunes, or by assisting in the general arrangement. The copyright of some Hymns being so exclusively guarded that the right to use them cannot even be purchased, may account for the absence of some favourites from this book. To meet this difficulty many new Hymns have been specially written for this work, and thereby, although the

PREFACE.

more familiar words have been omitted, the *tunes* to which those Hymns are sung are retained, and may be used. It may be asked, *Is there a Musical Edition of this book?* *Not at present.* To meet this difficulty a simple plan has been adopted whereby the most favourite and popular tunes may be used, viz., in one of the larger editions of this work is given a list of the *Authors* of the Hymns (so far as they are known), and also a

LIST OF TUNES,

and the names of the well-known collections in which they may be found. Thus the most favourite Hymns and the most favourite Tunes can be enjoyed.

This is believed to be the first effort ever made, upon such a plan, to compile a book containing the choice Hymns of very many Christians, *selected by themselves*, and embodying the words in which they desire, in verse, to join in the service of the King, the Lord of Hosts.

There will be found in the following pages a complete absence of all Hymns and expressions calculated to teach "Baptismal Regeneration," "Priestly Absolution," or "The Real Presence in the Lord's Supper," and there are not in this book any Hymns for Saints' Days; otherwise, the order of the Christian year is closely followed.

This collection, while replete with the older and standard Hymns, contains an unusually large proportion of those for *Children* (selected chiefly by *themselves*), *Hymns for special Mission Services*,

PREFACE.

and on the subject of the *Second Coming of the Lord*.

This book is mainly intended for *Public Worship*, but, at the earnest solicitation of valued friends, it contains a few Hymns of a private and meditative character.

Should any copyright Hymn appear in this collection without sanction, the Editor trusts that the great difficulty in the work of compilation will be accepted as his apology. In no case has he wittingly, without permission, inserted any Hymn of which he believed the copyright to be reserved.

Many of the Hymns in this work are copyright, and may not be reprinted without permission. If information be desired respecting these, it will be supplied, so far as he is able, if a letter (enclosing a stamped envelope for reply) be addressed to THE EDITOR of "*Hymns for the Service of the King*," care of Messrs. John F. Shaw & Co., 48 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Editor feels (although he alone is responsible for the present work) that he owes a deep debt of gratitude, which he thankfully acknowledges, for the valued assistance which, in different ways, he has received from the following, amongst many others, in his work of compilation :—

C. H. I., for several hymns which appear in this collection.

Miss E. S. Elliott, for special hymns, and for permission to make selections from "*Under the Pillow*."

PREFACE.

M. V. G. H., for hymns by the late Frances Ridley
Havergal and the late Rev. Canon Havergal.
The Religious Tract Society, for the use of Miss C.
Elliott's, Edmeston's, and Kelly's hymns.
The Right Rev. Bishop Toke, M.A.
The Very Rev. Dean Bagot, D.D.
The Rev. Dr. Ussher (Canada).
The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A.
The Rev. F. Whitfield, M.A.
The Rev. F. Harper, M.A.
The late Rev. S. A. Walker, M.A.
The Rev. Thomas Richardson.
The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.
The Rev. W. Woodward.
The Rev. E. W. Bullinger.
The Rev. G. J. Lacell.
The Rev. H. E. Taylor.
The Rev. A. Grant Lane.
The Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.
The Rev. R. H. Taylor.
The Rev. B. Horace Ward.
The Rev. J. E. Walker.
The Rev. J. Deans.
The Rev. R. J. Noyes, B.A.
The Rev. D. R. Morris (Jamaica).
The Rev. W. Frew Edgerton.
The Rev. A. Corbett.
Mr. James Kenward, F. R. Antiquarian Society.
Captain Inskip, R.N.
Mrs. Robert Malcomson.
Mr. John Hall.
Mr. J. A. Barrow.
Mr. B. P. Wright, J.P.
Mrs. Toke, for hymns by L. A. S.
Miss A. L. Waring, Authoress of "*Father, I know that
all my Life.*"

PREFACE.

Miss Anna B. Warner (New York).

Mrs. Pennefather, for permission to use hymns by the late Rev. W. Pennefather.

Mr. G. Cowell, Author of "*The Sun's behind the Cloud.*"

Mr. George Rolph, jun.

Mr. W. M. Thompson.

Miss Armstrong, Authoress of "*Oh, to be Over Yonder.*"

Messrs. Wells Gardner & Co., for "*Oh, to be Over Yonder,*" from "*The King in His Beauty.*"

And the very large number of kind friends who have sent to him lists of their favourite hymns.

He is also indebted to the following books for many excellent hymns which appear in this collection, viz.:—

Songs of Grace & Glory, by late Rev. C. B. Snepp, LL.B.

Hymnal Companion, by Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, M.A.

The Book of Praise, by Sir Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne).

Church Hymns (S. P. C. K. Collection).

Pilgrim Songs, by Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.

The New Church Hymn Book, by Rev. C. Kemble, M.A.

The Canadian Church Hymnal, by the Most Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., and others.

The Churchman's Hymnal, by Rev. J. L. Porter, M.A.

Zion's Hymns, by the Rev. Joseph Irons.

The Old Hill Church Hymn Book.

Psalms and Hymns, by the Rev. W. Nunn, M.A.

Psalms and Hymns, by the Rev. Thomas Bradbury.

The Church Hymnal (in use in the Church of Ireland).

Common Praise (the Christian Book Society).

Our Own Hymn Book, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The "New" Songs, by Frederick N. Charrington.

Appendix, by the Rev. F. W. Kittermaster.

The Times of Refreshing, by the Rev. J. Denham Smith.

Sacred Songs and Solos, by Ira D. Sankey.

Hymns of Consecration, &c., by the Rev. J. Mountain.

PREFACE.

- Congregational Hymn Book*, by Rev. H. Allon, D.D.
Hymns of Faith and Hope, by the Rev. H. Bonar, D.D.
Hymns for the Church of God, by the Rev. G. W. Straton, B.A.
Hallowed Songs, by Philip Phillips.
The Peculiar People's Hymn Book, by Samuel Harrod and William Jutsham.
Selection of Hymns, by the late Right Rev. Robert Daly, D.D., Bishop of Cashel.
The Additional Hymn Book, by the Right Rev. John C. Ryle, D.D., Bishop of Liverpool.
Church of England Hymn Book, by Revs. D. T. K. Drummond, B.A., and R. K. Greville, LL.D.
The Invalid's Hymn Book, by Rev. Hugh White, M.A.
The Mildmay Park Conference Hymns.
Metrical Psalter, &c., by Rev. W. Windle, M.A.
Church Psalter, &c., by the Rev. E. Harland, M.A.
The Christian Hymnal (Shaw & Co.)
The Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song, by V. J. Charlesworth and J. M. Smith.
The Child's Own Hymn Book, by John Curwen.
Service of Sacred Song (Sunday School Union).
Under the Pillow (Haughton & Co.)
The Dublin Christian Convention Hymn Book.
Hymns, by C. F.
One Hundred Choice Large Type Hymns (Taylor).
Songs in Sorrow and in Joy, by C. H. I. (Taylor).
Psalms and Hymns, by late Rev. E. Walker, D.C.L.
Additional Appendix, by the Rev. D. C. Bell, M.A.
The New Wesleyan Hymn Book.
The Hymn Book of the Free Church of England.
Spiritual Songs, by the Rev. J. Ormiston.
The Church Sunday School Hymn Book.
Collection of Hymns, by the Rev. R. Stevens.
Wayfaring Hymns, by Miss Anna B. Warner.
The Children's Hymn Book, by Rev. John Knapp, M.A.

PREFACE.

Hymns of Reformed Episcopal Church (American).
Supplementary Hymns, by the Rev. J. C. Martin, M. A.
Gathered Sheaves of Golden Grain (Hawkins).
The Christian Casket, by the Rev. F. Whitfield, M. A.
Sacred Poems, by the Rev. F. Whitfield, M. A.
Hymns of Truth, by T. G. D. Bell.
“*The Appendix*” (Marlborough & Co.)
The Hymn Book of the United Brethren (Moravian).
Hymns of Praise.
Songs of Love and Mercy.
The Choralist.
Gems of Sacred Song.
The Sunday Scholar's Companion.
The Sunday School Hymnal.
The Hymnary.
Selection of Hymns, by late Rev. John Walker, M. A.
The Gospel Magazine, by the Rev. D. A. Doudney, D. D.
The Remembrancer, by the Rev. W. Lush.
Wayside Words, by the Rev. F. Harper, M. A.
Day of Days, by the Rev. C. Bullock, B. D.
Hymns, by the Very Rev. Dean Bagot, D. D.
The American Sacred Songster.
Morning Stars, by Frances Ridley Havergal.
Hymns, Paraphrases, &c., by the Rev. D. R. Morris.
Selected Hymns (Partridge).
The Children's Friend.
Principles and Practice of Early Education.
Weyman's Melodia Sacra.

Also such well-known collections as Kent's, Hart's, Dr. Watts', Gadsby's, Rippon's, Wesley's, Cowper's, Newton's, Barry's, Kelly's, and others, in addition to many hymns, both old and new, from private sources.

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Come, gracious Spirit,

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H Y M N S.

I.—PUBLIC SERVICE.

1

10. 10. 11. 11.

OH worship the King all glorious above!
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His
love!

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with
praise!

2 Oh, tell of His might, Oh, sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space!

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy pow'r hath founded of old:
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 Oh, measureless might ! ineffable love !
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their
 lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise!

2

8.7.887.77.77.

KING, Eternal and Immortal !
We, the children of an hour,
Bend in lowly adoration,
Rise in raptured admiration,
 At the whisper of Thy power.
 Myriad ages in Thy sight
 Are but as the fleeting day ;
 Like a vision of the night,
 Worlds may rise and pass away.

- 2 All Thy glories are eternal,
 None shall ever pass away ;
Truth and mercy all victorious,
Righteousness and love all-glorious,
 Shine with everlasting ray :
 All resplendent, ere the light
 Bade primeval darkness flee ;
 All-transcendent, through the flight
 Of eternity to be.
- 3 Thou art God from everlasting,
 And to everlasting art !
Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,
Dimly guessed by angel sages,
 Ere the beat of seraph heart ;

PUBLIC SERVICE.

Thou, Jehovah, art the same,
And Thy years shall have no end,
Changeless nature, changeless name,
Ever Father, God, and Friend !

3

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

JESUS our Lord is King,
Come then, ye saints, and sing,
Jesus our theme ;
High over all He is ;
Yonder bright throne is His ;
Triumph, ye saints, in this ;
Triumph in Him !

2 High on His throne above,
(His is a throne of love,)
Jesus is seen ;
Spirits around His throne ;
Blessèd in Him alone ;
Making His glory known ;
No cloud between.

3 While we remain below,
Only in part we know,
More is not given ;
But there's a day at hand,
When, at our Lord's command,
We hope with joy to stand
Near Him in heaven.

4 Then, in triumphant songs,
(Such joy to heaven belongs,)
All shall unite ;
All shall unite and sing,
Jesus our glorious King !
Then shall all heaven ring—
Ring with delight.

4

1

UNTO Him whose name is holy,
To our King, let us bring
Contrite hearts and lowly,
Lord of life, we bow before Thee :
Bend Thine ear, draw Thou near,
While our hearts adore Thee.

2 Source of all our consolation,
Christ, our Guide, at Thy side
Find we our salvation.
Who is weary ? who is lonely ?
Here is grace ; here is peace ;
Found in Jesus only.

3 Hark ! He calls with love undying,
“ Wherefore roam ? hither come,
On My word relying.
Fear thou not, for I have sought thee ;
By My strife won thy life ;
Come, for I have bought thee !

4 “ Hither bring thy sin, thy sadness,
I have borne shame and scorn
Thus to bring thee gladness.
Here is oil of joy for mourning ;
Full release, pardon, peace,
To the soul returning.”

5 Son of God ! with adoration
We receive and believe
This Thy great salvation.
We to Thee our hearts surrender,
And adore, evermore,
Thee, our strong Defender !

5

7.6.D.

“FROM glory unto glory !” our faith hath
seen the King !

We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly
we sing ;

But He hath more to show us ! oh, thought
of untold bliss !

And we press on exulting in certain hope of
this.

2 And “greater things,” far greater, our long-
ing eyes shall see !

We can but wait and wonder what “greater
things” shall be ;

But glorious fulfilments rejoicingly we claim,
While pleading in its power, the All-prevail-
ing Name.

3 Oh, ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith
and love,

Come up into the sunshine, so bright and
warm above !

No longer tread the valley, but, clinging to
His hand,

Ascend the shining summits, and view the
glorious land.

4 Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trum-
pet-notes more clear,

Our anthems ring so grandly that all the
world must hear !

Oh, royal be our music, for who hath cause
to sing,

Like those whom He redeemed, the children
of the King !

5 In full and glad surrender we give ourselves
to Thee,

Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be !

PUBLIC SERVICE.

O Son of God, who lov'st us, we will be
Thine alone,
And all we have, and all we are, shall hence-
forth be Thine own.

6

10's.

THE King ! His praises I would ever sing,
Who did my soul into His "chambers"
bring ;

I asked that He might draw me by His grace,
He brought me in, and I beheld His face.

2 The King ! His palace is of finest gold,
No earthly eye did ever such behold ;
His chambers,—love and fellowship divine,
Where He claims me as His, and He is mine.

3 He is my King, my Lord, my living God—
The Man who shed for me His precious blood :
He rules o'er worlds,—within my heart His
throne, [one.
And He—the Bridegroom, and His bride are

4 The King ! His chambers and His house of
wine,
His banquet and His banner—all are mine !
He drew me, brought me by constraining love,
And yet will bring me to His home above.

5 The King ! my King ! who lived, and came,
and died ;
Who lives again—is coming for His bride :
That day of glory can alone declare [there !
The beauteous "chambers" that await her

6 With Him for ever ! Ever with the King !
For ever there ! for aye His praise to sing ;
For ever with the Lord ! Oh, wondrous grace,
For ever there to gaze upon His face !

PUBLIC SERVICE.

7

8.8.8.4.

WITHIN the veil there is a place
Jehovah speaketh face to face
With every one who seeks His grace—
The mercy-seat !

2 Where Jesus is, 'tis hallowed ground ;
Where'er the Lord our God is found,
There richest blessings all abound—
The mercy-seat !

3 The Lord Jehovah draweth near,
The sprinkled blood dispels all fear,
When all is dark, there's brightness here—
The mercy-seat !

4 'Tis here the Lord's disciples see
His glory and His majesty,
'Tis here they find it good to be—
The mercy-seat !

5 The heavy-laden here find rest,
And, leaning on the Saviour's breast,
The weary are for ever blest—
The mercy-seat !

6 The seat of mercy—throne of grace—
Is Jesus, in whatever place
We meet the Saviour face to face—
The mercy-seat !

8

P.M.

HOW sweet this hour, my Father !
Thoughts of Thee
Rejoice my inmost soul. By faith I see
Thy welcome presence. For 'tis Thy delight
To visit those who truly seek the light,
The light that leadeth up to 'Thee,
Yes, Father, up to 'Thee !

PUBLIC SERVICE.

- 2 Thy truth reveal, my Father ! Let its power
My solace be, through every day and hour
Of life's short stay. And when oppressed
with fear,
Awake the truth that tells me Thou art near,
To comfort all in trial's hour,
And bid their hearts be peace !
- 3 Renew my will, my Father ! Thou canst tell
How scenes of loving memory do swell
My full, rebellious heart. How ill I bear
The loss no earthly power can e'er repair.
Yet to Thy hand I trace it all,
And cry, "Thy will be done !"
- 4 My path direct, my Father ! Let it be
The one that keeps me ever close to Thee.
Then shall my joy be full ; and love will flow
In fuller stream towards all, that they may go
Along the path that leads to rest,
Eternal rest on high !

9

7's.

ERE we read Thy holy word,
Lord, a blessing we implore ;
Shine upon the sacred page,
Oh, unlock its precious store.

- 2 May each child of Thine be fed,
While Thy truth we ponder o'er ;
May our every heart be led
Captive by Thy saving power.
- 3 Make Thy Word a present good—
On our hearts its precepts lay ;
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word
Bless us each, and all, we pray.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

10

P.M.

OUR Father, our Father ! who dwellest in
light, [might ;
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy
In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found ;
Our Refuge and Helper in conflict and woe,
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know
That Thine is the power !

2 Our Father ! Thy promise we earnestly claim,
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy
name.

In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the
wide world,

Be Thy name as a banner of glory unfurled ;
Let it triumph o'er evil, and darkness, and
guilt ; [wilt,

We know Thou canst do it, we know that Thou
For Thine is the power !

3 Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee and all shall obey !
Oh, hasten Thy kingdom, oh, show forth Thy
might, [right :

And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of
Oh, make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,
And reign in all hearts as Thou reignest above,
For Thine is the power !

4 Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee again !
Yea, Thine is the kingdom, and Thine is the
might,

And Thine is the glory, transcendently bright.
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the power !

PUBLIC SERVICE.

11

L.M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make all hearts, O Lord, thine own.

12

C.M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh :
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

13

L.M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet ;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

14

P.M.

OURS are songs of joy to-day,
Strains loud and clear ;
Now on earth the angelic lay
Sounds everywhere ;

PUBLIC SERVICE.

High heaven to earth draws nigh,
Songs of gladness fill the sky ;
Glory to God on high,
Jesus is here !

- 2 Watcher, has the night seemed long ?
Now, dry each tear :
Hark to strains of heavenly song !
Why should'st thou fear ?
Glad hope to earth is given,
Peace, peace, and sins forgiven,
Lift, lift thy heart to heaven,
Jesus is here !

- 3 Listen ! heavenly music floats,
Far, far and near ;
Sound for thee the angels' notes
'Mid sorrow drear ;
Soft voices whisper low,
Tell of One who loves thee now,
Oh, not forgotten thou,
Jesus is here !

- 4 Ours are songs of joy to-day,
Strains loud and clear :
O'er the earth th' angelic lay
Sounds everywhere.
Glad chimes on every side,
Spread the tidings far and wide,
Now, God be glorified,
Jesus is here !

15

8.7.

HOLY Saviour, we adore Thee,
Asking Thee to bless us now ;
While with contrite hearts before Thee,
At Thy footstool, Lord, we bow

PUBLIC SERVICE.

- 2 May the gospel's consolation,
And the inward peace of heaven,
Foretastes of the great salvation,
To our waiting souls be given !
- 3 Holy Saviour, deign to hear us !
Make Thy soothing presence known ;
May we feel that Thou art near us,
That we are not left alone.
- 4 And, as we receive Thy blessing,
Breathing comfort from above,
May we each, our sins confessing,
Love Thee with an endless love !

16

7's.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

17

C.M.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith address our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

18

7's.

TO Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 Thou through Him art reconciled,
I through Him became Thy child ;
Abba, Father, give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.

5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

19

7-7-7.

PRESENT with the two or three,
Deign, most gracious God, to be,
While we lift our souls to Thee.

2 Jesus, by Thy blood alone,
Who didst for our sins atone,
Dare we come before Thy throne.

3 Thou who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.

4 Thou hast led us in the way,
And hast taught us how to say
"Abba, Father!" when we pray.

5 Holy Spirit, from on high,
Helping our infirmity,
Aid us in our feeble cry.

6 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
But there stands within the veil
One who ever doth prevail.

7 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

20

L. M.

GOD of our life, our Saviour dear,
Spirit of Truth, our spirits cheer;
Unloose our tongues to tell Thy praise,
Help us to sing in noblest lays.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

- 2 Thy presence grant us as we meet ;
Thy love vouchsafe, Thy love how sweet !
That every heart may fully know
The joy Thy children taste below.
- 3 Let Thy own word our thoughts employ,
Its precious truths afford us joy—
Joy, to revive in sorrow's hour ;
Strength, to resist the tempter's power.
- 4 And as we meet with one accord,
To gather treasure from Thy word,
Speak Thou in accents full and free :—
“I am Thy portion, look to Me.”
- 5 Then when our days on earth are o'er,
Together, on that happy shore ;
Of honour, majesty, and praise,
To Thee we'll sing through endless days.

21

7's.

- O**NE in Jesus ! oh, how sweet,
Saviour, in Thy love to meet ;
In Thyself alone to be,
Joined in blessed unity.
- 2 We the members, Thou the Head,
Raised “One Body” from the dead ;
Buried in Thy grave our sin,
Life and glory thus we win.
 - 3 Now with Thee for ever blest,
We “in heavenly places” rest ;
In Thy Father's love we share,
Each with Thee a fellow-heir.
 - 4 One in Jesus ! oh, how sweet,
Saviour, in Thy love to meet ;
In Thyself alone to be
Joined in blessed unity.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

22

7.7.7.5.

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we, as Thy people, meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold ;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess ;
Jesus, hear and save.

23

7's.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of Him.

2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
Such as did the Father move,
Long before the world began,
When He gave us to His Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How He left the realms above,
Owned His Church, and took her place,
And redeemed His chosen race.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;
Who, by grace, our hearts did move,
Brought salvation to our view,
And our souls to Jesus drew.
- 5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet,
Where the Saviour, still the theme,
They behold, and sing of Him.

24

7.6.D.

BEHOLD, how good and pleasant,
As one in Christ to meet,
The Lord Himself is present,
Our blessing to complete ;
And, like the pure anointing
That once o'er Aaron flowed,
The love of God's appointing
Ascends again to God.

- 2 Let brother yoked with brother,
Each other's burdens bear,
The joys of one another,
Or sorrows, let us share ;
When knit in love together,
As one in Christ their Lord,
'Tis pleasing to the Father,
And well fulfils His word.
- 3 Earth's firmest ties will perish,
Its friendships pass away ;
'Tis only safe to cherish
What cannot thus decay :
And brotherly communion,
Though death and parting break,
Above in perfect union,
We shall again partake.

25

C.M.

HOW sweet to gather thus in one,
As Christ would have us do,
How sweet to feel we're not our own,
But we're each other's too.

- 2 The living stones from nature's pit,
For God's eternal shrine,
Chiselled and formed and made to fit,
By grace and skill Divine.
- 3 Jesus, the living Corner Stone,
Sustains the fabric rare :
For such a work were vainly done
If Jesus were not there.
- 4 And if each stone be filled complete
With the eternal Three,
When all the stones in glory meet,
What will the temple be ?
- 5 Unrivalled will that temple stand,
Unrivalled every stone,
And glory circle Him who planned
And wrought that work alone.

26

8.7.8.7.7.7.

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the weary cry of pain ;
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

- 2 Every care and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small ;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall ;
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants round Thy mercy-seat.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

- 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
Every law of love fulfilling,
Every comfort to impart ;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield ;
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
Shall the saints together meet
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat !

27

8. 7. D.

- A**S the dew from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What Thy providence intends :
Let Thy doctrine, Lord, so gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Blest by Thee, prove efficacious,
To fulfil Thy work of love.
- 2 Lord, behold this congregation ;
Precious promises fulfil ;
From Thy holy habitation
Let the dews of life distil ;
Let our cry come up before Thee ;
Sweetest influence shed around ;
So Thy people shall adore Thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

28

11. 10.

- C**HRIST is the centre of worship in heaven,
Christ, the rejected one here amongst men ;
None other name of salvation is given,
Jesus, Jehovah, the Lamb that was slain.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

- 2 Christ is our sacrifice, Christ is our altar,
Christ is our mercy-seat sprinkled with
blood ;
Oh ye desponding ones, fear not nor falter,
Christ is our Peace in the presence of God.
- 3 Christ is the victim divinely appointed,
Spotless, accepted, attested by fire !
Christ our Melchisedec, robed and anointed,
Royal and priestly His seamless attire.
- 4 One only sacrifice, one only altar,
One only mercy-seat God doth allow ;
Dream not, O man, His decretal to alter,
Sealed with the blood of the Holiest now.
- 5 One only offering God hath appointed,
Stretching His hand He withheld not the
knife ;
One only Priest He hath crowned and
anointed,
Jesus, the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.
- 6 Jesus, the centre of worship in heaven,
Jesus, despised and rejected of men ;
None other name of salvation is given,
Worthy is Jesus, the Lamb that was slain.

29

8.7.8.7.4.7.

SAVIOUR, send a blessing to us,
Send a blessing from above ;
All Thy truth and mercy show us,
Be Thou here in power and love ;
Grant Thy presence,
Be it ours Thy grace to prove.

- 2 Art Thou here ? then we have blessing ;
Art Thou not ? we nothing have ;

PUBLIC SERVICE.

All our good in Thee possessing,
For Thou only, Lord, canst save ;
Be Thou present,
This is what Thy people crave.

- 3 Nothing have we, Lord, without Thee,
But Thy promise is our stay ;
And Thy people must not doubt Thee,
Saviour, now Thy power display ;
And let gladness
Fill Thy people's hearts to-day.

30

8.7.

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein,
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;

- 2 Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver ;
Peace to earthly minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace that comes from God alone.

- 3 Prince of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy throne ;
With Thy blessed presence cheer us,
Let Thy sacred kingdom come.

- 4 Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favoured souls to prove,
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

Chorus. Father of Light, dwelling above
Jesus our Lord, the God of love,
Spirit Divine, heavenly Dove,
Grant us Thy peace, oh grant us Thy
peace !

II.—*THE LORD'S DAY.*

31

Morning.

7's.

LORD, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day ;
Thou who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide ;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living Church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in Thee ;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace ;
That Thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love,
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 Give my soul the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness ;
Then at length, a welcome guest,
I shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp and raise the song,
All Thy ransomed ones among ;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.

THE LORD'S DAY.

32

L.M.

WELCOME sweet day of holy peace !
When earth a hallowed spot appears;
Its toils and cares and tumults cease,
And heavenly sounds delight our ears.

- 2 Welcome sweet day of bounteous grace !
When from their unseen sources flow
Streams which refresh this desert place,
And bid the flowers of Eden blow.
- 3 Welcome sweet day of boundless love !
When, as man communes with his friends,
The God of glory from above,
His saints to visit condescends.
- 4 Welcome sweet day of heartfelt praise !
When mingling with immortal choirs,
We blend with theirs our grateful lays,
To Him whose love their harps inspires.
- 5 Welcome sweet day of fervent prayers !
When our High Priest His word fulfils ;
Our names upon His breastplate bears,
For us His golden censer fills.
- 6 Sweet Sabbath ! type of bliss above,
Where, with the Saviour ever blest ;
Enjoying everlasting love,
His people shall for ever rest.

33

7 s.

SAFELY through another week,
God hath brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek
On this Resurrection day ;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest !

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week, our praise demand,
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand ;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.
- 3 Since the morn has bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near ;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
Now we in Thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints ;
Thus may all our meetings prove,
Till we join the Church above.

34

L. M.

- S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
 - 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

. THE LORD'S DAY.

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart ;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

35

12.11.

WITH Sabbath bells pealing, on soft
breezes stealing,
Now rising, now falling, now lost to the
ear, [ing
Do mem'ries returning bring sadly a yearn-
For days that are over, for worship once
dear ?

2 Oh, weary one, listen to Jesus arisen,
By faith bending o'er thee His form thou
may'st see ; [Him,
While angels adore Him and worship before
He maketh His presence a temple for thee.

3 God's hidden ones seeking, His Spirit is
speaking
To all who in secret are claiming His care ;
To the cleansed and forgiven He whispers of
heaven,
And tells of the gladness awaiting them
there.

4 Oh, think of the meetings, and think of the
greetings, [high ;
And think of the welcomes preparing on
There, no weary-hearted, for loved ones de-
parted [sigh.
In silence shall weep, or in suffering shall

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 His high coronation the heirs of salvation
Shall witness, while loud hallelujahs shall
ring ;
Each one of His loved ones, each one of His
proved ones,
Shall share in that rapture and praise of
their King.
- 6 For ever and ever life's pure crystal river
Proceeds from the throne of their God and
the Lamb ; [communion,
While cloudless the union—love's endless
Their Heaven of heavens, the called by
His name.
- 7 Oh, glad days and golden ! no eye hath
beholden,
No heart half the joy or the bliss can
conceive, [Spirit,
Which they shall inherit who, led by His
Are numbered with those who, not seeing,
believe.

36

7's.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-spring, from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart, appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine !
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

37

11's.

GOD'S sweet day of rest ! O how healing
the sound !

{ It tells us of heaven where trouble shall
cease,

{ It tells us of joys, and of blessedness found
In the presence of Jesus, where all shall be
peace.

2 God's sweet day of rest ! from earth's labour
and care,

The day when triumphant Christ rose from
the tomb ;

It tells of sin conquered—of victory there
Where Jesus is reigning—it tells us of home.

3 God's sweet day of rest ! breathe Thy peace
in my heart,

Blest Spirit, as weary, I faint by the way ;

Thy life to the lifeless in mercy impart,

O Paraclete, grant us Thy comfort, we pray.

4 God's sweet day of rest ! blessed day, one in
seven,

The foretaste of rest in the mansions above,

When warfare accomplished, with Jesus in
heaven,

His pleasures we'll draw at the Fountain of
love.

THE LORD'S DAY.

38

Evening.

8.7's.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign ;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine ;

6 Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

39

10's.

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide :

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.
- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

40

I I . I I . I I . 5.

O LORD, be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of Thy dis-
posing ;
And 'neath Thy shadow here to rest we yield [us,
For Thou wilt shield us.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and dangers flee before us ;
'Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er
us ;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thy blessing send us.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes
us ; [wakes us ;

Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend
them,

Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge ; none on earth to aid us
But Thou, O Father, who Thine own hast
made us ;
Keep us in life ; forgive our sins ; deliver
Us now and ever. !

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our Salvation,
God, Three in One, the Ruler of Creation,
High-throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy
casting,
Lord, everlasting.

41

10's.

THE shadows of the evening gently fall,
Father in heaven, again to Thee we call,
Be with us through the coming hours of night,
And through the darkness be our constant
Light.

2 O Light of light, there is no night with Thee,
No darkness where Thou art can ever be,
O Brightness of the Father's glory, Thou,
Who knowest all our need, be with us now.

3 Blest Spirit, speak to every waiting heart,
And grant Thy blessing ere we hence depart ;
Abide with us, O Lord, nor pass away,
Our Guide unto the everlasting day.

4 When all our services on earth are o'er,
Grant us to meet where partings are no more,
In endless union and eternal rest,
We shall for ever, with Thyself, be blest.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 No night in heaven, Lord, no sorrow there,
No trouble, pain, nor sickness, death, nor care,
'Thy children gathered — trophies of Thy
 grace—
Shall ever gaze upon their Saviour's face.

42

8's.

- SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow,
 With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The triumphs which Thy grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day, &c.
- 3 Grant us Thy pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day, &c.
- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call,
Oh ! let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
 Through life's long day, &c.

43

8.7.8.7.8.8.

IS life's evening long and dreary ?
Gone the treasures once possessed ?
Is thy spirit faint and weary ?
Dost thou long to be at rest ?
On this sweet promise fix thy sight :
"At evening time it shall be light !"

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 "Light is sown" for thee, and gladness,
Even in this vale of tears ;
Soon will pass the night of sadness,
Grief will fly when morn appears :
But still, to faith's illumined sight,
"At evening time it shall be light !"
- 3 Look not on the ills around thee ;
Earth grows darker every hour ;
Let not crime's increase confound thee ;
Limited is Satan's power.
Look on to regions pure and bright :
"At evening time it shall be light !"
- 4 See thy Saviour bending o'er thee,
Even to old age the same ;
Set life's one chief end before thee,
Still to glorify His name ;
While on Himself is fixed thy sight,
"At evening time it shall be light !"

44

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night !
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

- 2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey !

THE LORD'S DAY.

From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
And Thy smile be ne'er denied us,
The livelong day !

- 3 Guard us waking, and when sleeping,
O Lord, be nigh ;
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie !
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high !

45

S.M.

HOW calmly sinks the sun
Beneath the western deep,
When day his giant course has run,
And storm is hushed to sleep.

- 2 So like the sun would I
In tranquil eve descend,
And watch, with softly waning eye,
The footsteps of the end.
- 3 But though in darkness set,
The sun seems lost awhile ;
He will his shroud shake off, and yet
Arise with joyous smile.
- 4 Thus, like the sun, may I
Descend to rise again,
And meet my Saviour in the sky,
With all His glorious train.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 "Light is sown" for thee, and gladness,
Even in this vale of tears ;
Soon will pass the night of sadness,
Grief will fly when morn appears :
But still, to faith's illumined sight,
"At evening time it shall be light !"
- 3 Look not on the ills around thee ;
Earth grows darker every hour ;
Let not crime's increase confound thee ;
Limited is Satan's power.
Look on to regions pure and bright :
"At evening time it shall be light !"
- 4 See thy Saviour bending o'er thee,
Even to old age the same ;
Set life's one chief end before thee,
Still to glorify His name ;
While on Himself is fixed thy sight,
"At evening time it shall be light !"

44

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night !
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

- 2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey !

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 4 Then, when our earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
 are gone,
When life is ended and life's labour done,
Cause us to enter on Thy heavenly rest,
And spend eternal Sabbaths with the blest.

48

S. M.

SAVIOUR, abide with us ;
The day is now far gone ;
We wait to hear Thee blessing us,
Assembled round Thy throne.

- 2 We have not reached that land,
 That happy land as yet,
Where heavenly hosts around Thee stand,
And suns shall never set.

- 3 Our sun is sinking now,
 Our day is almost o'er,
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore !

49

8.8.8.6.

THE day of rest has reached its close !
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows ;
Smile on my evening hour !

- 2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest !
Hallow and calm my troubled breast,
Weary, I come to Thee for rest ;
Smile on my evening hour !

- 3 If ever I have found it sweet
To worship at my Saviour's feet,
Now to my soul that bliss repeat ;
Smile on my evening hour !

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 4 Oh ! ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye :
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh ;
Smile on my evening hour !
- 5 And, oh ! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour !

50

C. M.

- T**HE day of rest is past away,
The shades of evening fall ;
Jesus, in parting we would pray,
Send down Thy peace on all.
- 2 That last bequest to Thy loved sheep,
Redeemed from Satan's thrall,
Designed their hearts and minds to keep,
Oh, pour that peace on all !
- 3 Give every burdened spirit rest,
Each wandering heart recall,
Receive the contrite to Thy breast,
And shed Thy peace on all.
- 4 On Thy kind arm may we repose,
Nor ills, nor fears forestall ;
Enough if through life's cares and woes,
Thy peace doth keep us all.
- 5 The storms of life will soon be o'er,
Why should they then appal ?
The land is nigh where Christ shall pour
Eternal peace on all.

THE LORD'S DAY.

51

P.M.

GOD of Israel, we adore Thee !
Thou hast kept us through the day :
Thus preserved, we come before Thee,
Ours the new and living Way.
Safely keep us through the night ;
Guard us till the morning light ;
Nor forsake us till Thou take us
Far from earth to dwell with Thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Of Thy love, some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
May our hearts with Thee remain.
O direct us, and protect us,
Till we reach the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more.

52

7's.

ERE this holy Sabbath end,
Ere we leave this house of prayer,
Let us now our souls commend
To our gracious Shepherd's care.

2 Hear from heaven, O Lord, forgive,
Pardon all our guilt and sin ;
Let repenting sinners live,
Make and keep us pure within.

3 Grant Thy blessing here below,
Peace to weeping sinners speak,
May Thy Church Thy fulness know,
Strengthen, Lord, the faint and weak.

THE LORD'S DAY.

4 Through the darkness be Thou near,
May Thy Light to us be given ;
When our journey's ended here,
May we rest with Thee in heaven.

5 May our earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of Thy rest above ;
May we in Thyself enjoy
Sabbath of eternity.

53

10's.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we
raise

With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
way ; [day ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame, [name.
That in this house have called upon Thy

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com-
ing night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

THE LORD'S DAY.

54

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

55

8.7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

56

6.4.6.6

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;
- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live : yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

57

8.7.8.7.7.7.

THROUGH this day Thy love has
spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And, when life's short night is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

3 Coming Saviour, Lord of glory,
Lord of grace, be Thou our Light ;
While we hear salvation's story
Of that land where all is bright,
Keep us watching for the day
Till the shadows flee away.

58

L.M.

A T even, when the sun was set
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills, draw near :
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

59

10's

- FATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet ;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.
- 2 Oh ! we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless
care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare :
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned ?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around ?
- 3 Alas ! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove ;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 Oh ! by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh ! by that love which every love excels,
Oh ! by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

60

L. M.

G LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done :
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 Oh ! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply',
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

61

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh may no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

62

8.7.8.7.4.7.

YES, we part but not for ever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell,
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a long, a last farewell ;
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

- 2 Oh ! what meetings are before us,
Brighter far than tongue can tell,
Glorious meetings to restore us
Him, with whom we long to dwell ;
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell.

THE LORD'S DAY.

3 Soon will cease the time of sadness,
Soon will fade this earth away;
An eternity of gladness
Waits the full redemption-day;
Hail the rising
Of the new-born wished-for ray.

4 Thus we part, but not for ever—
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a last, a long farewell;
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

63

8.7.8.7.7.7.

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall;
Let Thy Holy Dove descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all.
Set Thy seal on every heart;
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

2 Bless the gospel-message spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each fainting one a token
Of Thy tender love to-day.
Set Thy seal, &c.

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine,
Let us all arise to-morrow,
Strengthened by Thy grace divine.
Set Thy seal, &c.

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought,
Make us contrite, pure, and holy,
By Thy great example taught.
Set Thy seal, &c.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 5 Loved-ones, far away and near us,—
Fold them to Thy loving breast,
May Thy gracious presence cheer us ;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.
Set Thy seal, &c.

64

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- M**AY the Holy Ghost, descending,
Crown this message with success ;
We are on His power depending,
He, and He alone can bless,
By revealing
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness.
- 2 We have listened to the preacher,
Truth by him has now been shown ;
But we want a greater Teacher,
From the everlasting throne ;—
Application
Is Thy work, O God, alone.
- 3 Bless, O Lord, the congregation
Now assembled in this place ;
Bless the tidings of salvation,
Bless us with Thy heavenly grace •
And in glory
May we all behold Thy face.

III.—ADVENT.

65

P.M.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent ;
Well may we rejoice and sing ;
Coming :—in the opening East
Herald brightness slowly swells ;
Coming :—O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming ;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say ;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
At Thine own all-glorious feet.
- 3 Thou art coming ; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this ;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

ADVENT.

- 4 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord ;
Every tongue Thy name confessing ;
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord.
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned.

66

P.M.

A H, there's a hope which brings light to
the cloud ;
Jesus shall come ! Jesus shall come !
What though the tempest our pathway
enshroud ;
Jesus shall come, He shall come !
Soon, soon the Day-star of glory shall beam,
Soon, soon this life shall have passed as a
dream ;
Soon the dark night as a moment will seem
When He shall come, He shall come !

- 2 Then shall the righteous shine fair as the day,
When He shall come ! when He shall
come !
Angels attending in glorious array,
When He shall come, He shall come !
Then shall the King greet with rapture His
own,
Those who on earth true and faithful were
known,
Theirs now the cross, then shall theirs be
the crown,
When He shall come, He shall come !

ADVENT.

- 3 Yes, let this prospect bring joy through the
tears,
Jesus shall come ! Jesus shall come !
Oh, let it lighten the long, weary years,
Jesus shall come, He shall come !
All whom we meet of this promise should
know,
Hope on our lips, and a light on the brow ;
This, this our joy, this our song even now—
Jesus shall come, He shall come !
- 4 What though there lie many sorrows be-
tween,
Jesus shall come ! Jesus shall come !
Here we rejoice in a Saviour unseen,
Till He shall come, He shall come !
Now this long night we can see wearing fast,
Sighing and grief shall be soon overpast,
Oh, what the joy when at last, yes, at last,
Jesus shall come, He shall come !

67

P.M.

DONE with sickness, pain, and dying,
My Lord, with Thee !
Done with sadness, tears, and sighing,
With all sorrow, grief, and crying,
Soon, Lord, with Thee !

Chorus.

Peace, joy, and heaven,
Calm rest !
Lord Jesus, quickly come.

- 2 Done with sinning and temptation,
My Lord, with Thee !
Passed the waves of tribulation ;
I shall know Thy full salvation,
Soon, Lord, with Thee !

ADVENT.

- 3 Done with watching, working, waiting;
 My Lord, for Thee !
Earthly joys so vain and fleeting,
Pangs at parting, smiles at meeting,
 Soon past, with Thee !
- 4 Done with earth's farewells and faltering—
 When, Lord, with Thee !—
Done with caring, doubting, fearing ;
How I long for Thine appearing,
 Even so, Lord, come !
- 5 Then soon bending low before Thee—
 Thy face I'll see !
With Thy shining ones in glory,
How I'll sing Thy love's sweet story—
 Soon, Lord, with Thee !

68

8.7.D.

- I** AM waiting for the dawning
 Of the bright and blessed day,
When the darksome night of sorrow
 Shall have vanished far away ;
When for ever with the Saviour,
 Far beyond this vale of tears,
I shall swell the song of worship,
 Through the everlasting years.
- 2 I am looking at the brightness
 (See it shineth from afar),
Of the clear and joyous beaming,
 Of the "Bright and Morning Star ;"
Through the dark grey mist of morning
 Do I see its glorious light ;
Then away with every shadow
 Of this sad and weary night.

ADVENT.

- 3 I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me :
Oh, His words have thrilled my spirit,
“I will come again for thee !”
I can almost hear His footfall
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be with Him evermore.

69

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LO, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear :
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear.

- 4 Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
Oh come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down.

REJOICE, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear ;
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon will He draw nigh :
 Up, pray and watch and wrestle :
 At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil ;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of earthly toil ;
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near :
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With Hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Until in songs of triumph
 They meet the angel choir.
 The marriage feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand :
 Up, up ! ye heirs of glory ;
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear :
 Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere :
 With hearts and hands uplifted
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of our redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

ADVENT.

1

P.M.

I'M waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord ;
I'm waiting for Thee,
For Thy coming again ;
Thou'rt gone over there, Lord,
A place to prepare, Lord—
Thy home I shall share
At Thy coming again.

2 I'm oft weary here, Lord,
Thou knowest each tear, Lord,
The day must be near
Of Thy coming again ;
'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
No sighing nor care, Lord,
But glory so fair
At Thy coming again.

3 Could'st Thou turn away, Lord,
Soon, soon should I stray, Lord ;
Oh, hasten the day
Of Thy coming again !
This is not my rest, Lord,
A pilgrim confessed, Lord,
I wait to be blest
At Thy coming again.

4 For those gone before, Lord,
Thy love we adore, Lord,
We'll meet them once more
At Thy coming again.
Thy blood was the sign, Lord,
Which marked them for Thine, Lord,
And brightly they'll shine
At Thy coming again.

ADVENT.

72

12. 11. 12. 11. 11. 11.

THE Bridegroom is coming from mansions
of glory,
To welcome His bride to the home of
the blest ; [story,
Go forth then, ye heralds, proclaim the glad
That soon all who love Him, from
trouble shall rest.

Chorus.

The Bridegroom is coming ! at midnight
the cry,
The coming of Jesus, the Lord, draweth
nigh !

2 The Bridegroom is coming ! the time is fast
nearing ; [Head ;
The Church shall be seen in her glorified
Look up then, believers, and watch the ap-
pearing
Of Him that was slain—who now lives
from the dead.

3 The Bridegroom is coming ! oh blest conso-
lation ! [our life—
Our hope is not death, but Christ Jesus
To see Him who loved us and brought us
salvation,
Who leads us to rest from a desert of strife.

4 The Bridegroom is coming ! our King all-
victorious,
Jesus the Lamb and the Sacrifice given ;
Rejoice then, ye saints, for the prospect is
glorious,
The Bridegroom is coming ! to bring us to
heaven.

ADVENT.

- 5 The Bridegroom is coming ! oh haste Thy
 appearing,
 “Lord Jesus, come quickly” to take us on
 high ;
When weary and faint by the way, it is
 cheering
To feel that the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

73

P.M.

- R**EJOICE evermore ! for the Saviour has
 died,
And Jesus now liveth, who was crucified.
 Hallelujah ! sing the praises of Him who
 was slain ;
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, He liveth again !
- 2 Rejoice evermore ! Jesus died on the tree ;
 He died for the sinner, His pardon is free.
- 3 Rejoice evermore ! for the work that is done,
 Christ Jesus has triumphed, His victory's won.
- 4 Rejoice evermore ! Jesus ruling on high,
 Prepareth a mansion for us in the sky.
- 5 Rejoice evermore ! for true peace that is
 given,
 It cometh from Jesus who's reigning in
 heaven.
- 6 Rejoice evermore ! for the Lamb that was
 slain,
 Christ Jesus, is coming in glory again.

74

7's.

“**T**HIS same Jesus”—blessed words !
 King of kings and Lord of lords !
 He who came—the Crucified—
 Liveth now—the Glorified !

ADVENT.

- 2 "This same Jesus"—that was dead—
Many crowns upon His head,"
Many names upon His breast—
Giver of eternal rest !
- 3 "This same Jesus"—God of love,
King of earth and realms above,
Lord of glory, full of grace,
Brightness of His Father's face !
- 4 "This same Jesus shall so come,"
As they saw Him going home :
Blessing—He went up to reign—
Blessing—He shall come again !
- 5 "This same Jesus"—blessed word !
To be ever with the Lord*!
"This same Jesus"—oh, to be
With Him through eternity ! *

75

I I. I I. I 2. I I. I I.

OH praise ye the Lord—the Day-spring
of glory—
The Bright Star of Morning—the Lamb
that was slain ! [story,
Make known to the nations Jehovah's glad
That Jesus the Saviour is coming again—
That Jesus triumphant is coming to reign !

- 2 Ye prisoners of hope, for you there's salvation
In Him who's the stronghold, as shown in
His word,
Captivity's led by the God of creation,
Your praises now render with gladsome
accord, [Lord.
For sin is restrained by the hand of the

* These words, by the addition of "Hallelujah" after each line, may be sung to the tune of the *Easter Hymn*.

ADVENT.

- 3 Oh praise ye the Lord ! for glad consolation—
A fountain of blood opened freely for sin,
A Comforter sent by the God of salvation,
The heart of the sinner in mercy to win,
To guide both the lost and the wanderer in.
- 4 A river of life still flowing from heaven,
And those who partake of it never shall die;
A message of pardon, to sinners forgiven,
Proclaimed by the King who ruleth on high;
A promise of rest with the Lord by and by.
- 5 Oh praise ye the Lord ! for mansions preparing,
By Him whom both love and compassion
did move, [ing
As victim to die : who His grace is now shar-
With blood-purchased sinners, who taste
of His love, [above.
Who all shall enjoy His sweet presence
- 6 Oh praise ye the Lord—the Day-spring of
glory— [was slain !
The Bright Star of Morning—the Lamb that
Make known to the nations Jehovah's glad
story,
That Jesus the Saviour is coming again—
That Jesus triumphant is coming to reign !

76

7.6.D.

THE night of time is closing,
And soon the day shall break—
The heavenly morn we long for,
In glory shall awake.
The night's been dark and cheerless,
But now the Day-spring's near,
And then the Church triumphant
In glory shall appear.

ADVENT.

- 2 The King then in His beauty,
We face to face shall see ;
And to Him Alleluia
Shall sing eternally—
God's *Lion* who hath conquered
His Church's mighty foes,
God's *Lamb* whose blood for ever
In streams of mercy flows.
- 3 Our Jesus is the Fountain,
And flowing from above,
The streams have reached this desert
As foretastes of His love ;
But grace and mercy, boundless
As ocean, will expand,
When with our blessed Saviour
In Zion we shall stand.
- 4 We soon may sleep in Jesus,
With Jesus soon shall rise,
With Jesus dwell for ever,
And see Him with our eyes ;
Our crowns cast down before Him,
Our praise to Him we'll give,
For ever and for ever
We shall with Jesus live.
- 5 Sing Jesus' praise for ever,
Oh praise Him evermore,
He'll bring His Church victorious
To yonder blissful shore.
Through seas of tribulation
His ransomed ones shall come ;
Our Captain of salvation
Will lead His people home.

OH, what will the rapture be
 For which our hearts are yearning!
 Oh, what will the gladness be
 Of all whose lamps are burning !
 How then will song resound ;
 Radiance and joy abound ;
 Oh, to be waiting found
 By Christ our King, returning !

2 Oh, what will their portion be
 Who now the watch are keeping !
 Oh, what will the parting be
 From sin and pain and weeping !
 Joy, light, and gladness, sown
 Now for each waiting one ;
 Then shall be all their own,
 In wealth of harvest-reaping.

3 Oh, what will the meetings be
 With dear ones gone before us !
 Oh, what will the greetings be
 In full celestial chorus !
 We, who had learned to cling
 'Neath His all-shelt'ring wing
 Then worthy praise shall bring
 To Jesus reigning o'er us.

4 Oh, what will the glory be
 Within the Father's dwelling !
 Oh, what will the story be
 In every bosom swelling !
 Praise of the Lamb that died ;
 Worthy the Crucified !
 Worthy the Glorified !
 In joy and love excelling.

ADVENT.

78

L.M.

GO, labour on ; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises ;—what are men ?

3 Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

4 Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come."

ADVENT.

79

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster ;
 Let the glorious day come on,
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on His heavenly throne ;
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim His own.

2 What is earth with all its treasures,
 To the joy the Gospel brings ?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus gives us better things ;
 All His people
 Draw from heaven's eternal springs.

3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
 What will heaven itself afford ?
 There our joy will know no measure ;
 There we shall behold our Lord ;
 There His people
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster ;
 Swiftly bring the glorious day ;
 Jesus, come, our Lord and Master !
 Come from heaven without delay ;
 Take Thy people,
 Take, oh take us hence away !

80

C.M.

BRIDE of the Lamb ! awake, awake !
 Why sleep for sorrow now ?
 The Hope of Glory, Christ is thine,
 A child of glory thou !

2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
 From earthly joy apart,
 Hath sighed for One that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

ADVENT.

- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near ;
And Jesus comes with voice of love
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.
- 5 Thou too shalt reign ; He will not wear
His crown of joy alone ;
And earth His royal bride shall see
Beside Him on His throne.
- 6 Then weep no more ; 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine ;
And sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine !

81

7's.

SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand ;
This before the throne their strain,
" Hell is vanquished, death is slain ;
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right ;
Thrones and powers before Him fall ;
Lamb of God, and Lord of all."

- 2 Hasten, Lord, the promised hour !
Come in glory and in power !
Still Thy foes are unsubdued ;
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its sum ;
All things, with Thy bride, say " Come ;"
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come and reign for evermore.

ADVENT.

- 3 Holy Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might ;
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel ;
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love,
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.

82

7.7.8.7.D.

- L**O! 'tis the heavenly army,
The Lord of hosts attending ;
'Tis He—the Lamb, the great I AM,
With all His saints descending.
To you, ye kings and nations,
Ye foes of Christ, assembling,
The hosts of light, prepared for fight,
Come with the cup of trembling.
- 2 Joy to His blood-bought people !
Your bonds He comes to sever—
And now 'tis done ! the Lord hath won,
And ye are free for ever.
Joy to the ransomed nations !
The foe, the ravening lion,
Is bound in chains, while Jesus reigns
King of all kings, in Zion.
- 3 Joy to the Church triumphant,
The Saviour's throne surrounding ;
They see His face, adore His grace
O'er all their sin abounding :
Crowned with the mighty Victor,
His royal glory sharing ;
Each fills a throne, His name alone
To heaven and earth declaring.

ADVENT.

- 4 Praise to the Lamb for ever !
Who for our sins was given,
Behold His brow, encircled now
With all His crowns in heaven—
Beneath His love reposing,
The whole redeemed creation
Is now at rest, for ever blest,
And sings His great salvation.

83

7.6.D.

OH, haste Thy coming kingdom,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace !
Ascend Thy throne, Almighty,
Bid sin and sorrow cease !
Thy Church amidst her conflicts
Longs for unbroken rest ;
And never can she find it,
Till leaning on Thy breast !

- 2 Jesus, our Heavenly Bridegroom !
Our Life, and Light, and Song !
Why hear we not Thy chariot ?
Why tarriest Thou so long ?
We watch for Thine appearing,
We wait Thy face to see ;
Where once Thou wert rejected,
Display Thy majesty !

- 3 Alas ! Thy sheep are scattered ;
They're severed far and wide ;
Oh, come, Thou blessèd Shepherd,
And draw them to Thy side !
Come ! feed them in the pastures,
Where living waters flow,
And lead them in the pathway
Where Thou art wont to go !

ADVENT.

4 O Christ, Thou Son of David !
Redeemer, Priest, and King !
With loud and sweet hosannahs
Thine advent we would sing.
Come Thou as our Melchisedec,
Bearing the bread and wine,
To feed Thy fainting warriors,
And bless with words divine !

5 Soon may we hear the thunder,
The angel's mighty voice !
The King in glory cometh,
Rejoice, O earth, rejoice !
Swell, swell the rolling anthem,
The victory is won,
The kingdoms yield obedience
To God's beloved Son !

84

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

STAND we prepared to see and hear
The Lord from heaven descending ;
The shout, the archangel's voice of cheer,
The captive's fetters rending ;
While the last trumpet's earliest call
Shall wake the joyous song of all
Who love the Lord's appearing.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
From sweetest sleep awaking !
While living saints, with rapt surprise,
The wondrous change partaking,
Shall hear the Bridegroom's coming feet,
And with their lamps go forth to meet
The Lord for whom they waited.

ADVENT.

3. Far spent the night, the morn is nigh,
 ' It is no time for sleeping ;
 A moment's twinkling of an eye
 ' May end the night of weeping ;
 Eternity of bliss begun,
 For ever with the Bridegroom one,
 When time shall be no longer.

4. Grant us, O Christ, this grace to win,
 Thy ransomed flock implore thee ;
 With oil-fed lamps to enter in,
 And stand unblamed before thee ;
 So may we in thy triumph share,
 Caught up to meet Thee in the air,
 And come with Thee in glory.

85

8's.

"A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
 And we shall wander here no more ;
 He'll take us to our Father's home,
 Where He, for us, has gone before,
 To dwell with Him, to see His face,
 And sing the glories of His grace.

2 "A little while," He'll come again,
 Let us the precious hours redeem ;
 Our only grief to give Him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow Him :
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those that long their Lord to see.

3 "A little while," 'twill soon be past !
 Why should we shun the shame and cross ?
 Oh ! let us in His footsteps haste,
 Counting for Him all else but loss ;
 Oh ! what a recompense—His smile,
 For suff'rings of this "little while."

ADVENT.

- 4 "A little while," come, Saviour, come ;
For Thee thy waiting people long ;
Take us with all Thy ransomed home,
To sing the new, eternal song ;
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee.

86

II. IO. II. IO.

WAITING for Jesus, and loving while
waiting,
Loving to speak for His honour and praise,
Loving to sit at His feet and adore Him,
Loving to ponder His words and His ways.

- 2 Waiting for Jesus, and praying while waiting,
E'er in communion with Him whom I love ;
E'er at the footstool of mercy imploring
Showers of blessing on all from above.

- 3 Waiting for Jesus, and serving while waiting,
Serving, and oh ! what a Master to serve ;
Helping, rewarding, and cheering in labour ;
Oh that my heart from Him never may
swerve !

- 4 Waiting for Jesus, and praising while waiting,
Praising in action, in word, and in song,
Oh ! it is sweet to be ever rehearsing
Strains which eternity will but prolong.

- 5 Waiting for Jesus, and daily expecting ;
Gazing to catch the first beams in the sky ;
Oh ! what a moment ; 'tis quickly approaching,
Moment of triumph, of rapture, and joy.

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
 Till Jesus comes ;
 We watch, and wait, and wonder,
 Till Jesus comes.
 Oh, let my lamp be burning
 When Jesus comes ;
 For Him my soul be yearning,
 When Jesus comes.

- 2 All joy His loved ones bringing,
 When Jesus comes ;
 All praise through heaven ringing
 When Jesus comes.
 All beauty bright and vernal,
 When Jesus comes ;
 All glory grand, eternal,
 When Jesus comes.
- 3 No more heart-pangs or sadness
 When Jesus comes ;
 All peace, and joy, and gladness,
 When Jesus comes.
 All doubts and fears will vanish
 When Jesus comes ;
 All gloom His face will banish
 When Jesus comes.
- 4 He'll know the way was dreary,
 When Jesus comes ;
 He'll know the feet grew weary,
 When Jesus comes ;
 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
 When Jesus comes ;
 Oh, how His arms will rest me !
 When Jesus comes.

88

P.M.

LORD JESUS, come !
 Nor let us longer roam
 Afar from Thee and that bright place,
 Where we shall see Thee face to face ;
 Lord Jesus, come !

2 Lord Jesus, come !
 Thine absence here we mourn ;
 No joy we know apart from Thee—
 No sorrow in Thy presence see ;
 Lord Jesus, come !

3 Lord Jesus, come !
 And claim us as Thine own ;
 Our weary feet would wander o'er
 This dark and sinful world no more ;
 Come, Saviour, come !

4 Lord Jesus, come !
 And take Thy people home,
 That all Thy flock so scattered here,
 With Thee in glory may appear ;
 Lord Jesus, come !

89

8.6.8.4.

THE gloomy night will soon be past,
 The morning will appear,
 The rays of blessed light at last
 Each eye will cheer. . . .

2 Thou Bright and Morning Star, Thy light
 Will to our joy be seen ;
 Thou, Lord, will meet our longing sight ;
 No cloud between.

ADVENT.

3 Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below ;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

4 But oh ! the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see,
And know Thy love.

5 Then shine, Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom,
Oh take from sin and grief afar
Thy people home.

90

IO. II. II. II.

THE night is far spent, the day is at hand,
Already the dawn may be seen in the
sky ;

Rejoice, then, ye saints, 'tis the Lord's own
command ;

Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 How bright it will be when Jesus appears ;
How welcome to those who have shared in
his cross ;

A crown incorruptible then will be theirs ;
A rich compensation for suffering and loss.

3 Affliction is light compared to the day
Of glory that then will from heaven be re-
vealed ;

The Saviour is coming, His people may say,
The Lord, whom we look for, our Sun, and
our Shield.

ADVENT.

- 4 Oh pardon us, Lord, that love to Thy name
Is faint, with so much our affections to move ;
Our deadness should fill us with grief and
with shame ;
So much to be loved and so little our love.
- 5 Oh kindle within us a holy desire,
Like that which was found in Thy people of
old,
Who felt all Thy love, and whose hearts
were on fire,
While waiting in patience Thy face to behold.

91

I 2. I I. I 2. I I.

LORD JESUS, come quickly, Thy Bride is
preparing
In garments of glory before Thee to stand ;
Her dimmed eyes are straining to catch Thine
appearing,
Her heart sings in rapture, "My Lord is
at hand."

- 2 Yet hasten, we pray Thee, Thy kingdom of
glory,
Prepare Thine elect one, Thy blood-pur-
chased Bride ;
Her bliss waits completion, rejoicing before
Thee,
Till robed, crowned, and jewelled, she sits
by Thy side.
- 3 Before Thy bright footsteps the clouds part
asunder,
Thy foes, from the heavens, in terror depart ;
While worlds stand amazed, and the angels
shall wonder
At all Thou hast wrought for the bride of
Thine heart.

ADVENT.

- 4 Then take, Lord, Thy kingdom, and come in
Thy glory ;
Make the scene of Thy sorrows the place
of Thy throne ;
Complete all the blessing which ages in story
Have told of the triumphs so justly Thine
own !

92

8.8.6.D.

- W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought ?
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call !
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace ;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my Hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day ;
Thy pard'ning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
When the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face ;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

93

7.6.D.

HOW long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away,
Our hearts are growing weary
Of Thy so long delay.
Oh, when shall come the moment,
When brighter far than morn
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn?

2 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt Thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That Thou dost absent stay!
The very Bride her portion,
And calling, hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory,
Where Thou, her Lord, art not,

3 Oh, wake Thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry—
Let all the saints repeat it,
“The Bridegroom draweth nigh:”
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see.

94

8.7.8.7.7.7

THOUGH we know not of the season
When the world shall pass away;
Yet we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day;
When the Saviour will return,
And His people cease to mourn.

ADVENT.

- 2 Oh what sacred joys await them !
They shall see the Saviour then ;
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again.
Brethren, let us think of this ;
All is ours if we are His.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours His Word to keep ;
May our lamps be always burning :
May we watch while others sleep.
We're no longer of the night ;
We are children of the light.
- 4 Being of the favoured number,
Whom the Saviour calls His own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber ;
Nothing should be left undone.
This should be His people's aim ;
Still to glorify His name.

95

7.6.D.

I'M waiting for the morning
When Jesus shall appear ;
I'm watching for the morning,
For all is dark and drear.
Though mighty storms and tempests
Roll o'er this troubled scene,
I rest in calm assurance,
And on His promise lean.

- 2 I'm waiting for the morning
When shadows flee away,
And my Saviour's blessed face
Turns darkness into day ;

ADVENT.

For I know that He is coming—
I listen for the sound ;
I long to hear Him calling
His saints to gather round.

3 I'm waiting for the morning
When all the saints shall rise,
"Caught up" at His appearing,
To meet Him in the skies.
My eyes shall then behold Him
In all the glory bright—
Shall gaze upon His beauty
With wonder and delight.

4 When gazing on the glory,
My eyes shall ever turn
Back to my loving Jesus,
Fresh beauties still to learn.
I'll worship and adore Him
In that eternal home—
There ever in His presence,
No more from Him to roam.

5 Till then, with joy and gladness,
This still would be my lay—
I'm waiting for the morning,
That bright and happy day,
When I shall dwell in glory,
Close by my Saviour's side—
Resplendent with His beauty,
And welcomed as His bride.

96

8.7.D.

I AM looking for a kingdom,
I am looking for a throne ;
Happy rest and robe of whiteness
When earth's weary days are done.

ADVENT.

I am looking for the mansions,
Where I'll join the harpers' song—
Praise Him whose blood hath cleansèd
Heav'n's glorious white-robed throng !

2 I am looking for a kingdom—
Holy, pure, and dazzling bright,
Where the Lord is all the glory,
Where the Lamb is all the light ;
Realms unclouded, where Thy presence,
Lord, my longing eyes shall see ;
Where, my gracious God and Saviour,
I shall ever be with Thee !

3 I am looking, blessèd Saviour,
To Thy faithfulness for all ;
And I know Thou wilt not fail one
Whom Thou didst in mercy call.
Unto Thee I daily look for
Grace to help me on my way ;
It is only by Thy Spirit
I can love, or serve, or pray.

4 I am looking for Thy coming,—
Lord, I'm looking for the day,
When Thou to Thyself wilt take me,
And shalt wipe my tears away.
Waiting for Thy sounding trumpet,
When Thyself shalt rend the sky,—
Earth, with all its pomp and glory,
Shall before Thy presence fly.

97

8.7.8.7.7.7.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love ;
See ! He sits on yonder throne,
Jesus rules the world alone.

ADVENT.

- 2 Let us all unite our praises
With the angels round the throne ;
Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
Whither He Himself has gone :
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory ! glory to our King !
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown !
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face !
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thy appearing :
Bring, oh bring, the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away :
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory ! glory to our King !

98

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

ADVENT.

- 3 But sinners filled with guilty fears
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at His feet I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

99

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now—
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow !
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings !
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crown the Saviour King of kings !
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name !
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

ADVENT.

- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
Oh, what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him ! crown Him !
King of kings, and Lord of lords !

100

L. M.

- 'TIS night—but, oh ! the joyful morn
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer :
Yon gleams of coming glory warn
Thy saints, O Lord, that Thou art near.
- 2 Lord of our hearts, beloved of Thee,
Weary of earth we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on Thy tender breast.
- 3 To see Thee, love Thee, feel Thee near,
Nor dread, as now, Thy transient stay ;
To dwell beyond the reach of fear
Lest joy should wane or pass away.
- 4 Children of hope, beloved Lord !
In Thee we live, we glory now ;
Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
Our diadem of beauty, Thou !
- 5 And when exalted, Lord, with Thee,
Thy royal throne at length we share,
To everlasting Thou shalt be
Our diadem of glory there !

IV.—CHRIST'S BIRTH.

101

Christmas.

10's.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy
morn

Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice : " Be-
hold,

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour—Christ the Lord."

3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang ;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;
Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved our
loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross ;
Treading His steps assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

102

7's.

HARK ! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled !
 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 Universal nature say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time, behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb :
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail the incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as man with men to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel !

3 Hail ! the heavenly Prince of Peace,
 Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness ;
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild, He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

103

I 2. I I. I 2. I I. I I. I I.

NOW, hark ! through the darkness glad
 angels are singing ; [the sky !
 Behold heaven's radiance shine forth from
 The news of a Saviour to earth they are
 bringing, [high ;
 Peace, peace to her children, and glory on
 And listen, oh ! listen, our message is true,
 This Jesus is born as a Saviour for you !

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

- 2 Say, how should the Child in a low manger
 lying,
 From ruin and death save the sinful and
 lost? [dying—
For us—for the weary, the sick, and the
 Is there hope in the song of the heavenly
 host?
Say—ye who of heaven and glory sing thus—
How Bethlehem's Babe is a Saviour for us?
- 3 He died, and the loud "It is finished!" was
 spoken;
 The law was fulfilled and its penalty paid;
And the word of the Father can never be
 broken, [stead,
 Who pardons, since Jesus has died in our
Who rose from the dead, who ascended
 anew,
And is living and pleading in heaven for you.
- 4 And He shall return! soon shall heaven be
 ringing
 With joy at the coming of Jesus again;
With the harps of the angels, His ransomed
 ones singing, [was slain:
 Shall welcome the King who for sinners
Will your voice swell the praise of the Faith-
 ful, the True?
Then come to Him now as the Saviour for
 you!

104

8.7.

WHO is this so weak and helpless,
 Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
 Coldly in a manger laid?

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

- 2 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod ;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.
- 3 Who is this, a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway ?
- 4 'Tis our God—our glorious Saviour !
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions
Where no tear can dim the eye.
- 5 Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground ?
Who is this—depised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound ?
- 6 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down ;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.
- 7 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
On the cross with sinners numbered,
Pierced by nails and crowned with thorns ?
- 8 'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

105

P. M.

OH come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come, and behold Him
Born the King of angels ;

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

2 God of God,
Light of light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
Oh come, let us adore Him, &c.
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing, in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest!

Oh come, let us adore Him, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing;
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

106

7.6.7.6.8.8.

TO God on high be glory!
Peace and good-will to men!
Proclaim the wondrous story,
Sound forth the song again—
Glory to God, and peace on earth!
Rejoice! give thanks with holy mirth.

2 Creation's Lord! adore Him,
In human likeness made;
Men! angels! bow before Him,
In the rude manger laid;

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Glory to God, and peace on earth !
Rejoice ! extol the wondrous birth.

3 How low our God is bending

To take our misery !

How high is man ascending

By this great mystery !

Glory ! in Bethlehem's holy Child

Sinners and God are reconciled.

4 To God on high be glory !

His love be magnified ;

Spread through the world the story ;

Be Jesus glorified !

In praise of Christ our new-born King,

Earth ! Heaven ! with hallelujahs ring.

107

11.8.D.

HOW sweet was the song of the angels of
light,

As bending o'er Bethlehem's plain,
They struck their bright harps, and the silence
of night

Awoke at the heavenly strain ;
While mildly around shone glory divine,
And bathed in effulgence so bright
The mountain, the valley, the sea, and the
plain,

Once robed in the mantle of night.

2 They sang of the break of Redemption's glad
morn,

The holy had longed to behold ;
They sang of a Saviour in Bethlehem born,
So long by the prophets foretold ;
They sang of good-will from God unto men,
Of peace to a valley of tears ;
They sang of salvation from death and from sin,
A balm for our sorrows and fears.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

- 3 Then "Glory to God in the highest!" I'll
sing,
For I am a sinner on earth;
I'll welcome the tidings of mercy that bring
The news of Emmanuel's birth;
I'll go to Himself, a sinner defiled,
And wash in the fountain of blood;
I'll pray for the grace that can strengthen a
child,
And bring him at last to his God.

108

10.8.10.8.8.8.

- T**HOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy
Kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no
room
For Thy holy Nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on
earth,
And in great humility:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of
God!
In the deserts of Galilee:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

- 4 Thou camest, Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn and with crown of
thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy Cross is my only plea.
- 5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her
choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet
there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
When Thou comest and callest for me.

109

6.5.D.

WHENCE those sounds sym-
phonious,
Solemn, sweet, and rare,
Music most harmonious
Filling all the air?
Hark! 'tis angels singing,
Singing here on earth,
Joyful tidings bringing
Of the Saviour's birth.

- 2 In that region yonder
Where the angels sing,
Bursts of joy and wonder
Make the air to ring:
"Praise and adoration
Be to God above:
And to man, salvation,
Object of His love."

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

3 Now, ye heavens, sing ye ;
Earth, break forth and cry ;
Oh ye mountains, ring ye
With the sound of joy ;
For the Lord hath done it :
His the victory,
His own arm hath won it,
Grace hath made us free.

4 Praise the coming Saviour,
Praise the God of love,
Praise the King of glory,
Reigning now above ;
Praise and adoration
To the Father, Son,
And unto the Spirit,
Blessed Three in One.

110

8.7.D.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies !
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy,
“Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !”

2 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven ;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the Great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth His praises sing !
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

- 3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him :
Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
Till in heaven we sing before Him :
Glory be to God on high !"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

V.—NEW YEAR.

111

Christ's Circumcision.

C M.

O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

112

8.7.D.

“CERTAINLY I will be with thee !”

Father, I have found it true ;
To Thy faithfulness and mercy
I would set my seal anew.
All the year Thy grace hath kept me,
Thou my help indeed hast been,
Marvellous the lovingkindness
Every day and hour hath seen.

2 “Certainly I will be with thee !”

Let me feel it, Saviour dear ;
Let me know that Thou art with me,
Very precious, very near.
On this day of solemn pausing,
With Thyself all longing still ;
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence,
Let Thy peace my spirit fill.

3 “Certainly I will be with thee !”

Blessed Spirit, come to me ;
Rest upon me, dwell within me,
Let my heart Thy temple be.
Through the trackless year before me,
Holy One, with me abide !
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me,
Be my ever-present Guide.

4 “Certainly I will be with thee !”

Starry promise in the night ;
All uncertainties, like shadows,
Flee away before its light.
“Certainly I will be with thee !”
He hath spoken : I have heard ;
True of old, and true this moment—
I will trust Jehovah’s word.

113

8.8.8.6.

I TAKE my pilgrim staff anew,
Life's path, untrodden, to pursue ;
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view,
" My times are in Thy hand ! "

2 Throughout the year, my heavenly Friend,
On Thy blest guidance I depend ;
From its commencement to its end
" My times are in Thy hand ! "

3 Should comfort, health, and peace be mine,
Should hours of gladness on me shine,
Then let me trace Thy love divine ;
" My times are in Thy hand ! "

4 But should'st thou visit me again
With languor, sorrow, sickness, pain,
Still let this thought my hope sustain,
" My times are in Thy hand ! "

5 Thy smile alone makes moments bright,
That smile turns darkness into light ;
This thought will soothe grief's saddest night,
" My times are in Thy hand ! "

6 That hand my steps will gently guide
Over the Jordan's swelling tide,
To Jesus on the heavenward side ;
" My times are in Thy hand ! "

114

S.M.

MY times are in Thy hand,
My God, I wish them there :
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

NEW YEAR.

- 2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified !
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee ;
And after death, at Thy right hand,
I shall for ever be.

115

C.M.

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

NEW YEAR.

- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

116

7.6.

ANOTHER year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

- 2 Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast ;
Another year of trusting,—
Of quiet, happy rest.

- 3 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

- 4 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy Presence "all the days."

- 5 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

- 6 Another year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee !

VI.—FOREIGN MISSIONS.

117

Æpiphany.

P. M.

TELL it out among the heathen
That the Lord is King !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations,

Bid them shout and sing !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out with adoration that He shall
increase ; [of Peace !

That the mighty King of glory is the King

Tell it out with jubilation though the waves
may roar, [for evermore !

That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King

2 Tell it out among the heathen

That the Saviour reigns !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations,

Bid them burst their chains.

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the weeping ones that
Jesus lives ; [He gives ;

Tell it out among the weary ones what rest

Tell it out among the sinners that He came
to save ; [umphed o'er the grave.

Tell it out among the dying that He tri-

3 Tell it out among the heathen

Jesus reigns above !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Tell it out among the nations
That His reign is love !
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes
at home ; [ocean foam ;
Let it ring across the mountains and the
Like the sound of many waters let our glad
shout be, [the sea !
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of

118

7.6.D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll ;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

119

7.6.D.

- H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.
- 3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

120

7.6.D.

UPLIFT the gospel banner ;
Unsheathe the Spirit's sword ;
Put on the Christian's armour,
The armour of the Lord,
The helmet of salvation,
And faith's victorious shield ;
Go forth to every nation,
The world your battle-field.

- 2 Uplift the gospel banner,
And shout, with trumpet's sound,
Deliverance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound ;
Earth's jubilee of glory,
The year of full release ;
Oh ! tell the wondrous story,
Go forth and publish peace !

- 3 Go forth, ye saints and martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ ;
Preach Him to every nation,
Your banners wide unfurled ;
Go forth and preach salvation,
Salvation to the world !

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

121

P.M.

- H**ARK! 'tis the Watchman's cry, wake,
brethren, wake
Jesus Himself is nigh, wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light; [wake.
Yours is the glory bright, wake, brethren,
- 2 Call to each wakening band, watch, brethren,
watch; [watch.
Clear is our Lord's command, watch, brethren,
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate, [watch.
E'en though He tarry late, watch, brethren,
- 3 Heed we the Steward's call, work, brethren,
work; [work.
There's room enough for all, work, brethren,
This vineyard of the Lord,
Constant labour will afford; [work.
He will your work reward, work, brethren,
- 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice, pray, brethren,
pray;
Would ye his heart rejoice, pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here, pray, brethren, pray.
- 5 Sound now the final chord, praise, brethren,
praise;
Thrice holy is the Lord, praise, brethren,
praise.
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs, praise,
brethren, praise.

— VII.—*REPENTANCE.*

122

P. M.

NO ; not despairingly
Come I to Thee :
No ; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Ah ! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin :
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin ;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all ;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call ;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

REPENTANCE.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within :
Thus shall I walk with Thee—
The Loved Unseen.
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

123

C.M.

- A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn ?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To the oppressor's scorn !
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

124

8.8.8.7.

MY God, I fly from Thee no more,
Lowly Thy pardon I implore ;
Now, penitent as ne'er before,
Receive me, O my Father !

REPENTANCE.

- 2 I come alone in His dear name,
Who bore for me the death and shame ;
Thy pardon I in justice claim,
As Thou art true, O Father !
- 3 When "It is finished " Jesus said,
I find that all my debt was paid ;
No charge is now against me laid,
Since Jesus died, O Father !
- 4 Then teach me by Thy Spirit's power,
With heart and life from hour to hour
To show Thy praise, and evermore
To glorify my Father !
- 5 To live as one who seeks a prize,
To die as one who claims the skies ;
Then, at His call, with Christ to rise,
And dwell with Thee, my Father !

125

8.8.8.6.

O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

- 2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er ;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

126

L. M.

JESUS, my Lord, I've told to Thee
Sorrows too deep for human ears ;
But as I laid them at Thy feet,
Thy love did stay my bitter tears.

- 2 My burdens, heavy to be borne,
Thou, loving Lord, didst bear for me ;

REPENTANCE.

For Thou hast carried all my griefs ;
My sins' dark load was laid on Thee.

- 3 Oh, what a boon to have a Friend
Who does each sin and sorrow know ;
Almighty to subdue the sin,
And pitying, to relieve the woe.
- 4 Where had I been had not Thy grace
Then turned my aching heart above ?
And thence revealed Thyself to me,
My living Friend—of changeless love.
- 5 O Friend of friends ! the truest, best,
Whose love not all my sins can move ;
Through varying scenes, unvarying Thou,
My Rock, my Refuge, Thou dost prove.

127

8's.

BENDING beneath a load of sin,
Deserving for that sin to die,
Danger without, remorse within,
To whom for succour can I fly ?
Father, I lift my prayer to Thee—
O God ! be merciful to me.

- 2 No works of mine I dare to plead,
Without excuse condemned I stand ;
Save me in this my utmost need,
Stretch forth to me Thy helping hand ;
Weak, guilty, lost—I cry to Thee—
O God ! be merciful to me.
- 3 Thy love is vast, Thy mercy free,
I have no confidence beside ;
This, this alone is all my plea—
For me the Saviour lived and died ;
In Jesus' name I cry to Thee—
O God ! be merciful to me.

REPENTANCE

128

C.M.

JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry ;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee !

2 Thou dost remember still, amid
The glories of God's throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.

3 Yes ; for as if Thou wouldst be God,
E'en in Thy misery ;
There's been no sorrow but Thine own,
Untouched by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its wretchedness to Thee ;
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5 And is it not enough, enough,
Thy holy sympathy ?
Then there's no sorrow e'er so deep
But I would tell to Thee.

129

7's.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Jesus, Saviour, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

REPENTANCE.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Keep us, Saviour, by Thy grace,
Till we shall behold Thy face.

130

7's.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.

4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.

5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known ;
Though the sins were not thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.

REPENTANCE.

- 6 Thou hast passed through death's dark shade ;
Thou hast full atonement made ;
Thou to God's right hand art near :
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.

131

7's.

- D**EPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face ;
Would not hearken to His calls :
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 2 Jesus, answer from above :
Is not all Thy nature love ?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget—
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet ?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.
- 3 Pity from Thine eye let fall ;
By a look my soul recall ;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent :
Let me now my fall lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore ;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled His relentings are ;
Me He still delights to spare ;
Cries,—How shall I give thee up ?
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

REPENTANCE

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
God is love, I know, I feel ;
Christ the Saviour loves me still

132

C.M.

OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

133

8.8.8.6.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving lov'st them to the end ;

REPENTANCE.

On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
Oh, say Thou plead'st for me.

134

C.M.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
And penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

REPENTANCE.

- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

135

L. M.

- H**EAR, gracious God, a sinner cry,
A sinner who deserves to die ;
My hope, my only hope's in Thee :
O God, be merciful to me !
- 2 To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door ;
For I have nowhere else to flee :
O God, be merciful to me !
 - 3 To Thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak ;
From fear and weakness set me free :
O God, be merciful to me !
 - 4 To Thee I come, a sinner vile,
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile ;
Mercy, through blood, I make my plea :
O God, be merciful to me !
 - 5 To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou knowest all my state ;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee :
O God, be merciful to me !
 - 6 To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust ;
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be :
O God, be merciful to me !

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
 Oh by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness ;
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power,
 Turn, oh turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode ;
 By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold :
 From Thy seat above the sky
 Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair ;
 By Thine agony of prayer ;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn ;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful Sacrifice ;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany.

REPENTANCE.

- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God :
Oh from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

137

7.7.7.5.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, infinite,
Jesus, hear and save !

- 2 Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !
Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save !

- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save !

- 4 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us, when we cry—
Jesus, hear and save !

138

P.M.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;

REPENTANCE.

When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love ;
When the proud man in his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace : Hear then, &c.

3 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name : Hear then, &c.

4 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come : Hear then, &c.

139

8.8.8.4.

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed ;

REPENTANCE.

I come to cast myself on Thee,
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
Thine aid Omnipotent I seek ;
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
Oh shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;
Thou art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise ;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the Refuge flies ;
Thou art my Rock.

5 Thou wilt my every want supply ;
My life, my peace, whate'er befall,
On earth, in heaven, eternally
Thou art my All.

140

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

JESUS, I look to Thee,
Saviour Divine ;
Jesus, I long to be
Thine, only Thine.

Saviour, Thy lost one seek,
Peace to my conscience speak,
Lord, I am very weak,
Save, or I die.

2 Billows around me roll,
The night is drear ;
Tempests o'erwhelm my soul ;
Saviour, be near.

REPENTANCE.

Give me Thy heavenly calm,
Cleanse me, O bleeding Lamb,
Save me just as I am,
Save, or I die.

3 Sinking beneath the wave,
Hope almost gone ;
Save me, O Master, save,
Strength I have none.
Tossed on an angry sea,
Mine eyes are unto Thee,
Jesus, look down on me,
Save, or I die.

4 Merits I've none to plead,
Jesus, but Thine ;
Thou knowest all my need,
Saviour Divine.
Oh let me feel Thy hand,
Helpless, I cannot stand,
Bring me, Lord, safe to land,
Save, or I die.

141

7.7.7.5.

IN the hour of deepest woe,
When temptations me o'erflow,
All my sorrows Thou dost know ;
Jesus, comfort me.

2 When my soul is filled with fear,
When I mourn the friend so dear,
When in trouble, be Thou near,
Jesus, comfort me.

3 When I wake, and when I sleep,
When I pass through waters deep,
Day and night, Thy helpless sheep,
Jesus, comfort me.

· REPENTANCE.

4 When in warfare, or in peace,
Joys abound, or comforts cease,
Foes arise, or friends decrease,
Jesus, comfort me.

5 When I stand before the throne,
Clad in raiment not my own,
Leave, oh leave me not alone :
Jesus, comfort me.

142

8.8.8.6.

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me, I must die ;
Oh bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as I am.

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove ;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh take me as I am.

4 Spirit of God, oh breathe on me,
The Saviour's glory make me see,
Changed to His image let me be,
Come to me as I am.

5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am.

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, Lord, my cry shall be alone,
Oh take me as I am.

REPENTANCE.

143

8.9.8.9.4.

LAMB without spot ! to thee we kneel,
Before Thy throne of grace low bending ;
Man art Thou, and for man canst feel,
In mercy to our cry attending,
Grant us Thy peace !

2 When sorrow bends the spirit down,
From earthly hope and solace turning,
Though the hard world upon us frown,
In pity o'er Thy children yearning,
Grant us Thy peace !

3 When conscience wrings the anguished heart,
Vainly in grief and fear lamenting,
What hand but Thine can heal the smart ?
In Thy long-suffering love relenting,
Grant us Thy peace !

4 And when our earth's last hour draws nigh,
And life's bright day-beam fast is paling,
Saviour ! receive the parting sigh
When life and eye and heart are failing,
Grant us Thy peace !

144

75.75.77.75.

MOURNER, wheresoe'er thou art,
Jesus comfort gives !
Tell the burden of thy heart ;
Jesus comfort gives !
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine every fear,
Only speak, and He will hear :
Jesus comfort gives !

2 Haste thee, wandering sin-sick soul,
Jesus comfort gives !

REPENTANCE.

He alone can make thee whole ;
Jesus comfort gives !
Heavy-laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;
In the Saviour find thy rest,
Jesus comfort gives !

3 Weary sinner, come to-day ;
Jesus comfort gives !
Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,
Jesus comfort gives !
Now a living fountain see,
Opened both for you and me,
Opened wide for bond and free :
Jesus comfort gives !

4 Blessed thought ! for every one,
Jesus comfort gives !
Love's atoning work is done ;
Jesus comfort gives !
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go ;
Oh that all the world might know,
Jesus comfort gives !

145

L.M.

S AVIOUR of sinners ! hear my cry,
Though worthless, weak, and vile am I ;
To me Thy Holy Spirit give—
Speak but the word, and I shall live.

2 Saviour of sinners ! Thou art mine,
Oh make me in Thy likeness shine ;
Without Thee, Lord, I cannot rest—
Come, dwell in me, and I am blest.

REPENTANCE.

- 3 Saviour of sinners ! be to me
What sap is to the living tree ;
I want Thy Spirit's power to know—
That I in Thee may live and grow.
- 4 I want that every wish and thought
May to Thy will be captive brought ;
That all the talents Thou hast given
May bring me nearer Thee and heaven.
- 5 And when this weary life is o'er,
My Saviour ! how I'll Thee adore !
Then, when Thy song of love I raise,
No wandering thought shall damp its praise.

146

C.M.

- O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart ;
In love remember me.
 - 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh let my strength be as my day :
For good remember me.
 - 4 If on my face for Thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be :
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
 - 5 And oh when in the hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

VIII.—CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

147

P.M.

NOTHING to pay ! Ah ! nothing to pay !
Never a word of excuse to say !

Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay !
Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt."

Chorus : Nothing, nothing, nothing to pay !

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt !"

- 2 Nothing to pay ! the debt is so great ;
What will you do with the awful weight ?
How shall the way of escape be made ?
Nothing to pay ! yet it must be paid !
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay !
All has been put to My account,
I have paid the full amount."

- 3 Nothing to pay ! yes, nothing to pay !
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand !
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou has nothing to pay !
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free !
Now I ask thee, lov'st thou Me ?"

[*This was one of the very last Hymns written by
Frances Ridley Havergal.*]

148

7.7.7.6.D.

THAT day had mournful ending,
When evening shades, descending,
Soft veiled the mourners bending
Around the Crucified :
That sacred Body broken,
The "It is finished" spoken,
Of His true love the token,
Who loved, and lived, and died.

2 Sad parting gifts they made Him.
In linen fair arrayed Him,
And tenderly they laid Him
Within His lowly bed :
But oh ! how glad the meeting
When hearts, with rapture beating,
Rang forth in joyful greeting,
"He liveth who was dead !"

3 Oh happy recollection !
Oh joyful Resurrection !
Oh day of glad affection,
Since death is captive led :
Our King has gone before us,
Our risen Lord bends o'er us,
We swell the joyful chorus :
"He liveth who was dead !"

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

- 4 And we with exultation,
With joyful adoration,
Would tell His great salvation,
Our conquering Lord and Head.
Until by His fair river
Of pleasures, failing never,
He leads us forth for ever,
Who "liveth and was dead."

149

L. M.

- NOT to Thy Cross, but to Thyself,
My living Saviour, would I cling;
'Twas Thou, and not Thy Cross, didst bear
My soul's dark guilt—sin's deadly sting.
- 2 Not to Thy Cross, but to Thyself,
Who loved me, ere the world began:
And when in darkness made me see
Thy Great Salvation's wondrous plan.
- 3 Not to Thy Cross then would I cling,
Which must have mouldered ages past;
But to Thyself, who Throned above,
Can shelter me from every blast.
- 4 Wily his snares the Tempter lays
To turn us from Thyself away;
Knowing our life is all in Thee—
Thyself alone the sinner's stay.
- 5 Till one with Thee, all outward forms—
Our worship and our works are vain;
Where Thou art loved, is Lord Thy Throne,
There peace and holiness shall reign.

150

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

151

P.M.

CLING to the Crucified ;
His death is life to thee,
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal ;
His stripes thy bruises heal ;
His death proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee,
It purges thee from sin ;
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean.
Cling to the Crucified.

2 Cling to the Crucified ;
His is a heart of love,
Vast as the heavens above ;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee :

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

His countenance is light
Even in the darkest night,
That love shall never change,
That light shall ne'er grow dim ;
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.
Cling to the Crucified.

152

L.M.

- "TIS finished !" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and died ;
"Tis finished !" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "Tis finished !" all that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old ;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "Tis finished !" Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;
And yet, our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.
- 4 "Tis finished !" let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
"Tis finished !" let the echo fly [sky.
Through heaven and hell, through earth and

153

P.M.

REST, weary soul !
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction's made ;
Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done,
The gift is His to thee, the joy thine own ;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,
Rest, sweetly rest !

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

2 Rest, weary heart !
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
'Thy profitless regrets and longings vain ;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past ;
All shall be blessedness and light at last ;
Cast off the cares that have so long opprest ;
 Rest, sweetly rest !

3 Rest, weary soul !
'Thy body may be placed within a tomb—
Light from above has broken through its
 gloom—
Here is the place where once thy Saviour lay ;
And till the glorious resurrection day,
Thou shalt upon thy loving Saviour's breast,
 Rest, sweetly rest !

4 Rest, evermore,
At rest are all upon the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more ;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
 All safely rest !

154

C. M.

WHAT sacred Fountain yonder springs
Up from the throne of God,
And all our covenant blessings brings ?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

2 What mighty sum paid all my debt,
When I a bondsman stood,
And hath my soul at freedom set ?
'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

3 What stream is that which sweeps away
My sins as by a flood,

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH;

Nor lets one guilty blemish stay ?

'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

- 4 What voice is that which speaks for me,
In heaven's high court for good,
And from the curse hath set me free ?

'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

- 5 What theme, my soul, will best employ
Thy harp before Thy God,
And make all heaven to ring with joy ?

'Tis Jesus' precious blood.

155

C.M.

THE veil is rent ! lo ! Jesus stands
Before the throne of grace ;
And clouds of incense from His hands
Fill all that glorious place.

- 2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
Before and on the throne ;
And His own wounds in heaven declare
His work on earth is done.

- 3 " 'Tis finished ! " on the cross, He said,
In agonies and blood ;
" 'Tis finished ! " now He lives to plead
Before the face of God.

- 4 " 'Tis finished ! " here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail ;
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.

- 5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before Thy throne Thy children fall,
And worship Thee, our God.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

156

C.M.

GREAT God, when I approach Thy
throne,
And all Thy glory see ;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

- 2 How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?
A vile, unworthy wretch am I,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 My course I could not safely steer
Through life's tempestuous sea,
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
That Jesus died for me.
- 5 And, Lord, when I behold Thy face,
This must be all my plea ;
Save me by Thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

157

6.6.6.6.8.8.

FINISHED the work that saves !
Once and for ever done ;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one,
The love that blesses all below
Is flowing freely to us now.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

2 The sacrifice is o'er,
The veil is rent in twain,
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain ;
Why stand ye then without, in fear ?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 The gate is open wide ;
The new and living way
Is clear and free and bright
With love and peace and day.
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home.

4 He is our Mercy-seat—
Our great High Priest within ;
The blood is in His hand
Which makes and keeps us clean :
With boldness let us now draw near ;
That blood has banished every fear.

5 Then to the Lamb once slain
Be glory, praise, and power,
Who died and lives again,
Who liveth evermore ;
Who loved and washed us in His blood,
Who made us kings and priests to God !

158

6.6.6.6.8.8:

WE have no priest but Christ ;
His precious blood alone
Can wash away our guilt,
And for our sins atone ;
He died upon the accursèd tree
That we by faith might pardoned be.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

2 We ask no friend but Christ
To intercede above ;
He pleads for sinners there,
Blest objects of His love ;
At God's right hand our Saviour lives,
Whence life, and peace, and joy He gives.

3 Almighty Priest and Friend,
Protect us by Thy grace,
Till, free from sin and death,
We see Thee face to face ;
Then shall we join with saints to sing
Praises to Thee, our Lord and King.

159

C.M.

ONE glance of Thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through ;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from Thy view.

2 Though greatly from myself concealed,
Thou seest my inward frame ;
To Thee I always stand revealed
Exactly as I am.

3 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to Thee !

4 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,
'Tis He, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.

5 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
He pleads before the throne

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins His own.

6 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law are His,
And His obedience mine.

160

8. 7. D.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which with Thee, O Lord, I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I sit, with wonder viewing
Mercy flow in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessèd is the station,
Lowly at His feet to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much ?—I've much forgiven !
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'd bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

161

8.7.D.

LAMB of God, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
All the bright angelic spirits,
Bring their sweetest, noblest lays;—
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

162

L.M.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

- 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove ;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

163

C. M.

- T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there my sins—though vile as he—
Have all been washed away.
 - 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
 - 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
 - 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy lofty praise,
And heavenly tongues the note prolong
Through everlasting days.
 - 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
Unworthy though I be,

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

164

8.6.8.6.8.8.6.

WHEN dead in sin, and far from God,
Christ Jesus died for me ;
When Satan held me in his arms,
'Twas Jesus set me free.
He loved the sinner in his sin,
He died to make the sinner clean,
To purge the guilty soul within ;
'Twas Jesus set it free.

2 Who shall my soul condemn,
Since Jesus died for me ?
In Christ I meet my Father-God,
Since Jesus set me free.
Why should I fear the darkest hour ?
Why dread the wily tempter's power ?
He cannot now my soul devour,
Since Jesus died for me.

3 My soul has found a resting-place,
Since Jesus died for me ;
His blood has brought me near to God,
'Twas that which set me free !
In Him I found a friend so dear—
A Friend to dry up every tear ;
My present refuge—God—is near
Since Jesus died for me.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

4 Though friends may leave me one by one,
 Yet Jesus is for me ;
He'll faithful prove when all are gone,
 The Friend of friends to me.
He'll tell me often of His love,
He'll take me to His home above,
Where all is glory, all is love,
 And I shall Jesus see.

5 Then sing I may with joyful song
 Of Him who died for me ;
His name's like fragrance on the breeze,
 Since He has set me free.
His love has kept me on my way,
His love has led me day by day ;
God is my portion—God's my stay,
 Since Jesus died for me.

6 I'll take my harp, I'll tune my song
 To Him who died for me ;
I'll tell to sinners all around
 How Jesus set me free.
I'll sing my gracious Saviour's name,
I'll spread abroad His mighty fame,
And heaven and earth shall swell the strain
 Of Him who died for me.

165

8.7.8.7.4.7.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 "It is finished !"
Hear the dying Saviour cry !

2 *"It is finished !" Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford !*

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord !

“ It is finished ! ”

Saints, the dying words record !

- 3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !
Finished, all that God had promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe :

“ It is finished ! ”

Saints, from hence your comfort draw !

- 4 Saints redeemed and holy seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme !
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name !
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

166

8. 7. D.

GREAT High Priest, we see Thee stooping,
With our names upon Thy breast ;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest.
Wondering angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus ;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us ?

- 2 Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus,
Can our wayward souls convert,
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But the sense of blood-bought pardon
Can dissolve a heart of stone.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH

- 3 Lord, we fain would trust Thee solely,
 'Twas for us Thy blood was spilt ;
Blessed Jesus, take us wholly,
 Take, and make us what Thou wilt.
Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
 Passed on man's devoted race ;
True belief and true repentance
 Are Thy gifts, Thou God of grace !

167

8's.

- W**HEN first to Jesus Christ I came,
 My heart o'erwhelmed with sin and
 shame,
Conscious of guilt and full of fear,
 Yet, drawn by love, I ventured near,
And pardon found and peace with God
 In Jesus' rich atoning blood.
- 2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
 I shun God's presence now no more ;
With childlike faith I seek His face,
 His throne—a throne of boundless grace ;
Sprinkled before the throne of God
 I see His rich atoning blood.
- 3 Before our God, our Priest appears,
 Our Advocate, the Father hears ;
That blood is e'er before His eyes,
 And day and night for mercy cries.
It speaks—it ever speaks to God—
 The voice of that atoning blood.
- 4 By faith that voice I also hear,
 It answers doubt, it stills each fear ;
The accuser strives in vain to move
 The wrath of Him whose name is Love.
Each charge against the elect of God
 Is silenced by the atoning blood.

.CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

- 5 Here I can rest without a fear,
By this, to God, I now draw near,
By this I triumph over sin,
For this has cleansed and keeps me clean ;
And when before the throne of God,
I'll sing of the atoning blood.

168

L.M.

- J**ESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Ashamed of Thee ; whom angels praise ;
Whose glories shine to endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds His beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ;
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
'That I no more revere His name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And oh, may this my glory be,
'That Christ is not ashamed of me !

169

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the curse,

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us ;
Spread His glory
Who redeemed His people thus.

- 2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend ;
Praise the Saviour !
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we "Everlasting glory
Be to God, and to the Lamb !"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

170

L.M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis Thou alone can'st make me whole ;
Fall'n, till in me 'Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee ;
Here, then, to Thee I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.
- 4 What shall I say Thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin, but 'Thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost—but Thou hast died !

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

171

8.7.8.7.7.7.

KING of kings ! and Lord of heaven !
Pillar both of fire and cloud,
Guide of souls redeemed, forgiven,
Unto Thy divine abode ;
Thy atonement, Holy One,
Brought Thee from Thy glorious throne !

2 Sacrifice, at morn and even,
Altar, incense, mercy-seat,
Bread of God; quite free from leaven,
Sprinkled blood and Lamb complete—
Thy atonement all declare
Peace and pardon purchased there.

3 Great High Priest ! for ever wearing
Breast-plate jewels, sparkling bright,
At Thy throne Thy saints appearing
Ever precious in Thy sight.
Thy atonement, Loving One,
Hath the spoils of conquest won.

4 Keep me near the crimson river,
Which from Thee doth always flow ;
Fain would I see Thee for ever,
Would Thy full salvation know :
Thy atonement, that alone,
Rests my weary soul upon.

5 Jesus, Anchor, Hope of Glory !
As I travel o'er life's sea,
Taught to know salvation's story,
Keep me ever near to Thee :—
Thy atonement, that alone,
Rests my weary soul upon

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

172

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- "**W**HO is this that comes from Edom,"
All His raiment stained with blood ;
To His Church proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good ;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoil He bears ?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in His might ;
'Tis the Saviour, oh, how glorious
To His people is the sight !
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.
- 3 Why that blood His raiment staining ?
'Tis the blood of many slain ;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None the contest to maintain ;
Fall'n they are, no more to rise—
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever !
Wear the crown so dearly won ;
Never shall Thy people, never
Cease to sing what Thou hast done ;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes,
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.

173

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

HARK ! the Church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb !
Heaven throughout with plaudits ringing,
Worthy the Lamb !
Thrones and powers before Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice ascending,
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb !

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

- 2 Harps and songs for ever sounding,
 Worthy the Lamb !
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
 Worthy the Lamb !
By His blood He dearly bought us ;
Wand'ring from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us :
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 O'er sin, death, and hell victorious,
 Worthy the Lamb !
At His resurrection glorious,
 Worthy the Lamb !
On the tree no more suspended,
There He our salvation ended,
And in glorious grace ascended :
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Sing with blest anticipation,
 Worthy the Lamb !
Through the vale of tribulation,
 Worthy the Lamb !
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, for ever telling,
 Worthy the Lamb !

174

7.6.D.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side ;
'Tis only then in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

2 'Tis only in Thy hiding
I feel my life secure,—
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure ;
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hateful foe ;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face ;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace :
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

175

7's.

WATER from Salvation's wells,
Thirsty sinner, come and draw ;
Grace in Jesus' fulness dwells,
More than men or angels know.

2 'Twas in God the Fount supreme,
Till the day that Adam fell ;
Then the first all-healing stream
Watered Eden's garden well.

3 Far and wide the healing flood
O'er the sin-cursed garden ran,
Preaching peace by Jesus' blood,—
Blissful sound to rebel man.

4 Thousands now around the throne
Water from this fountain drew ;
Felt their griefs and sorrows gone ;
Sang His praise ; and why not you ?

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

- 5 Bring no money, price, nor aught,
No good deeds nor pleasing frames,
Mercy never can be bought—
Grace is free : and all's the Lamb's.

176

C.M.

SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the veil appear,
In robes of mystic meaning drest,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

- 2 Through Him the eye of faith espies
A greater Priest than he ;
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies
For all whom grace makes free.

- 3 He bears the names of all His saints
Deep on His heart engraved ;
Attentive to the state and wants.
Of all His love has saved.

- 4 In Him a holiness complete
And bright perfection shine ;
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet,
A Saviour all Divine !

- 5 The blood, which as a Priest He bears
For sinners, is His own ;
The incense of the Saviour's prayers
Perfumes the heavenly throne.

177

C.M.

"NO condemnation !" O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word :
Perfect in comeliness art thou
In Christ, thy risen Lord.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING AND DEATH.

- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks
In God the Father's ear ;
His Church, the jewels, on His heart,
Jesus will ever bear.:
- 3 "No condemnation !" Precious word,
Consider it, my soul ;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid ;
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ the spotless Lamb ;
So shall we love Thy gracious will,
And glorify Thy name.

178

8's.

- W**E'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
That died for the sake of the flock ;
His love to the utmost was tried,
But firmly endured as a rock.
- 2 When blood from a victim must flow,
This Shepherd by pity was led
To stand between us and the foe,
And willingly died in our stead.
 - 3 Our song, then, for ever shall be
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus ;
No subject so glorious as He,
No theme so affecting to us.
 - 4 We'll sing of these subjects alone,
None other our tongues shall employ,
Till better His love becomes known
In yonder bright regions of joy.
 - 5 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

IX.—RESURRECTION.

179

Easter.

P. M.

- C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
Sons of men, and angels, say ; Hallelujah !
Raise your joys and triumphs high ; Hallelujah !
Sing, ye heavens ; thou, earth, reply, Hallelujah !
2 Love's redeeming work is done, Hallelujah !
Fought the fight, the battle won ; Hallelujah !
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ! Hallelujah !
Lo ! He sets in blood no more ! Hallelujah !
3 Lives again our glorious King ! Hallelujah !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ? Hallelujah !
Once He died our souls to save ; Hallelujah !
Where thy victory, O grave ? Hallelujah !
4 Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hallelujah !
Following our exalted Head ; Hallelujah !
Made like Him, like Him we rise ; Hallelujah !
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hallelujah !
5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven ! Hallelujah !
Praise to Thee by both be given ; Hallelujah !
Thee we greet triumphant now, Hallelujah !
Hail, the Resurrection Thou ! Hallelujah !

RESURRECTION.

180

P.M.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the cross
Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss ;
Hallelujah !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Hallelujah !
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Hallelujah !
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah !

3 But the pains which He endured,
Hallelujah !
Our salvation have procured :
Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing
Hallelujah !

4 Now be God the Father praised,
Hallelujah !
With the Son from death upraised,
Hallelujah !
And the Spirit ever blest ;
Hallelujah !
One true God, by all confessed ;
Hallelujah !

RESURRECTION.

181

P.M.

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

2 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

3 Jesus lives ! for us He died !
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

4 Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

5 Jesus lives : to Him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia !

182

6.6.6.6.8.8.

THE happy morn is come,
Triumphant o'er the grave
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save !
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead !

· RESURRECTION.

2 Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead !

3 Christ hath the ransom paid—
The glorious work is done ;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won.
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead !

183

8.8.8.4.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The triumph of the Lord is won !
Oh let the songs of praise be sung,
Hallelujah !

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst :
Hallelujah !

3 On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign !
Oh let us swell the joyful strain,
Hallelujah !

4 He brake the bonds of death and hell !
The bars from heaven's high portals fell !
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell,
Hallelujah !

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee,
Hallelujah !

RESURRECTION.

184

8.7.D.

WE may sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious dawn !
We shall meet to part—no, never,
On the resurrection morn !
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

Chorus—We may sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious dawn !
We shall meet to part—no, never,
On the resurrection morn !

2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair !
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

3 We may sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave ;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright eternal city
Death can never, never come ;
In His own good time He'll call us
To our rest in His blest Home.

185

8.7.D.

WHEN we reach our peaceful dwelling,
On the strong, eternal hills,
And our praise to Him is swelling,
Who the vast creation fills ;

RESURRECTION.

When the path of prayer and duty
And affliction all are trod ;
And we wake and see the beauty
Of our Saviour and our God.

Chorus—Oh, 'twill be a glorious morrow,
To a dark and stormy day,
When we smile upon our sorrow,
And the storms have passed away.

- 2 With the light of resurrection,
When our changed bodies glow ;
And we gain the full perfection
Of the bliss begun below.
While we wave the palm of glory,
Through the long eternal years,
Shall we e'er forget the story
Of our mortal griefs and fears ?
- 3 Shall we e'er forget the sadness,
And the cloud that hung so dim,
When our hearts are filled with gladness,
And our tears are dried by Him ?
All the way by which He led us,
And all grievings which He bore,
All the patient love He taught us ;
Shall we think of these no more ?
- 4 We shall know the tender meaning
Of the sorrows and alarm,
As we trod the desert, leaning
On His everlasting arm.
And the rest will be the dearer,
When we think of weary ways,
And the light will shine the clearer
As we muse on cloudy days.

X.—ASCENSION.

186

Heaven.

7's.

THERE'S a glorious world unseen,
Bathed in purest light serene,
Where no mist obscures the ray,
Where no night cuts short the day.

2 World of beauty ! where such sight
Wakens every new delight ;
World of peace ! where every sound
Breathes a holy influence round.

3 World of purity ! wherein
Ne'er has entered taint of sin ;
World of love ! where every eye
Beams with purest sympathy.

4 World of perfect, endless joy !
Of unwearied, high employ !
Every earthly grief and care
Banished from remembrance there !

5 World of life ! not life like this !
Perpetuity of bliss !
They can never die again,—
Where, "there shall be no more pain."

6 Life in streams abundant shed,
From the glorious Fountain-head ;
Life summed up in one sweet word,
"Ever, ever with the Lord !"

ASCENSION.

187

C.M.

- A**ND shall these eyes, these very eyes,
My glorious Saviour see?
Shall they behold Him face to face,
A sinner though I be?
- 2 Shall they behold Him—not as once
All marred by sorrow's tears—
When, scoffed and buffeted by man,
He bore our sins and cares?
- 3 Shall they behold Him—not as then
The meek and lowly One;
But with a royal glory robed,
High on His heavenly throne?
- 4 And shall these eyes, these very eyes,
By sorrow made so dim;
Shall they, oft clouded now by sin,
Be looked upon by Him?
- 5 They shall, for I shall changèd be,
And made, like Him, divine;
Though now so vile—all glorious then,
Shall in His image shine.
- 6 And in that land, so very far
Removed from sin and care,
I, with His loved and sainted ones,
Eternal bliss shall share.

188

P.M.

NO grief there!
Never more sorrow or crying:
No more care!
Vanished all sadness and sighing;
Jesus and Heaven at last!
Tears and farewells o'erpast—
Lost in communion undying.

ASCENSION.

2 No night there !
Struggle and anguish concealing ;
Soft and fair—
Visions of glory revealing—
Jesus with radiance untold
Shines o'er the City of Gold,
Whence songs angelic are stealing.

3 Full and clear
Echoes His fond invitation :—
“ Oh draw near,
Find in Myself consolation !
Sin shall no longer enthrall
Those who, obeying My call,
Look unto me for salvation.”

4 Then come now !
Pardon and welcome shall meet you ;
Soft and low
Whispers of promise entreat you :
Jesus, the tender, the true—
Jesus is waiting for you—
Watching and waiting to greet you.

189

7's.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart ; Then, &c.

ASCENSION.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice : Then, &c.

4 Chosen not for good in me,
Called by grace from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

190

7.6.D.

WE thank Thee, gracious Father,
For that bright home of light,
Where Thou art throned in glory,
Beyond all mortal sight ;
Where, 'neath the King's glad smiling,
'Mid pleasures unexpressed,
Christ's Bride, the Church, shall enter
Her everlasting rest.

2 There is the throne of Jesus,
And there the chosen race ;
A people called in sorrow—
A people saved by grace ;
Past is the howling desert,
Put off the earthly vest,
Christ's holy Bride shall enter
Her everlasting rest.

3 No more the fierce temptation,
No sinful "graves of lust ;"
No more the fruits of Sodom—
Apples of ash and dust ;

ASCENSION.

Not the cold rills of Marah,
No more the toilsome 'quest ;
Christ's glorious Bride shall enter
Her everlasting rest.

4 There Jesus, the Forerunner,
Proclaims there yet is room,
And bids the Father's chosen,
His purchased brethren, come ;
Earth's sad and heavy-laden,
Leaning upon His breast,
Christ and His Bride shall enter
God's everlasting rest.

5 Here, often by the lattice,
Obscured the Loved One stands,
But there, unveiled, exhibits
Scarred brow and piercèd hands ;
There with His "changed ones" feeding,
Where they with Him are blest,
Christ's Royal Bride rejoices
In everlasting rest !

191

L.M.

LET me be with Thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest ;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore :
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

ASCENSION.

- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, whence none remove ;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

192

7.6.8.6.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

- 2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky ;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day ! for which creation
And all its tribes were made ;
O joy ! for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !
- 3 Oh then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joys shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign :

ASCENSION.

Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

193

P.M.

OH ! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where the angels veil their faces, and the angel
harpers sing ;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of
the King.

2 Oh ! to be over yonder,
Alas ! I sigh and wonder,
Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly
thing ?
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever ;
But there's no more separation in the presence
of the King.

3 Oh ! when shall I be dwelling
Where the angel voices swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs make the highest
heavens ring ?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming !
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of
the King ?

4 Oh ! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,

ASCENSION.

Where life and light and sunshine beam fair on
everything ;

Where the day-beam is unshaded,
As pure as He who made it,
The land of cloudless sunshine where JESUS is
the King.

5 Oh ! when shall I be yonder ?
The longing groweth stronger,
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do
sing.

Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

194

10's.

MY whole desire doth deeply turn away
From fleeting time unto eternal day.
I give myself, and all I call my own,
To Christ for ever, to be His alone.

2 I leave the world ; its wealth allures not me ;
With God alone can I contented be.
The creature shall no longer fill my mind ;
In the Creator what I want I find.

3 Now, O my God, my comfort, portion, rest !
Thou, none but Thou, shalt reign within my
breast.

Call me to Thee ! call me Thyself—oh, speak,
And bind my heart to Thee, whom most I seek !

4 Then let me dwell but as a pilgrim here :
One to whom earth seems distant—heaven
more near.

Let this my joy, my life, my life-work be,
To die to self, to live, my Lord, to Thee.

ASCENSION.

- 5 I know this road through narrow straits doth
 wend,
Wherein my stubborn will must stoop and
 bend.
Jesus, I offer unto Thee my will—
Thy love can make it humble, sweet, and still.
- 6 Thou art my King—my King henceforth
 alone;
And I Thy servant, Lord, am all Thine own.
Give me Thy strength: oh, let Thy dwelling be
In this poor heart that pants, my Lord, for
 Thee!

195

9.9.9.

- N**O shadows yonder, all light and song!"
Each day I wonder, and say, How long
Shall time me sunder from that dear throng?
- 2 No weeping yonder, all fled away;
While here I wander each weary day,
Sad as I ponder my long, long stay.
- 3 No parting yonder, nothing ever
Again shall sunder; hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder hands clasp for ever.
- 4 None absent yonder, bought by the Lamb;
All gathered under the ever-green palm,
Loud as night's thunder sing the glad psalm!
- 5 Jesus is yonder, ever the same,
Nothing can sunder me from the Lamb,
Closer and fonder I cling to His name.

196

76.76.76.86.

AROUND the throne of Jesus,
In palaces of light,

ASCENSION.

They took their harps of glory,
With raptures of delight ;
And sounds of sweetest music
Arose upon the breeze,
"Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy !"
To Thee be all the praise !

2 Around the throne of Jesus,
In garments white as snow,
They drank the crystal fountain,
Whence living waters flow ;
They sing the song of Moses—
Of Moses and the Lamb—
"Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy !"
Through heaven's arches ring.

3 Around the throne of Jesus,
They stood beside their God ;
They passed through tribulation,
Through peril and through blood ;
And the song of holy praises
Burst forth from countless throngs ;
"Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy !"
To Thee our praise belongs.

4 Around the throne of Jesus,
Where healing streams abide,
They drank deep draughts of pleasure
From God's exhaustless tide ;
The harpers' notes are swelling
Through heaven, and earth, and sea—
"Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy !"
' All praise be unto Thee !

5 Around the throne of Jesus,
The crown upon their brow,
They've passed the dreary desert,
They rest with Jesus now ;

ASCENSION.

The conqueror's song of triumph
Resounds from shore to shore,—
"Thou art worthy—Thou art worthy!"
We praise Thee evermore.

197

D. C. M.

NO night of sorrow shall be there !
All griefs, all sighs are o'er ;
No bleeding heart, no tear-dimmed eye,
On that celestial shore.
God, with His gentle hand of love,
Shall wipe all tears away,
And in His presence we shall joy,
Secure in endless day !

- 2 No night of sin can enter there !
Like Jesus we shall be ;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And holy be as He.
No wandering thoughts, no anxious cares,
Shall agitate our breast,
No sin shall mar our services
In yonder land of rest !
- 3 No night of suffering there !
No weariness, no pain ;
The ransomed in that better land
Shall ne'er be sick again.
No aching heart, no fevered brow,
Shall weigh our spirits down ;
For in Emmanuel's happy land
All sickness is unknown.
- 4 No night of parting shall be there !
Our loved ones gone before
Shall hail us at the gates of bliss ;
We'll meet to part no more.

ASCENSION.

To be for ever with the Lord,
Our griefs, our trials o'er ;
No tearful eye, no sad farewell,
On yonder radiant shore !

- 5 No night of death can enter there,
To close our peaceful rest !
No tender ties are severed in
The mansions of the blest.
Once in our happy, longed-for home,
We'll rest in Jesus' love ;
For night can never, never be
In God's own house above.

198

L. M.

BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea—
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

- 2 My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart ;
I know that while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
- 3 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free ;
For God the Just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.
- 4 Behold Him there ! the bleeding Lamb,
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.
- 5 One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood ;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

199

II. IO. II. IO. 9. 9.

WE would see Jesus, when our hearts are
glowing [vides;

With the rich gift our Father's hand pro-
And though the cup be filled to overflowing,
Feel that this love is more than all besides.
Jesus, our Saviour: Thee we would see,
And in Thy glory hope we shall be.

2 We would see Jesus, when the world's alluring
Would draw our giddy steps away from
Him;

See the bright promise of His peace enduring,
Making all earthly pleasures pale and dim.

3 We would see Jesus, when, in sorrow kneeling,
We ask deliverance from our sin and guilt—
Would hear Him speak the gracious words of
healing,
“Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.”

4 We would see Jesus, when a fierce temptation
Has well-nigh 'whelmed us in its fearful
wave;

Our sure defence, the Rock of our salvation,
Still near at hand to succour and to save.

5 We would see Jesus, in the hour of sickness,
And trust the wisdom of the loving hand
That rightly orders all our pain and weakness,
And bids our life or death wait His com-
mand.

6 We would see Jesus, when from heaven de-
scending,
Coming to take us to His promised rest:
And who will count us pure and unoffending,
Clothed in His own unspotted righteous-
ness.

HOW sweet to know that we shall live
 Above yon clear blue sky,
 And dwell 'mid pleasures evermore,
 And never, never die!
 To meet those whom on earth we love,
 No more again to sever,
 With Jesus dwell in realms of light
 For ever and for ever.

2 No sorrow there can ever come,
 No tear bedim the eye,
 No pain or sickness ever cause
 The inhabitants to sigh;
 There peace and joy shall ever flow,
 Calm as a placid river,
 With Jesus they shall ever reign
 For ever and for ever.

3 Oh blest beyond compare are they,
 All clothed in robes of white,
 With golden harps and crowns they sit,
 Enthroned in glory bright;
 They cease not day or night to sing—
 They never weary—never,
 “Glory to God and to the Lamb,”
 For ever and for ever.

4 High is the theme, sweet is the song,
 To God the Three in One,
 Who loved and bought us with the blood
 Of the Eternal Son;
 All glory be to God on high,
 The Author and the Giver
 Of every good and perfect gift,
 For ever and for ever.

ASCENSION.

- 5 Then while we linger here below,
"Midst trial and temptation,
May we to others gladly tell
The news of free salvation ;
And show by word, and practice too,
And faithfully endeavour
To glorify, in all we do,
Our precious, priceless Saviour.

201

S. M.

FOR ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Chorus—Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 2 My father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
- 3 My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 4 For ever with the Lord !
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word ?
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord.

HERE we often part in sorrow,
 And our wayward hearts rebel ;
 But faith sees a brighter morrow,
 Where no more we'll say " Farewell !"
 Here our joys, how sweet soever,
 Soon give place to grief and pain ;
 Oh ! 'twere hard indeed to sever,
 But that Jesus does sustain.

2 Yes—'tis where our path is bleakest
 That the Saviour's love appears,
 It is when our strength is weakest
 That He comes to calm our fears.
 Then I'll hail the darkest hour,
 Since it drives me to His breast ;
 Heedless bear the passing shower—
 It will more endear my rest.

3 Oh ! the thought to me how glorious !—
 We shall soon on yonder shore,
 Through the Saviour's might victorious,
 Meet in peace for evermore.
 Yes, I love these words, *for ever!*
 There no friend shall e'er depart,
 Time and death no more shall sever,
 Nor shall sin distress the heart.

4 Oh ! 'tis sweet to think He'll gather
 All His family in one ;
 Now dispersed—but then together
 We shall worship round His throne.
 Not one friend shall there be missing,
 Whom we here in Jesus loved .
 There in songs of bliss unceasing,
We'll proclaim the love we proved.

JERUSALEM the golden !
 Jerusalem the blest !
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh ! I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those walls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David ;
 And there from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The Home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect.
 Jesus, in mercy bring us :
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art with God the Father,
 And Spirit ever blest.

ASCENSION.

204

L.M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives !
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,
And still He pleads for me above ;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

3 He lives, my kind and constant Friend,
Who still will keep me to the end ;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

4 He lives my mansion to prepare,
And He will bring me safely there ;
He lives, all glory to His name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

205

6's.

THERE is a blessèd Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well,
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell.

ASCENSION.

Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

- 3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

206

L.M.

- J**ESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which Thou cam'st from
heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.
- 2 Oh ! guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray ;
Cherish the young ; sustain the old ;
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.
- 3 Oh ! may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other Guide but Thee.
- 4 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete ;
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

207.

7.6.7.6

OH, for the robes of whiteness ;
Oh, for the tearless eyes ;

ASCENSION.

- Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies !
- 2 Oh for the no more weeping,
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above !
- 3 Oh for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet ;
Oh for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet !
- 4 Oh for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place !
- 5 Jesus, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee ;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.
- 6 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone.

208

D.C.M.

I HAVE a great High Priest above,
Beyond the starry sky ;
A Fountain of eternal love,
A Saviour ever nigh.
He bears me on His inmost heart,
Through sunshine, cloud, and sea ;
And from His love I cannot part,
Since Jesus died for me.

ASCENSION.

- 2 The golden censer in His hands
Contains my feeble prayers ;
And there my Saviour ever stands,
And all my burden bears ;
His precious blood is sprinkled still
In every path I tread ;
It marks my way to Zion's hill,
My dwelling-place with God.
- 3 And when my path was hedged about
With ills I could not flee,
Himself has led me in and out,
Just where I ought to be ;
And He has taught me in each cloud
Such lessons of His love,
It seemed as though the thorny road
Shone with the light above.
- 4 Oh come and lay thy burden there,
Thy sorrow on His heart ;
His arm can all that burden bear,
And bid thy fear depart ;
And soon, with all the blood-bought throng,
Around the throne above,
We'll sing in nobler, sweeter song,
Of Jesus' dying love.

209

8.8.6.D.

O BLESSED Jesus, Lamb of God !
Who hast redeemed us with Thy blood
From sin, and death, and shame ;
With joy and praise Thy people see
The crown of glory worn by Thee,
And worthy Thee proclaim.

- 2 Exalted by the Father's love,
All thrones and powers and names above,
On earth below or heaven ;

ASCENSION.-

Wisdom and riches, power divine,
Blessing and honour, Lord, are thine,
All things to Thee are given.

3 Head of the Church ! Thou sittest there ;
Thy Bride shall all Thy glory share ;
Thy fulness, Lord, is ours :
Our life Thou art—Thy grace sustains ;
Thy strength in us the victory gains
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

4 Soon shall the day of glory come ;
The Bride shall reach the Father's home,
And all Thy beauty see ;
And oh ! what joy to see Thee shine,
To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
And ever dwell with Thee.

210

I I'S.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;
Then why should I murmur when
 trials are near ?

Be hushed my dark spirit,—the worst that
 can come

But shortens my journey, and hastens me
 home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this ;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
 grow,

I would not lie down upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus His breast.

. ASCENSION.

- 4 Afflictions may damp me, they cannot de-
stroy ; [joy ;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on
them, [gem.
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and
- 5 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the
close ; [fall,
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may be-
A home with my God will make up for it all.

211

P.M.

OH to be in heaven !
The home of those forgiven !
Where Jesus ever dwelleth amidst the sons
of grace ; [glory,
To hear the blessed story of all who are in
And there to gaze for ever
Upon the Saviour's face.

2 Oh to be in heaven !
Where rest for aye is given,
Where saints unite with angels the Saviour's
praise to sing ;— [less measures,
For evermore His pleasures, to drink in end-
From the life-giving Fountain
Where Jesus is the King.

3 Oh to be in heaven !
With all who are forgiven,
Where trouble never enters within that happy
land ; [grace relying,
No darkness there, no sighing, but on His
Ten thousand times ten thousand
With Christ the Saviour stand.

ASCENSION.

4 Oh to be in heaven !
No more from dear ones riven,
To dwell in blest communion with all the
saints in love; [to inherit
Through Christ the Saviour's merit for ever
The Father's "many mansions,"
Where Jesus is above.

5 Oh to be in heaven !
The tossed and tempest-driven
Shall enter there the haven where sin and
sorrow cease,
Saved by God's great salvation, and brought
through tribulation,
To be for aye with Jesus
In everlasting peace !

212

7.7.7.3.

JESUS lives ! and so shall I,
One in death, in victory,
In the grave, and then on high,
Ever one !

2 Jesus lives ! His life as free
As His precious blood for me,
Flows, that with Him I may be
Ever one !

3 Jesus lives ! His life is mine,
Lord, let mine be wholly Thine,
For Thee may I always shine,
Ever one !

4 Jesus lives ! who once was dead,
Now the Church's living Head,
And with those for whom He bled,
Ever one !

ASCENSION.

5 Jesus lives ! He reigns on high,
And His coming draweth nigh,
We shall be eternally
Ever one !

213

9.7.

THERE is a pure and crystal river—
Life for sinners saved by blood,
Its gracious streams of free salvation,
Making glad the Church of God !

- 2 This river pure of living water,
Clear as crystal from the throne
Of God and of the Lamb proceeding,
By the Lord to me was shown.
- 3 On either side of that pure river,
In Jerusalem above,
There was the tree of life with healing
Leaves and yielding fruit of love !
- 4 And as I looked, I heard Him saying,
“And there no more curse shall be ;”
Before the throne of God and Jesus
Peace shall reign eternally.
- 5 His servants shall the face of Jesus
Always in that land behold,
“No darkness” there—they need “no
candle”
In the city all of gold.
- 6 The Lord Jehovah it doth lighten ;
There, all cleansed in Jesus’ blood,
Shall reign and drink the endless pleasure
Flowing from the throne of God.

214

7.3.7.7.3.

OH, they've reached the sunny shore
Over there ;
They will never hunger more ;
All their pain and grief is o'er
Over there.

2 Oh, they need no lamp at night
Over there ;
For their day is always bright,
And their Saviour is their light
Over there.

3 Oh, the streets are shining gold
Over there ;
And the glory is untold ;
'Tis our Saviour's blessed fold
Over there.

4 Oh, they feel no chilling blast
Over there ;
For their winter time is past,
And the summers always last
Over there.

5 Oh, they've done the weary fight
Over there ;
Jesus saved them by His might ;
And they walk with Him in white
Over there.

6 Oh, they never shed a tear
Over there ;
For their Lord is always near,
And with Him is endless cheer
Over there.

ASCENSION.

- 7 Oh, we'll join the happy band
Over there ;
But we wait our Lord's command,
Till we see His beckoning band
Over there.

215

7.6.D.

- T**EN thousand times ten thousand
Redeemèd ones on high,
Worship the Lord Jehovah,
In robes of purity !
No tongue is silent yonder,
No eye is turned away
From Him who is the glory
Of heaven's eternal day !
- 2 No note of discord soundeth
In that triumphant song,
Which like the waves of ocean,
Rolls joyously along.
The Holy Spirit moveth
In every heart above,
And fills each radiant vessel
With everlasting love.
- 3 Help us, Incarnate Saviour,
To worship Thee as they,
In confidence and reverence,
With joyous praise to-day.
One life divine pervadeth
The souls that cling to Thee,
And love unites the members
Of Thy great family !
- 4 Oh let not Satan scatter
Thy poor defenceless sheep !
They need Thine arm Almighty,
Their failing steps to keep.

ASCENSION.

But clust'ring round Thee, Jesus,
What have Thy saints to fear ?
We shall be close together,
If all to Thee draw near !

- 5 Then feed us, blessed Shepherd,
And lead us by the tide
That maketh glad the pastures
Wherein Thy sheep abide.
And oh, may many wanderers
Their footsteps now retrace,
Wash in the cleansing fountain,
And taste Thy richest grace !

216

7's.

WHO are these in raiment bright,
This innumerable throng,
With the Saviour day and night,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
“ Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

- 2 These through fiery trials trod :
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead :

ASCENSION.

Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

217

L. M.

- L**O! round the throne a glorious band,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand ;
Of ev'ry tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood !
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore :
The tears are wiped from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see the Saviour face to face,
They sing the triumphs of His grace :
And, day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To Him their Hallelujahs raise.

218

7. 6. D.

- O** LORD, who now art seated
Above the heavens on high,
(The gracious work completed
For which Thou cam'st to die),
To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wandering here,
For Thou art truly gifted
Our every grief to share.
- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood ;
We know Thy grace has brought us
As "kings and priests to God ;"

ASCENSION.

We know that soon the morning,
Long looked for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

- 3 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded ;
So full, so sweet, so free !
Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think of Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die,
That purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.
- 4 Oh let this love constrain us
To give our lives to Thee ;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee.
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

219

C.M.

HARK, how the choir around the throne
Adore their glorious King !
They drink full draughts of bliss unknown,
And Hallelujahs sing.

- 2 They range through heaven's unmeasured
plain,
And find new cause for praise ;
See more of Jesus, and again
Loud Hallelujahs raise.
- 3 Anon, the pearly gates unfold,
An heir of bliss draws nigh ;
Again they strike their harps of gold,
And Hallelujah cry.

ASCENSION.

4 Another sinner born of God
Makes heaven's vast concave ring ;
Again they Jesus' love record,
And Hallelujah sing.

5 Ere long we hope to join the throng
Who bow before the King ;
And in one everlasting song
Our Hallelujah bring.

220

C.M.

ORDAINED of God e'er time began,
Jesus in office stood ;
The Great High Priest for sinful man,
Presenting precious blood.

2 Upon His sacred breast He wears
The names of all His saints ;
For them within the veil appears
Presenting their complaints.

3 In outer courts He deigns to meet
The subjects of His grace,
And brings them to the Mercy-Seat,
To see Jehovah's face.

4 See, O my soul ! His merits rise,
Like incense to the throne ;
And His atoning sacrifice
Brings full salvation down.

221

L.M.

LOOK up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands ;
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.

ASCENSION.

- 2 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline Thy hope on Him alone
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call Thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine !

222

C.M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine :
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

- 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high ;
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 5 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

ASCENSION.

223

8.7.8.7.7.7.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the further shore,
There's an end of war for ever,
We shall see our foes no more :
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

- 2 Oh that hope ! how bright ! how glorious !
'Tis His people's blest reward :
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord ;
In His kingdom they shall rest,
In His love be fully blest.

224

P.M.

WITH harps and with viols there stand a
great throng [song":
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this "new
Unto Him who hath loved us and washed
us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory for ever. Amen.

- 2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His
sight, [they unite :
Now arrayed in pure garments, in praise
3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this "new
song" to sing :
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had
been [our sin.
If He never had loved us till cleansed from
5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing this "new song"
shall sing.

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
 To its glories I fain would fly ;
 When by sorrow pressed down, I long for my
 crown,
 In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I'll be
 From earth and its cares set free ;
 My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
 A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And my kindred its bliss enjoy,
 Methinks I now see how they're waiting for
 me
 In that beautiful land on high.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
 And though here I oft weep and sigh,
 My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be
 shed
 In that beautiful land on high.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where we never shall say " Good-bye ;"
 When over the river we're happy for ever
 In that beautiful land on high.

XI.—*THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

226

Whitsuntide. 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5

SPIRIT, come among us—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Lord, we plead Thy promise—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Tell each heart of Jesus,
Of the blood that frees us ;
Mighty Spirit, bless us—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !

2 Now exalt the Saviour—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Show His love and favour—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Whisper free salvation,
Hope and consolation,
Prove the Lord's compassion—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !

3 Heal the broken spirit—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Speak of Jesus' merit—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Breathe of joy and heaven,
Rest for those bereaven,
Peace from Jesus given—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Speak of love undying—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Pleasures, pure, uncloying—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !
Speak of realms all glorious,
Crowns and palms victorious,
Harps of gold melodious—
Come, O Breath, and breathe !

227

6.6.8.D.

SPIRIT Divine, descend,
Life, Light, Restorer, Friend,
Like dew upon the thirsty plain.
Thou hast been here before,
We need Thee more and more,
Oh, come and bless us once again.

2 Spirit of love, impart,
To every waiting heart,
The joy of unity and peace.
Let earthly pride bow down,
Let self be overthrown,
And prejudice for ever cease.

3 Then in sweet songs of joy
Our tongues will find employ,
And not in earthly war and strife.
Then, children of our God,
Bought with His precious blood,
We'll walk as fellow-heirs of life.

228

8's.

O LORD, I bear an aching heart :
Ease me of sin whate'er the smart
Within, without, I would be pure ;
Lord, hear my cry ! Lord, work my cure.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I know not all I ask in this,
But give, oh give me holiness.

2 Wild is the tumult in my breast ;
Oh ! how I long for Thy deep rest !
Behind thick clouds is hid Thy face :
Thyself reveal, and give me peace.
I know not all, &c.

3 O Lord ! accept my heartfelt prayer ;
Work in me, by what means soe'er,
The change I need : to sin I'd die,
That I may live with Thee on high.
I know not all, &c.

4 Break every earthly tie that binds,
Disperse, O Lord, each mist that blinds ;
Search me, and try my heart ; remove
Whatever shares with Thee my love.
I know not all, &c.

5 O Lord ! I bear a weary heart ;
All grieved with sin's empoisoned dart ;
Thou good Physician, work my cure—
Me purify as Thou art pure.
I know not all, &c.

229

6.5's.

MORE holiness give me,
More sweetness within ;
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin ;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care ;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord ;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word ;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief ;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.
- 3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome ;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home ;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be ;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

230

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and love Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ, the living way :
Nor let us from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blessed :
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

231

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers :
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls—how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever be
In this poor dying state ;
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

232

7.7.7.

HOLY Spirit, come, we pray,
Shed from heaven Thine inward ray,
Kindle darkness into day.

2 Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's delightful guest,
Giving to the weary rest.

3 Light most blissful ! Fire Divine !
Fill, oh ! fill this heart of mine,
On my inmost being shine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 If in Thee it be not wrought,
All in us is simply nought,
Nothing pure in deed or thought.
- 5 Cleanse the guilty from their stain,
On the thirsty pour Thy rain,
Heal the wounded of their pain.
- 6 To Thy will the stubborn mould,
Melt the frozen heart and cold,
Guide the wanderer to the fold.
- 7 On the faithful who confide
Solely in Thyself as Guide,
Let Thy sevenfold gifts abide.
- 8 Grant of grace a full increase,
Grant from sin a sweet release,
Grant us everlasting peace

233

8.6.8.4.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see.
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

6 Oh praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Blest Spirit ; praise to Thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

234

I.I.I.I.I.I.I.I.9.I.I.

LORD JESUS, I long to be perfectly
whole,
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul ;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe—
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than
snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood and extract every
stain ;
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

3 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in
the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat ;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet ;
By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood
flow— [snow.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than

· THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait ;
Come now, and within me a new heart create ;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never
saidst No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than
snow.

235

C.M.

- HOW precious are those parting words
Of our Almighty Friend ;
Who loved His own while in the world,
And loved them to the end.
- 2 “ I leave you not as orphans here,
The Comforter shall come,
And fill your hearts with joy and peace,
Till I shall take you home.”
- 3 And then, as poured on Aaron’s head,
The ointment downward flowed,
So was the Spirit’s grace and joy
From Christ our Head bestowed.
- 4 Thus, while we tread this desert now,
The Holy Ghost makes known
The Father’s house, the Saviour’s love,
And all He has—our own.
- 5 Blest truth ! our hearts are with Him there,
We see our glorious home,
Made ready for the Bride to share ;—
Lord Jesus, quickly come !

XII.—TRINITY.

236

I I. I 2. I 2. I I.

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to Thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty ;
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see ;
Only Thou art holy : there is none beside
Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in
earth and sky and sea ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty ;
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

TRINITY.

237

8.6.8.6.8.8.8.8

FATHER ! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine !
Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease.

2 O God the Son ! Thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour ;
Forgive that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore ;
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fixed, from Thee proceed,
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities !

3 O Holy Ghost ! Thou fire of love,
Enkindle with Thy flame my will ;
Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me Thy bidding to fulfil :
O Trinity, great Three in One,
Forgive the sins that I have done ;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favour and Thyself desire.

238

P.M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts !
When heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth.
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !

TRINITY.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore !
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !

239

7.7.7.5.

- T**HREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.
- 2 Light of lights, with morning shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee ;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

TRINITY.

240

P. M.

MERCIFUL and gracious Father,
God of everlasting love,
To thyself Thy children gather
By Thy blessing from above.

Chorus—

Night passeth on ; the day is near ;
Jesus the Lord will soon appear ;
With Him His saints ever shall be—
With Him shall reign through eternity.

2 Jesus, God of our salvation,
Son of man, our Saviour King,
Thine elect of every nation
Quickly to Thy kingdom bring.

3 Comforter, Thou blessèd Spirit,
Breathe the life of God within,
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Kill the ruling power of sin.

4 Trinity of love and power,
Trinity of life and light,
Guard us in each trying hour,
Keep us safe by day and night.

241

L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit; Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

242

8.8.6.D.

I THANK Thee, High and Mighty One,
That Thou didst give Thine only Son
To travail in my stead.

I thank Thee for that love divine,
Through which redemption-grace was mine,
Before the world was made.

2 I thank Thee, Jesus, Holy Lamb,
For all Thy sufferings and pain,
Thy sorrow and Thy grief ;
I thank Thee with unfeigned praise
For all those bounteous acts of grace
Which bring my soul relief.

3 I thank Thee, Spirit, for Thy care ;
Thou found'st the roving wanderer
Amidst the ways of sin ;
Thou gently call'dst me to embrace
Redeeming love, and gospel-peace,
And fixed Thy rest within.

4 Continue still Thy gracious aid,
My soul to living waters lead,
My thirst to satisfy :
Conduct me through this world of strife,
Be with me on the verge of life,
And bless me when I die.

XIII.—GENERAL.

1. GOD'S WORD AND WORKS.

243

7's.

WHAT our Father does is well ;
Blessèd truth His children tell !
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

- 2 What our Father does is well ;
Shall the wilful heart rebel ?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally ?
- 3 What our Father does is well ;
May the thought within us dwell ;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

- 4 What our Father does is well ;
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies.
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod ?

GOD'S WORD AND WORKS.

- 5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise :
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity !

244

6's.

- L**ORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !
- 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee !

245

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight !
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and Blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide
Let there be light.

246

7.6.

GLAD we hear from day to day,
What the Lord is doing ;
How the Gospel wins its way,
Sinners' hearts subduing.

GOD'S WORD AND WORK.

- 2 What a glorious work is His—
Work for everlasting ;
Every other work but this
Fading is, and wasting.
- 3 While the judgments of the Lord
Heav'n and earth are shaking ;
Roused from slumber by His word,
Thousands are awaking.
- 4 Swiftly flies "the joyful sound,"
Heav'nly truth declaring ;
To a guilty world around
News of pardon bearing.
- 5 Saviour, let Thy message run,
Message of salvation ;
Take its circuit like the sun,
Visit ev'ry nation.
- 6 Earth has long been overspread,
Overspread with sadness ;
Let the day-spring come with speed,
Bringing light and gladness.

XIII.—GENERAL.

2. FAITH.

247

JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with
my soul ; [me whole.
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou can'st make
There is none in heaven or on earth like
Thee : [for me.
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord,

Chorus—First two lines of first verse.

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, name of matchless
worth,
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth ;
Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in His
name.

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly
days :
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought
thy face— [grace.
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's

4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written
word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard :
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how
sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt :
“Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not cast out,”

FAITH.

Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—
These my soul's salvation, Thou, my Saviour
God!

[*Ten minutes before her departure (at 2 A.M. June 3, 1879), Frances Ridley Havergal sang the first verse of this hymn clearly and sweetly to her tune, "Hermas."*]

248

8.5.8.3.

- I** AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

249

6.6.6.6.8.8.

OH my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears !
But greater, Lord, 'Thou art
Than all my doubts and fears ;
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

- 2 Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame ;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same ;
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work Thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm ;
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.
- 4 Thy rich and sovereign grace
At first did freely move ;
I still shall see Thy face,
And feel that God is love ;
My soul into Thine arms I cast,
I know I shall be saved at last !

250

C. M.

LORD, I believe Thy precious blood
Can cleanse from every sin ;
And that Thy Holy Spirit's power
Can make me pure within.

- 2 Lord, I believe Thy boundless love,
Which made Thee die for me ;
Marked me as Thine, though full of sin,
From all eternity.

FAITH.

- 3 Lord, I believe that Thy free grace
Will keep me to the end ;
Though I may change, Thou art the same
Almighty, faithful Friend.
- 4 Lord, I believe whate'er may come,
However rough my way,
That all is ordered by Thy will,
And shall Thy love display.
- 5 Lord, I believe ! Then make me love
Thee more and more each day,
Till my whole life may to Thy praise
A grateful heart display.
- 6 Lord, I believe ! Oh precious thought !
That I am one with Thee ;
And Thou wilt safely lead me on,
Till I Thy glory see.

251

C.M.

- I**NCREASE our faith, beloved Lord,
For Thou alone can'st give ;
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.
- 2 Increase our faith ! So weak are we .
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.
 - 3 Increase our faith ! On this broad shield
All fiery darts be caught,
We must be victors in the field,
When Thou for us hast fought.
 - 4 Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail,
Our steadfast anchorage is made,
With Thee, within the veil.

FAITH.

5 Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound ;
That it may grow " exceedingly,"
And to Thy praise be found.

6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face.

252

11's.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that
are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more !
The light of His countenance shineth so
bright,
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no
night.

2 Looking off unto Jesus, my spirit is blest ;
In the world I have turmoil—in Him I have
rest :
The sea of my life all about me may roar,—
When I look unto Jesus, I hear it no more.

3 Looking off unto Jesus, I go not astray ;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the
way ;
The path may seem dark, as He leads me
along,
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.

4 *Looking off* unto Jesus, oh ! may I be found,
Should the waters of Jordan encompass me
round :

FAITH.

Let them bear me away in His presence to
be :—

'Tis but seeing Him nearer whom always I
see.

- 5 Then, then I shall know the full beauty and
 grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to
 face ;
I shall know how His love went before me
 each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

253

C.M.

- O**H for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by many a foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe ;—
- 2 That will not murmur, nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod
But in the hour of grief or pain
 Will lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without,
Faith that in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile.
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
 Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up the dying bed.

FAITH.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We have a foretaste of the bliss
Of our eternal Home.

254

6.6.6.6.8.8.

O LORD, I waiting stand ;
Thy promise I believe ;
I grasp it in my hand—
“Ask, and thou shalt receive !”
Peace, pardon, mercy I implore,
And tarry knocking at the door.

2 They tell me it is vain
To knock without the gate—
“Think'st thou the King will deign
Unto thy low estate ?”
Yes, He commands the weak, the poor,
To seek Him, knocking at the door.

3 Because of deepest needs
The beggar asks an alms ;
The sick his weakness pleads,
In hope of healing balms :
Thus helpless, I His grace implore,
And tarry, knocking at the door.

4 My errand, “Life or death !”
My plea, “A Saviour's blood ;”
Not earth, or hell beneath,
Shall still my cry to God ;
Lord, Thou hast ever deigned before
To suppliants knocking at Thy door.

5 Oh joy ! a step I hear,
Glad promised-visions dawn ;
Hope whispers in my ear,
Behold the bolts withdrawn !

FAITH.

And Jesus meets me with the strain,
"None ever sought My face in vain."

255

7.6.D.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
With little earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very blind,
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With dark and evil mind.

FAITH.

I need the light of Jesus
To tread the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory,
Where I shall see my God.

5 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need Thee, day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way.
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

6 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

256

L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

FAITH.

- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

257

8.8.6.D.

- W**E'RE now by faith the sons of God,
Redeemed by the atoning blood
Of Christ, our Priest and King ;
Who from the realms of glory came
To bear the sinner's curse and shame,
And peace on earth to bring.
- 2 But when the storms of life are past
We shall behold His face at last,
And stand where angels stand,
To hear the voice so full of love
Of Jesus on His throne above—
Near Him, at His right hand.
- 3 Oh ! may this hope our souls inspire
With earnest and intense desire,
That we in robes of white—
When Christ in glory shall appear,
And all His saints shall see Him near—
May reign with Him in light.

258

7's.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;

FAITH.

Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy laws demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thyself I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

259

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
*A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.*

FAITH.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see,
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And owns her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

30

7.5.7.5.7.7.7.5.

FATHER, let our lives to Thee,
Evermore be given ;
Grant us grace that we may be
Glorified in heaven.

'Midst our many changes here,
Father, Thou art still the same ;
May this ever be our prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name!"

2 As Thy Church we dare not choose
Where or how to live ;
Father, Thou wilt not refuse
What is best to give.
Thou dost grant us day by day
More, O God, than we can claim ;
Send Thy Spirit that we may
"Glorify Thy Name!"

3 If in wisdom Thou should'st take
Friends away and peace ;
If in love Thou shouldst make
All our joys to cease ;

FAITH.

Take not, Lord, Thyself away ;
Father, this is all we claim.
Without Thee we cannot say—
“Glorify Thy Name !”

- 4 In the time of deepest woe,
In the hour of death,
When we leave this world below,
When give up our breath ;
When we, 'midst the ransomed throng,
Stand in white before the Lamb ;
This shall ever be our song,
“Glorify Thy Name !”

261

7.6.D.

- L**ORD, we behold in shadow,
In ancient type we see,
Something, our Lord and Saviour,
Which points us unto Thee ;
The wood and gold, two natures,
The human and divine,
Jesus, in every figure,
Thy grace and glory shine.
- 2 We see the spotless linen,
The brazen pillars high,
The love, the blood, the power,
Which bring the sinner nigh ;
We rest upon Thy merits,
Our only Altar Thou,
Thy blood the cleansing laver,
To make us white as snow.
- 3 We see Thy Church in union,
One Shepherd and one fold ;
The shaft, six branches, and the Light,
In candlestick of gold.

FAITH.

Thyself our only sust'nance
In shew-bread here we see,
The crown above, the crown below,
Point both alike to Thee.

The incense from the altar,
As prayer for us ascends;
Thy blessing, rich in mercy,
As constantly descends.
Thyself our Priest and Saviour,
Our glory, spotless, bright,
Our gracious Intercessor,
Our true and only Light.

Thou art our Seat of mercy,
Our Ark and Manna Thou,
With "Holiness Jehovah,"
Engraved upon Thy brow.
Thy names upon Thy shoulders,
And written on Thy breast,
How power and love in union,
To give Thy people rest.

O Thee who loved us, washed us,
In Thy most precious blood,
Who by Thy grace hast made us,
Both kings and priests to God:
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
All adoration be
Ascribed, O God, our Saviour,
For ever unto Thee.

*Above hymn was written as illustrative
of the Tabernacle.]*

ORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go ;

7's.

FAITH.

Thee whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know ?

2 Heavenly is that life of Thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires ;
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires.

3 Israel on the heavenly seed
Fed and died in days of yore ;
But the souls that on Thee feed
Never thirst nor hunger more.

4 Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide ?
Who except Thyself can be
Hope and help and strength and guide ?

5 Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow ?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessèd Saviour, who but Thou ?

263

8.8.6.D.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
Hath not the Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me ?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee ?

2 Complete atonement Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid,
Whate'er Thy people owed ;
Nor can His wrath on me take place,
If sheltered in Thy righteousness,
And sprinkled by Thy blood ?

FAITH.

- 3 If my discharge Thou hast procured,
And freely in my room endured
The whole of wrath divine.
Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.
- 4 Turn then, my soul, unto Thy rest ;
The merits of thy great High Priest
Have bought thy liberty ;
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God
Since Jesus died for thee !

264

8.8.8.6.

- O** HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen !
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean ;
Help me, throughout life's wearying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !
- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When as the branches to the Vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?
 - 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.
 - 4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown.
A voice of love in gentlest tone
Whispers, "Still cling to me."
 - 5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside,
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee !

FAITH.

- 6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal—
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ?

265

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

MY Lord, I look to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire !

- 3 While life's dark path I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide !
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 And when the glorious day—
All sorrow past away—
Shall brightly shine ;
Then all Thy saints with Thee,
From sin and death set free.
Shall reign eternally,
For ever Thine !

FAITH.

266

8.8.6.D.

- J**ESUS, the Rock, my Refuge is,
 My safe retreat, my only bliss ;
 In Him I firm abide ;
 When law condemned He took me in,
 And freely pardoned all my sin,
 And who shall us divide ?
- 2 My fears are great, my faith is small,
 And oft through unbelief I fall,
 But still this Rock abides ;
 He bears me up amidst the flood,
 Yes, He remains my Cov'nant God,
 Though sin His promise hides.
- 3 Begone, ye dark, infernal powers,
 Grace shall descend like copious showers,
 Refreshing to my soul ;
 My Advocate in heaven abides,
 In Him all fulness now resides,
 To make and keep me whole.

267

8.8.6.D.

- G**OD is our Refuge in distress,
 A present help when troubles press,
 Our shelter from the storm ;
 Though winds and waves a tempest make,
 Though earth be moved and mountains shake,
 We need not feel alarm.
- 2 A graceful river softly flows
 In streams of grace to gladden those
 Who put their trust in God ;
 Within His holy place they feel
 The comfort of His presence still,
 While oceans roar abroad.
- 3 What though the heathen madly rage,
 And kingdoms in fierce war engage—
 When God sends forth His voice,

FAITH.

He makes the glittering spear to bend,
Gives peace to earth's remotest end,
And bids the world rejoice.

- 4 Be still and know that He is God ;
He rules the earth with iron rod
From His bright throne above ;
He dwells with those who fear His Name,
The God of Jacob still the same,
The God of light and love.

268

5.5.8.8.5.5.

BLESSED be Thy name,
Jesus Christ !—the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever—
What from Thee my soul shall sever,
While I hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice ?

- 2 Hold me with Thy hand,
For by faith I stand,
On Thy strength my sole reliance,
In Thy truth my whole affiance ;
Then where'er I roam,
I am travelling home.

- 3 Lord, Thy word is light ;
Led by it aright,
When a pilgrim, like my fathers
Life's last shadow round me gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day.

- 4 With my latest breath,
Overcoming death,
From the body disencumbered,
With Thy saints in glory numbered,
Jesus may I be
Found in peace with Thee.

FAITH.

5 Praise the Lord most high
All below the sky ;
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ;
Earth and heaven raise
Songs of loudest praise.

269

8. 7's.

LEAD me to the Rock that's higher
Than the rock poor self can show ;
Lead me to its perfect "Shelter,"

The "Strong Tower" from every foe.

Chorus—In the Higher Rock I'm trusting,
Restful, peaceful, saved and free,
'Tis the tested Rock of Ages,
Its dear shadow shelters me.

2 Yes, the Higher Rock so towering
Gives, amid life's rudest storms,
Perfect refuge, surest safety,
Sweetest rest amid alarms.

3 'Tis the Higher Rock that gives me
Faith's glad strength for every hour ;
Oh to measure all its gladness,
All its preciousness of power !

4 'Tis the Higher Rock sustains me
Joyously from day to day ;
Lifting heart, and soul, and spirit
To the purer, holier way.

5 'Tis the Higher Rock that saved me,
'Tis the Higher Rock I've found,
Where abide the crowning graces—
Faith and Hope and Love abound.

6 So will I sing praises to Thee—
For Thy wondrous power to save ;
Daily 'neath Thy shadow resting,
Till the victor's palm I wave.

JESUS, the Sinners' Friend,
 We hide ourselves in Thee !
 God looks upon Thy sprinkled blood ;
 It is our only plea.

2 He hears Thy precious Name ;
 We claim it as our own ;
 The Father must accept and bless
 His well-belovèd Son.

3 He sees Thy spotless robe ;
 It covers all our sin ;
 The golden gates have welcomed Thee,
 And we may enter in.

4 Jesus, the Sinners' Friend !
 We cannot speak Thy praise ;
 No mortal voice can sing the song
 That ransomed hearts would raise.

5 But when before the throne,
 Upon the glassy sea,
 Clothed in our blood-bought robes of
 white,
 We stand complete in Thee ;

6 Jesus ! we'll give Thee then
 Such praises as are meet,
 And cast ten thousand golden crowns,
 Adoring, at Thy feet !

XIII.—GENERAL.

3. LOVE.

271

8.7.8.7.4.

“**G**OD is love,” His Word has said it,
This is news of heavenly birth ;
Fly abroad and quickly spread it,
Make it known through all the earth
That “ God is love.”

2 Not in yonder blessèd regions,
Where the Lord, with glory crowned,
Reigns amidst angelic legions,
Will the brightest proof be found
That “ God is love.”

3 'Tis on earth the Lord discloses
All His love how vast it is,
Earth's the favoured spot He chooses
To convince the world of this,
That “ God is love.”

4 'Tis the Lord of glory yonder,
Object of contempt beneath,
But in heaven of highest wonder,
Teaches fully by His death
That “ God is love.”

5 His a throne, the throne of heaven,
Yet He comes on earth to bleed,
And for man His life is given,
This is what declares indeed
That “ God is love.”

LOVE.

- 6 'Tis a truth, away and spread it ;
Spread the tidings far and near ;
Oh may sinners give it credit,
And be joyful when they hear
That " God is love."

272

P. M.

- I** LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give ;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live ;
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.
- 2 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside ;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide ;
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
Our Source, our Centre, and our Dwelling-
place.

273

P. M.

- I**T passeth knowledge, that dear love of
Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and
length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour ; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear
And love beget.

LOVE.

- 3 But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring :
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 4 I am an empty vessel—not one thought
Or look of love I ever to Thee brought ;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee
With this, the empty sinner's only plea,
Thou lovest me.
- 5 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love !
Lord, lead me to the living Fount above ;
Thither may I in simple faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.
- 6 And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing !

274

8's.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows :
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

LOVE.

- 3 Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive ;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All :
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

275

L.M.

HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man,
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
Which gave my soul a hiding-place.

- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hand uplifted high ;
Despised the mention of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appeared ;
She led me on with placid face,
To Jesus as my hiding-place.
- 4 On Him almighty justice fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for the blood-bought race,
And thus became their hiding-place !
- 5 A few more rolling suns, at most,
*Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place !*

LOVE Divine ! all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling ;
 All Thy faithful mercies crown ;
 Jesus ! Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art :
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry longing heart !

2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest :
 Take away the love of sinning,
 And our full salvation be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave ;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Praise Thee as Thy hosts above ;
 Serve and worship without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
 Pure and spotless may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee !
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

LOVE.

277

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

JESUS ! That name is Love,
Jesus, the Lord !
Jesus, all names above,
Jesus, the Lord !
Thou, Lord, our all must be ;
Nothing that's good have we,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, the Lord !

2 As Son of man, it was,
Jesus, the Lord !
Thou gav'st Thy life for us,
Jesus, our Lord !
Great was indeed Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love Thou didst dearly prove,
Jesus, our Lord !

3 Righteous alone in Thee,
Jesus, the Lord !
Thou wilt a refuge be,
Jesus, our Lord !
Whom then have we to fear,
What trouble, grief, or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, our Lord !

4 Soon Thou wilt come again,
Jesus, the Lord !
We shall be happy then,
Jesus, our Lord !
When Thine own face we see
Then shall we like Thee be—
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, our Lord !

LOVE.

278

8.7.8.7.4.7.

SOVEREIGN grace ! o'er sin abounding,
 Ransomed souls the tidings swell,
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding—
 Who its breadth or length can tell ?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell !

2 What from Christ the soul can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands ?
 Once in Him, in Him for ever,
 Thus the eternal covenant stands ;
 None shall pluck thee
 From the Strength of Israel's hands !

3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its race began,
 To His name eternal praises !
 Oh ! what wonders love hath done !
 One with Jesus,
 By eternal union one.

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,
 Love so great, so rich, so free ;
 Say, while lost in holy wonder,—
 Why, O Lord, such love to me ?
 Alleluia !
 Grace shall reign eternally.

279

7's.

JESUS ! name of wondrous love !
 Name all other names above !
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

2 *Jesus ! name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth !*

LOVE.

For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

3 Jesus ! name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

4 Jesus ! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus ! name of wondrous love !
Human name of God above ;
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, oh our God, to Thee.

280

78.

SWEET the theme of Jesus' love !
Sweet the theme all themes above ;
Love unmerited and free
Our triumphant song shall be.

2 Love so vast that nought can bound ;
Love too deep for thought to sound ;
Love which made the Lord of all
Drink the wormwood and the gall.

3 Love which led Him to the cross,
Bearing there unuttered loss ;
Love which brought Him to the gloom
Of the cold and darksome tomb.

4 Love which made Him hence arise
Far above the starry skies ;
There with tender loving care,
All His people's griefs to share.

LOVE.

- 5 Love which will not let Him rest
Till His chosen all are blest ;
Till they all for whom He died
Live rejoicing by His side !

281

C.M.

YES, Thine is love, Thou changeless One !
Mysterious, strong, and free ;
Love for the worthless, wretched poor ;
For such is Thine to me.

- 2 However lonely be my path,
Thy presence, Lord, can cheer,
And I can bear the darkest hour,
When feeling Thou art near.
- 3 E'en death's dark vale shall be to me
Illumined by Thy love ;
How sweet the voice that sets me free,
And welcomes me above.
- 4 Then shall I in its fulness know
Thy boundless love to me,
And, with adoring ones, confess,
None ever loved like Thee !
- 5 O wondrous love ! O matchless love !
That made me ever Thine ;
Grant that my life transformed by it
May in Thy likeness shine.

282

8.8.6.D.

HARK ! how the blood-bought hosts above
Unite to chant the Saviour's love,
In sweet harmonious strains !
*And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That—Grace triumphant reigns !*

LOVE.

- 2 We'll join the song ! for we can tell.
That sovereign grace saved us from hell
When we were bound with chains ;
And ever since that happy day,
How oft we've been constrained to say
That—Grace triumphant reigns !
- 3 Though we have strayed like saints of old,
Grace has restored us to the fold,
And cleansed our crimson stains :
Thus saved by grace we gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring,
That—Grace triumphant reigns !
- 4 When called to meet our glorious Head,
That perfect love shall banish dread,
Which now our soul sustains ;
And as we rise to endless day,
We'll raise our voice and boldly say,
That—Grace triumphant reigns.

283

7.6.D.

LORD Jesus, my dear Saviour, how vast
Thy love for me !
I'll bathe in its full ocean to all eternity !
And wending on to glory, this all my song
shall be,
I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.
Chorus—And wending on to glory, this all my
song shall be,
I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died
for me.

- 2 On Calvary, Lord Jesus, the thorn-crown and
the spear,
'Tis here Thy love, my Saviour, did in Thy
wounds appear : [self I flee ;
Oh, depths of grace and mercy, to Thy dear
I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.

LOVE.

- 3 We worship Thee, Lord Jesus, the gracious
work is done ;
The Father all our sins has laid upon His
only Son,
“ ’Tis finished,” cried His suffering soul, and
I my title see,
I am a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.
- 4 I’m passing through the desert, Lord Jesus,
to Thy throne ;
With all Thy ransomed people I soon shall be
at home ;
And when I reach the pearly gates, then I’ll
put in this plea :
Admit a feeble sinner, for Jesus died for me.
- 5 And when I stand in heaven, for ever with
the Lord,
I’ll tune my harp, and with the saints I’ll sing
with sweet accord ;
And as I strike the golden strings, this all my
song shall be,
I was a feeble sinner, but Jesus died for me.

284

8’s.

- B**EHOLD what unspeakable love
The Father on us hath bestowed,
To send down His grace from above,
And call us the children of God !
- 2 Although, while continuing here,
Heaven’s glory is hid from our eyes,
We know that when He shall appear,
We shall in His image arise.
- 3 How pure and serene is the ray
That brightens those regions of bliss !
All darkness will then melt away,
And God will be seen as He is.

LOVE.

- 4 Oh ! why should earth's pleasure detain
The souls that have God for their Friend
That hope in His presence to reign,
And taste of His love without end ?
- 5 Grant, Lord, that the prospect of peace
Which Thou to Thy children hast given,
May teach us from folly to cease,
And lay up our treasures in heaven.

285

L. M.

- M**Y gracious Lord, Thy love must be
Abiding, faithful, full, and free ;
Such love alone would suit my case,
A sinner ransomed by Thy grace.
- 2 It must be free, for I have nought
By which Thy love could e'er be bought ;
Empty I am, or filled with sin,
Defiled all o'er, without, within.
- 3 It must be full, my need to meet,
Sweeter than all the world calls sweet ;
A measure pressed and flowing o'er,
Beyond the worldling's boasted store.
- 4 It must be faithful, or I know
It had been wearied long ago ;
No love but faithful love like Thine,
Could bear a wandering heart like mine.
- 5 It must abide each changing scene,
And be as it hath ever been,
Unsought, unchanging, full, and free,
Such love could only dwell with Thee.
- 6 And with Thee, Lord, such love is found,
Refreshing all this barren ground ;
If such our portion, well may we
Contented lose ourselves in Thee.

286

7's.

- P**RECIOUS Jesus—Fount of life ;
 Healing every inward strife,
 Drawing every thought above
 By Thy beams of heavenly love ;
 Precious art Thou still to me,
 All I want I find in Thee.
- 2 Precious Jesus—quickenings breath,
 Scattering darkness, fear, and death ;
 Life, when all around is dead,
 Hope, when every joy has fled.
 (Repeat last two lines of first verse.)
- 3 Precious Jesus—Friend divine,
 Oh make all my interests Thine ;
 Listening to my oft-told tale,
 Patient, when all else would fail.
- 4 Precious Jesus—perfect Rest,
 Where the weary lean their breast,
 Where in safety they can lie
 When the tempest riseth high.
- 5 Precious Jesus—Father's love,
 Beaming from the heights above,
 Breathing life and love around,
 Making joy and peace abound.

287

8. 7. D.

FATHER, we, Thy children, bless Thee
 For Thy love on us bestowed ;
 As our Father we address Thee—
 Called to be the sons of God.
 Wondrous was Thy love in giving
 Jesus for our sins to die ;
 Wondrous was His grace in leaving
 For our sakes His home on high.

LOVE.

2 Now His sprinkled blood has freed us,
On we go to gain our rest ;
Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
With Thy constant favour blest :
By Thy Spirit Thou dost guide us,
Of our joy the earnest given,
And with daily food provide us,
Jesus, the true Bread of heaven !

3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
This is not our resting-place ;
Shall we of the way be weary,
When we see our Master's face ?
Now, by faith, anticipating,
In this hope our souls rejoice ;
We, His promised advent waiting,
Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

4 Then shall countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white in Jesus' blood,
Palms, like rested pilgrims, bearing,
Stand around the throne of God.
These redeemed from every nation
Shall in triumph bless His name,
Every voice shall cry "Salvation
To our God and to the Lamb."

288

P.M.

SAVIOUR ! Thy dying love Thou gavest
me,
Nor should I aught withhold, my Lord,
from Thee ;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

LOVE.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat, pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee !
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—likeness to Thee—
That each departing day henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.
- 4 All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord, for
Thee !
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

289

C. M. D.

WE love Thee, Lord ! yet not alone, be-
cause Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on
ocean and on land ;
We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these, yet
not for these alone—
The incense of Thy children's love arises to
Thy throne.

- 2 We love Thee, Lord ! because when we had
erred and gone astray,
*Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls into the
heavenward way ;*

LOVE.

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin
and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of Thy
benignant light.

- 3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us with ever-
lasting love ;
Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die that we
might live above ;
Because, when we were dead in sins, Thou
gav'st the hopes of heaven ;
We love because we much have sinned and
much have been forgiven.

290

8.6.8.6.8.8.

HOW sweet to think that all who love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above,
And own His gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family.

- 2 The saints who dwell on snow-clad ground,
Or on the burning sand,
And those whose happy home is found
In our fair peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.

- 3 " Our Father " is the hallowed sound
They breathe from day to day !
*Trained by His love, their steps are found
In the same heavenward way ;
Their joys are one, alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile cheers.*

LOVE.

- 4 Yes, they are one—though some, we know,
Have reached the home of love ;
But those who yet remain below
Are one with those above ;
In that bright world are mansions fair,
And all will soon be gathered there !

291

C.M.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end—
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

292

C.M.

THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child ;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear ;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

6 And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

293

C.M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His very name is Love.

LOVE.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

294

L.M.

WE need not be ashamed to own
That He on whom our hopes depend,
Though now He fills the highest throne,
Was styled on earth the sinners' Friend.

2 The title came from those who sought
To bring dishonour on His name,
But Jesus then refused it not,
Nor sought to vindicate His fame.

3 And now though yonder throne is His,
He bears the gracious title still ;
Jesus "the Friend of sinners" is,
He owns the name, and ever will.

4 This title that was meant in scorn,
He takes and binds upon His brow,
And thus the guilty and forlorn
Are blest, His attributes to know.

LOVE.

- 5 And while His name is set at nought
By those who on their worth depend,
The wretched and the vile are taught
To trust Him as the sinners' Friend.

295

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us ;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us ;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us ;
All must be well.

- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding ;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well.
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow ;
All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow ;
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

296

8.7.D.

GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.

LOVE.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

297

C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflowed,
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

3 Oh hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,
To those who seek how good Thou art;
But what to those who find?

LOVE.

4 Ah, this no tongue can utter ; this
No mortal page can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

298

8.8.6.D.

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art,
When shall I find my waiting heart
All taken up by Thee ?
My thirsty spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God ;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart ;
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh that I could for ever sit,
At the beloved Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

299

7's.

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? ”

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be ;
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? ”

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint ;
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;
Oh for grace to love Thee more.

300

8's.

O SAVIOUR ! Whom absent we love ;
Whom not having seen we adore ;
Whose Name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power !

LOVE.

- 2 Oh come and display us as Thine,
And leave us no longer to roam ;
Let light from Thy presence, Lord, shine,—
The trumpet soon summon us home.
- 3 When that happy morning begins,
Then we in Thy glories shall shine,
Nor grieve any more by our sins
The bosom on which we recline ;
- 4 Oh then shall the mists be removed,
And round us Thy brightness be poured !
We shall meet Him, whom absent we loved,—
Shall see whom unseen we adored.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on our blissful repose.
- 6 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise,
They'll bring but new thoughts of Thy love,
New themes for our wonder and praise.

301

C.M.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make,
Joined to the Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
At His command we bow,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

LOVE.

- 4 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide,
Then when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

302

L.M.

SALVATION is of God alone,
The glorious plan is all His own ;
In love He formed the great design,
And here His grace and wisdom shine.

- 2 Salvation is of God alone,
One only Victim could atone
For human guilt ; that Victim He,
Who claims with God equality.
- 3 Salvation is of God alone,
'Tis He who breaks the heart of stone ;
Who makes self-righteous boasts to cease,
And gives the troubled conscience peace.
- 4 Salvation is of God alone,
'Tis He who leads His people on ;
'Tis He who makes their burdens light,
And shields them in the day of fight.
- 5 Salvation is of God alone,
This truth let all His people own,
And to His Name the praise be given,
By saints on earth, and saints in heaven.

303

C.M.

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ;
*The one thing needful, gracious Lord !
Is to be one with Thee.*

LOVE.

- 2 The sense of Thy redeeming love
 Into my soul convey ;
 Thyself bestow ! for Thee alone,
 My All in All, I pray.
- 3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
 My comfort to restore ;
 More than Thyself I cannot crave,
 Nor cans't Thou give me more.
- 4 Loved of my God, for Him again
 With love intense I burn ;
 Chosen of Thee, e'er time began,
 I choose Thee in return.
- 5 What's not consistent with Thy will,
 Oh teach me to resign ;
 I'm rich to all intents of bliss,
 Since Thou, O God, art mine.

304

I I . I I . I I . I I . 9.

O RICHES unsearchable, hid with the
 Lord,
 Yet freely to all His redeemed ones outpoured,
 My mind may not grasp them—I see but in
 part—
 Yet joyful I feel them enshrined in my
 heart :—

“The unsearchable riches of Christ.”

- 2 O riches unsearchable ! treasure divine !
 'Tis Christ hath endowed me, this treasure is
 mine !
 Earth's lilies must wither, earth's gold must
 decay,
My wealth shall not perish or vanish away :—
 “The unsearchable riches of Christ.”

LOVE.

- 3 No thought can conceive it—no reason can
prove
The depth or the breadth of His limitless
love ;
More swift than the lightning—more free
than the wave—
Unbounded by nature—unquenched by the
grave :—

“The unsearchable riches of Christ.”

- 4 All sin-stained it found me, and washed me
all white,
All erring in darkness, and blessed me with
light :
No pleasure can charm where that joy is
unfelt,
No sorrow can chill which that love cannot
melt :—

“The unsearchable riches of Christ.”

- 5 O Father, who formed me without and
within !
O merciful Saviour, who died for my sin !—
Oh teach me to cherish, till hushed be my
breath,
And love pass triumphant the portals of
death :—

“The unsearchable riches of Christ.”

305

7's.

HAPPY Christian ! God's own child,
Chosen, called, and reconciled ;
Once a rebel far from God,
Now brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

- 2 *Happy Christian ! look on high,
See thy portion in the sky ;*

LOVE.

- Fixed by everlasting love,
Who that portion can remove ?
- 3 Happy Christian ! though the earth
Knows not now thy heavenly birth,
Yet thy God shall soon proclaim,
Through all worlds, thy favoured name.
- 4 Happy Christian ! hear Him say,
“Turn thy heart from earth away ;
Leave the world and all its woes,
Seek in Me thy full repose.”
- 5 Happy Christian ! look on high,
Christ thy Lord, thy Life, is nigh !
Soon thou shalt His glory see—
Learn His wondrous love to thee !

306

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- J**ESUS saw His Church elected,
And betrothed her as His own ;
She shall never be rejected,
But be partner of His throne !
How He loved her !
Long e'er time or sin were known.
- 2 Jesus saw His Church when falling
Into ruin and disgrace ;
When her state was most appalling,
Stood as Surety in her place ;
How He loved her !
Thus to magnify His grace.
- 3 Jesus saw His Church enslavèd,
In her guilt, and far from God ;
But, resolved she should be savèd,
Interposed His precious blood ;
How He loved her !
Thus to suffer for her good.

LOVE.

- 4 Jesus saw His Church when straying,
Brought her back by sovereign grace ;
Now He sees her watching—praying—
Waiting to behold His face ;
Still He loves her !
And in heaven prepares her place.

307

C. M.

- T**HERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,
Oh ! be that refuge mine !
- 2 The least, the feeblest, there may hide,
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch Him on His way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan roaring for his prey,
May hate but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine,
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine !
- 5 A hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

308

S. M.

- G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

LOVE.

- 2 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In life's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Tis grace has kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 5 Oh, let that grace inspire
My soul with strength divine !
May all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

XIII.—GENERAL.

4. PEACE.

309

7.6.D.

NO Name but Thine, Lord Jesus,
Can give the sinner peace :
No power but Thine, Lord Jesus,
From thralldom can release.
No love but Thine, Lord Jesus,
Could save a soul from hell :
For Thou didst die to bring us
With Thine own self to dwell.

2 Great Saviour of the weary,
The sinner's only Stay ;
The only Intercessor—
The Life, the Truth, the Way :
Destroy the tempter's power,
Who seeks to turn from Thee
In this, salvation's hour,
The sinner's only plea.

3 Saviour, while time yet lingers,
Ere the dread trumpet sounds,
Make known to weary sinners
What love in Thee abounds :
O Gracious Lord, deliver
Sinners in bondage bound ;
And make them free for ever,
By grace which I have found.

PEACE.

310

10's.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world
of sin ?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
pressed ?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
round ?

On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
away ?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and
ours ?

Jesus hath vanquished death and all its
powers.

7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall
cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

311

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

ARE your souls the Saviour seeking ?
Peace, peace—be still ;

'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking,
Peace, peace—be still.

For before the world's foundation

God secured a full salvation,

Happy people—chosen nation !

Peace, peace—be still.

PEACE.

- 2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,
Peace, peace—be still ;
The destroyer sees the token :
Peace, peace—be still.
In the word of God confiding,
Still in Christ for refuge hiding,
We have found a rest abiding ;
Peace, peace—be still.
- 3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still ;
Whatsoe'er your spirit dreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still ;
Though with mighty foes engaging,
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercely raging,
Peace, peace—be still ;
- 4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
Peace, peace—be still ;
He shall hush its loud commotion,
Peace, peace—be still ;
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and crying ;
Till that hour on God relying,
Peace, peace—be still.

312

II. II. II. 5.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every
nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

- 2 See round Thine ark the angry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are
hurling,

Thou can'st preserve us.

PEACE.

3 Lord, Thou can'st help when earthly armour
 faileth, [assailleth,
Lord, Thou can'st save when deadly sin
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell
 prevailleth,
 Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts as-
 suaging, [raging,
Peace in Thy Church, when party strife is
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
 Send us, O Saviour !

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward
 driven, [forgiven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be
Grant peace on earth, and after we have
 striven,
 Peace in Thy heaven.

313

7.6.D.

AMID the stormy billows of life's tem-
 pestuous sea,

Two words were softly whispered—a mes-
 sage unto me,

“Our Peace”—what heavenly music stealing
 o'er shades of night, [delight.

Calming the restless spirit with comfort and

2 “Our Peace” alone is Jesus, the faithful,
 tried, and true,

Our pardon He has purchased—for us made
 all things new,

His blood once made atonement—in Him
 we stand complete,

*As God's own ransomed children to worship
 at His feet.*

PEACE.

- 3 But o'er life's troubled waters the stormy
waves will rise, [strong nor wise,
And often in the darkness we're neither
We do not see the Saviour—our faith in
Him grows dim, [doubt and sin.
His face from us is hidden by clouds of
- 4 But still "Our Peace" is changeless, He hears
the faintest sigh, [is nigh,
And in the time of danger, we find that He
He speaks the word of comfort, He bids the
tempest cease, [love and peace.
And stills the angry billows with wondrous
- 5 "Our Peace"—oh quickly fill us with thy
Spirit's holy light,
That we no more may wander in darkness
of the night, [Thee,
Abide in us for ever—may we abide in
Then always calm and peaceful our life on
earth shall be.
- 6 "Our Peace," our joy and sunshine, our only
Hope thou art, [depart,
Oh come to dwell within us and never more
May service here be perfect—our conscience
free from sin, [Thee bring.
That we in word and action may honour to

314

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

KEEP me, O Saviour dear,
Close to Thy side ;
Sheltered from care and fear,
Folly and pride !
Leading me day by day,
Safe through the tangled way,
Near me, Lord, lest I stray,
Ever abide.

PEACE.

2 Thou takest thought for me,
All will be well !
Crossing life's troubled sea,
Billows may swell ;
Waters and winds may roar,
Soon shall their rage be o'er,
Then the rough storm once more
Thy praise shall tell.

3 Jesus, Thy healing name
Peace can impart,
Proving Thy Sovereign claim
Over my heart ;
Still let me hear Thy voice,
Still in Thy love rejoice,
Never from wisdom's choice
Let me depart.

315

IO.4. IO.4.D.

I KNOW, O Lord, though all around is
dark,
I need not fear ;
Rough are the waves that toss my little bark,
But Thou art near.
The stormy winds Thy word alone fulfil ;
Their rage shall cease ;
And when Thy voice shall give the charge,
" Be still,"
All will be peace.

2 Yes ! I shall see (soon as this storm has
passed
Across the soul)
That He, who slumbers not, held every blast
In His control ;

PEACE.

And though, o'ershadowed by the present
woe,

The heart may quail,
Strong in the grace, the strength Thou dost
bestow,

I shall prevail.

3 Thou precious Saviour, by Whose life I live,
Lighten mine eyes !

Let me not miss the lessons Thou dost give ;

Oh, make me wise ! [sea,

Keep me, whilst tempest-driven on life's dark
Close to Thy side ;

There, anchored safely by sure hope in Thee,
Let me abide.

4 Jesus ! Thou art my all. What can I lose,

Since Thou art mine ? [choose,

Guide me, oh best Beloved ! my portion
For I am Thine.

To the desired haven let me come

In Thine own way :

No night, no sorrow, in that heavenly home,
But endless day.

316

II. IO. II. IO.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and
smile !

Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright
"for ever," [while !"

Amid the shadows of earth's "little

2 "A little while," to wear the weeds of sad-
ness,

To pace with weary step through miry ways ;

Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of glad-
ness, [praise.

And clasp the girdle round the robe of

PEACE.

- 3 "A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains
fed ;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 4 "A little while," to keep the oil from failing ;
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to
trim ;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.
- 5 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for
ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

317

C.M.

A MIND at "perfect peace" with God !
Oh what a word is this !
A sinner reconciled through blood—
This, this indeed, is peace.

- 2 By nature and by practice far—
How very far—from God !
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.
- 3 So near, so very near, to God,
I cannot nearer be ;
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as He.
- 4 So dear, so very dear, to God,
More dear I cannot be ;
The love wherewith He loves His Son,
Such is His love to me.

PEACE.

- 5 Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me "Mine is thine!"

318

8.8.8.6.

TOSSSED with rough winds, and faint with
fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?—
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

- 2 'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white ;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light ;
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

- 3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on Me :
They bear no breath of wrath to thee :
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

- 4 This bitter cup, I drank it first ;
To thee it is no draught accurst ;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced :
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

- 5 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed,
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

- 6 When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet !
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

319

6-10's.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain
home,

At last I sought them in His sheltering
breast,

Who opes His arms, and bids the weary
come :

With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2 The good I have is from His stores sup-
plied ;

The ill is only what He deems the best ;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought be-
side ;

And poor without Him, though of all pos-
sessed.

Changes may come ; I take or I resign ;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is
seen ;

A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness
shines.

All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

4 While here, alas, I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore,
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him
more,

*And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.*

XIII.—GENERAL.

5. HOPE.

320

C.M.

MIDST changing scenes and changing
friends,

There is one blessèd Hope,
Which cheers the weary on their way,
And lifts the fainting up.

2 Christ is that Hope—the Sinner's Stay,
Where I for refuge flee :
This all my claim, this all my trust,
That Christ has died for me.

3 Dark storms may come, rough winds may
blow,
My Anchor will not move ;
Temptation's waves may foam around,
I'm safe in Jesus' love.

4 While Jesus lives, while Jesus loves,
Surrounded by His arm,
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can do His people harm.

5 My Anchor's now within the vail,
For me He lives above ;
And He has bound my life to His
By everlasting love.

6 Jesus, my Anchor, Refuge, Hope,
My Saviour and my King ;
Through all life's dark and stormy waves
To Thee alone I cling.

321

7's.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find !
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness !
 Vile and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee :
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HOPE.

322

8's.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.
On Christ the solid Rock, &c.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.
On Christ the solid Rock, &c.

323.

8's.

THOUGH waves and storms beat o'er my
head, gone,
Though strength and health and friends be
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn ;
Content on this, my soul repose—
My Father all my trouble knows.

2 Fixed on this ground would I remain ;
Though heart should fail and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations sink away ;
Content on this, my soul repose—
My Father all my trouble knows.

HOPE.

- 3 Praise the Lamb ; repeat His praises :
 'Tis a theme, ye saints, for you ;
 When the Lord to heaven shall raise us,
 There the subject we'll renew ;
 And in yonder glorious place
 We shall see the Saviour's face.
- 4 There with all who lived as strangers
 While on earth, we hope to be :
 Free from toil, from fear, from dangers,
 Happy through eternity :
 There we hope to see the Lamb,
 And for ever praise His name.

XIII.—GENERAL.

6. HOLINESS.

(See HOLY SPIRIT, XI. ; and PERSONAL
SERVICE, XV.)

7. WARFARE.

326

P. M.

H E A D of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the "Song of Moses."

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou wilt restore us,
The world despise for that high prize,
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven.

WARFARE.

327

7.7.7.3.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Slumber not upon the way ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
Watch and pray.

2 Gird thy Captain's armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day :
Near thee lurks the evil one :
Watch and pray.

3 Listen to thy gracious Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
It is He who speaks the word :
Watch and pray.

4 'Twas by watching and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear ;
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep ;
Pray, for God must speed thy way :
Narrow is the road, and steep ;
Watch and pray.

328

8.7.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, " Christian, follow Me."

2 As, of old, Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

WARFARE.

3. Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."
- 5 Jesus calls us. By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee, best of all.

329

S.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

STAND up, stand up, for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the Lord ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 The banner of His word ;
 From victory unto victory,
 His army shall He lead ;
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus ;
 The trumpet call obey ;
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day :
 Ye that are men now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus ;
 Stand in His strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own :
 Put on the gospel armour,
 And watching unto prayer,
 When duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus ;
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song :
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

WARFARE.

331

WHO is on the Lord's side, Who?^{7's.}
Hark, the trumpet summons you!
'Tis the day of strife, and all
Whom the Saviour came to call,
Near to Him must take their stand,
One united living band.

2 Who is on the Lord's side, Who?
Now your Christian vows renew,
Pledged to Jesus and His word,
Pledged to earth's victorious Lord,
Soldiers of the Lord are ye,
Fight the fight of Calvary.

3 Who is on the Lord's side, Who?
Tremble not that ye are few,
Christ is with His "little flock,"
See, He leads them to the Rock;
See its shadows round them fall,
Guarding and refreshing all.

4 Who is on the Lord's side, Who?
He's your Captain ever true,
He has fought for life and won,
As Jehovah's spotless Son:
Follow Him, and you shall be
Sharer in His victory.

332

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,^{8.7.}
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

WARFARE.

- 3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.

333

I I's.

O CHRISTIAN, awake ! for the strife is
at hand,
With helmet, and shield, and a sword in thy
hand ;
To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go !
And stand like the brave, with thy face to
the foe.

Chorus—

Stand like the brave, stand like the brave,
Stand like the brave, with thy face to the
foe.

- 2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
But turn not thy back, for no armour is there !
The legions of darkness if thou would'st o'er-
throw,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to
the foe.
- 3 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to support, and with comfort to
cheer ;
His love like a stream in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to
the foe.

334

P.M.

SOLDIERS of Christ ! what mean those
sounds symphonious ?
Hark ! 'tis the chorus of the saints above ;

WARFARE.

How blest their song, in accents most harmonious,
Of joys eternal as the Saviour's love.

Chorus—

Soldiers of Jesus, onward we move,
Led by the Spirit to mansions of love.

2 Forward we march, the heavenly voices cheer us,
Those who now sing were once on earth, as we,
Pilgrims and strangers. Jesus will be near us,
Till from this life-long war our souls are free.

3 They, when on earth, in conflict were engaged,
The fiends of darkness oft their hearts distressed,
Here, with their souls, was Satan oft enraged,
But Jesus brought them to His land of rest.

4 Hark ! Hark, the sounds—"ye wanderers,"
they are singing,
"Trust in your Captain, guided by His hand,
Ye blood-bought ones, the Lord of Hosts is bringing
His Church in safety to the better land."

5 Soldiers of Christ ! how cheering is this story,
Those ransomed ones, who now behold His face,
Were kept by Him who leads us on to glory,
And they, as we, are sinners saved by grace.

335

6.5.D.

FORWARD ! saints of Jesus, soldiers of the
King,
Marching into battle, loud His praises sing

WARFARE.

Jesus is our Captain, Jesus is our Guide,
Jesus in the conflict shall with us abide.

Chorus—

Forward, saints of Jesus, soldiers of the King,
Marching into battle, loud His praises sing.

2 Followers of Jesus, raise your voices high,
While our Master leads us on to victory.
Satan's hosts now tremble, but the Church of
God
Safe shall stand for ever, ransomed by His
blood.

3 Heaven like smoke shall vanish, time no
longer be,
Earthly thrones shall perish, enemies shall flee :
Then the Church's glory ; then the time of
peace :
Cares, and war, and sadness evermore shall
cease.

4 Brethren, we are marching where our Master
trod,
Hearken to the chorus of the Church of God :
On, ye saints of Jesus, to your rest above,
Ye are well protected, by His banner—love.

5 Many are our conflicts, mighty are our foes,
But our Lord and Master as our Leader goes.
Follow Him, ye people, as ye follow, sing,
Glory, honour, power, be to Christ our King !

XIII.—GENERAL.

8. PILGRIMAGE.

336

8.8.8.4.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough
way,

Oh teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done !"

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
"Thy will be done !"

3 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done !"

4 If but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
"Thy will be done !"

5 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer Thyself hast taught,
"Thy will be done !"

6 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh ;
Submissive still I would reply,
"Thy will be done !"

PILGRIMAGE.

7 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done !”

8 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
“Thy will be done !”

337

6's.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be ;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill ;
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

4 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine—not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

PILGRIMAGE.

338

10's.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and
wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts be-
guiled [Stay,
Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

- 2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every
grace, [place ;
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling—
The sunshine of my soul, than day more
bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,
I love again and yet again to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of His coming ; for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray ;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows
flee,
Oh, what a sunrise will that Advent be !
- 5 Thus while I journey on my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my
Stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way !

339

L.M.

WHILE passing through this wilderness,
Full of temptations and distress,
What comfort does the thought afford,
“Our steps are ordered by the Lord !”

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 Though disappointments oft abound,
And sorrows may our souls surround,
We gain relief from this sweet word,
“ Our steps are ordered by the Lord ! ”
- 3 Though Jesus sometimes hides His face,
And darkness overspreads our ways ;
Oh, tis a sweet, refreshing word,
“ Our steps are ordered by the Lord ! ”
- 4 Soon shall we reach that land of joy,
Where pleasures are without alloy,
And there with gratitude record
“ Our steps are ordered by the Lord ! ”

340

7's.

- O**FT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

341

8. 7.

ALL the way my Saviour leads me ;
 What have I to ask beside ?
 Can I doubt His tender mercy,
 Who through life has been my Guide ?
 Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
 Here by faith in Him to dwell !
 For I know, whate'er befall me,
 Jesus doeth all things well.

- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me,
 Cheers each winding path I tread,
 Gives me grace for every trial,
 Feeds me with the living bread.
 Though my weary steps may falter,
 And my soul athirst may be,
 Gushing from the Rock before me,
 Lo, a spring of joy I see !
- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
 Oh, the fulness of His love !
 Perfect rest to me is promised
 In my Father's house above ;
 When my spirit, clothed immortal,
 Wings its flight to realms of day,
 This my song through endless ages—
 Jesus led me all the way !

342

I S.

THE Lord is my Shepherd—I never shall
 want ; [grant ;
 Unceasing supplies of His grace will He
 In fresh and rich pastures He makes me to lie
 Where calm and cool waters glide quietly by.

- 2 My soul He restoreth, and for His Name's
 sake, [take ;
 The path of the righteous He makes me to

PILGRIMAGE.

Though in the dark valley of trial and grief,
Thy presence shall cheer me and give me
relief.

- 3 The rod of Thy strength, and the staff of Thy
love,

In times of affliction my comfort shall prove ;
Thy bountiful kindness my table doth spread,
With unction of gladness anointing my head.

- 4 My cup of salvation always overflows
With fulness of joy which Thy mercy bestows ;
My guardians through life are Thy mercy and
love,

My home is the house of Thy glory above.

343

C.M.

DO what Thou wilt ! yes, only do
What seemeth good to Thee :
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,
It must be best for me.

- 2 Send what Thou wilt ; or beating shower,
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;
Alike in still or stormy hour,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 3 Teach what Thou wilt ; and let each word
My quick obedience win ;
Let loyalty and love be stirred
To deeper glow within.

- 4 Give what Thou wilt ; for then I know
I shall be rich indeed :
My King rejoices to bestow
Supply for every need.

- 5 Take what Thou wilt, beloved Lord,
For I have all in Thee !
My own exceeding great Reward
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be.

PILGRIMAGE.

344

10's.

TEACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now—fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the
strife.

3 Teach me to live ! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

4 Teach me to live !—my daily cross to bear;
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its
load.
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest
road.

5 Teach me to live in Thee—in Thee rejoice
My Lord and Saviour—thus be fully blest;
Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy voice
Shall call me unto Thy eternal rest.

345

8.7.8.4.

STAR of peace ! to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope ! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

PILGRIMAGE.

3 Star of faith ! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee ;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine ! Oh, safely guide him,—
Bring the wanderer home to Thee !
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

346

11's.

THE Lord is our refuge, the Lord is our
guide,
We smile upon danger with Him at our side ;
The billows may roll, and the tempest in-
crease,
Though earth may be shaken, His saints shall
have peace.

2 A voice still and small by His people is heard,
A whisper of peace from His life-giving Word ;
A stream in the desert, a river of love,
Flows down to their hearts from the fountain
above.

3 Be near us, Redeemer, to shield us from ill ;
Speak Thou but the word, and the tempest
is still ;
Thy presence to cheer us, Thine arm to de-
fend,
No foe shall affright us with Thee for a Friend.

4 The Lord is our Helper ; ye scorers, be awed !
Ye earthlings, be still, and acknowledge your
God !

*The proud He will humble, the lowly defend ;
Oh happy the people with God for a Friend.*

347

8.8.8.8.4.

WHAT God decrees, child of His love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here :
Be comforted ; thou needst not fear
What pleases God.

2 The wisest will is God's own will ;
Rest on this anchor, and be still ;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God.

3 His Church on earth He dearly loves,
Although He oft its sin reproves ;
The rod itself His love can speak ;
He smites till we return to seek
What pleases God.

4 Art thou despised by all around ?
Do tribulations here abound ?
Jesus will give the victory,
Because His eye can see in thee
What pleases God.

5 Thy heritage is safe in heaven ;
There shall the crown of joy be given ;
There shalt thou hear, and see, and know
As thou couldst never here below,
What pleases God.

348

(PART I.) 11.11.12.11.12.11.

CHILDREN of light, are we slumbering—
roaming? [His Son ?

Where, where is the witness for God and
Christ in us ! Christ for us ! Christ risen !
Christ coming !

Are these but traditions? Is victory won?

PILGRIMAGE.

Do we shrink from the scroll on His banner—
unfurled?

From the changeless "My kingdom is not
of this world"?

2 There is battle:—the foemen are marshalled
in order, [word?

Are we ready to stand, suffer, die at His
There are ports to be held by lone watcher
and warder [Lord: "

Enrolled "in the Book of the wars of the
Are we numbered with those who count all
things but loss [His cross?

For Christ and His glory, for Christ and

3 Spirit of God, now revive us! restoring

A witness of love, separation, and might;
Illumine the word! let His children, adoring,
Find warrior, munition, and strength for
the fight: [mist,

Yea, lighten our darkness!—dispersing the
Reveal "the unsearchable riches of Christ!"

4 For oh, there are heights of unclouded com-
munion

And trophies of promise yet, yet to be won;
There are earnest in heaven of pilgrimage-
union, [unknown:

And well-springs of bliss still untasted,
Who fully His charter, His birthright ex-
plores? are yours?"

Who fathoms the deepness of "All things

348

(PART 2.) I I. I I. I 2. I I. I 2. I I.

CHILD of the Light, art thou "hidden"—
"abiding"?

*Of the Holy of Holies, the floors hast thou
trod?*

PILGRIMAGE.

- In the secret, the calm of His presence con-
fiding, [God?
Is the home of thy soul in the shadow of
Thence none shall efface, nor can time dis-
annul, [be full."
His "Ask and receive, that your joy may
- 2 Art thou glad, day by day, for a quickened
observing [thy path?
Of the hand which with skilfulness fashions
Of new loving-kindness fresh pledges pre-
serving [faith?
In works fore-ordained for the proof of thy
Omnipotence raising the soul when it faints
With the whispered "He keepeth the feet
of His saints."
- 3 Oh! now by our hope, by the Lord, and His
guerdon, [seen!
Let the glory of God on His ransomed be
Appointed to each in his service, his burden,
Shall we swerve where the footprints of
Jesus have been?
No: Christ and eternity! this evermore
Be the watchword of lives which He died
to restore!
- 4 So we take up the march—on to victory
pressing;
Flashing back the sun-signals of guidance
and cheer;
Reflecting the radiance of pardon and blessing,
Living-out the glad song-note, Salvation is
near!
Thus Father, thus Saviour, thus Spirit of
might,
Let us shine, love, and walk as the "Chil-
dren of Light."

PILGRIMAGE.

349

II.II.II.II.I3.I3.

"I WILL uphold thee!" Redeemed one, the
greeting [cheer;

Is thine from thy Father to strengthen, to
And soft chimes of promise, thy listening
heart meeting, [near;

**Re-echo His word who with blessing draws
For suffering and glory my love hath enrolled
thee ; uphold thee !”**

"I will help, I will strengthen, yea, I will

2 "Who is sufficient ?" The cry reaches heaven
In the heat of the day, from the weary with
toil ; [given,

Our message of healing and love has been
And "the field is the world," and ungrateful
the soil,

And our strength is but weakness ! Yet hath
He not told thee— [uphold thee ?

The Lord of the Harvest—that He will

3 O pilgrim ! thy path through the valley may
steepen, [Guide ;

But strong is the arm of thy God and thy
O mourner! though shadows and solitude
deepen, [side ;

Thou art not alone—thou hast Him by thy
I am Thine! Thou art mine! there is no
separation, ["much tribulation."

Thine "the joy of thy Lord" through the

4 Yea, "I will uphold thee!" Right royal the
charter [King!"]

Of promise and power in that "word of a
And bath He forgotten? From warrior and

And pain-worn and weary the answer shall

PILGRIMAGE.

We take up the challenge! The word He
hath spoken— [broken!

Tried, tried to the uttermost—cannot be

5 It cannot be broken, for thee it is spoken,
For working, for waiting, for grief it is
thine :

Now live out the might of that covenant token,

Thy Light has arisen ; arise, thou, and shine!

Fear not! for I died, for I live, I behold
thee—

Sounds forth from the glory—and “I will
uphold thee!”

6 Then lift up thy heart, for the day-dawn is
nearing : [His word ;

Be strong for His work, and be strong in

Be watchful, as those who await the appearing,

Be still, with the stillness of “rest in the
Lord!”

Be glad! when the arms of His love shall
enfold thee,

Thou shalt learn all the fulness of “I will
uphold thee!”

350

7.6.

THY way is best, my Father,
Though full of pain and care,
Thy will is right, my Father,
However hard to bear.

2 Thy path is best, my Father,
Though far apart from mine,
Thy judgments, O my Father,
With truth and mercy shine.

3 Thy gifts are best, my Father,
Though not the gifts I'd choose,
Thy choice is right, my Father,
Whether I gain or lose.

PILGRIMAGE.

4 Thy Word is good, my Father,
That bids me live or die ;
And I am blest, my Father,
In bowing silently.

5 Thy thoughts are deep, my Father,
Thy love is calm and wise,
My future life, my Father,
Unveiled before Thee lies,

6 Thy time is best, my Father,
Thy purpose to fulfil ;
Oh give me strength, my Father,
To bow me to Thy will.

351

9.8.

I BLESS Thee for seasons of gladness—
Thou madest my cup to run o'er ;
I bless Thee for dark days of sadness,
For these, Lord, I bless Thee still more.

2 The seasons of gladness—they taught me
How ready my heart was to stray ;
The dark days of sadness—they brought me
To Thee, as my one only stay.

3 I bless Thee for seasons of trial,
Which taught me my rest was not here ;—
That Thou, in Thy heavenly vial
Hast promised to treasure each tear.

4 I bless Thee, my Lord, for Thy dealings—
The darkest, now brightest to me ;
They weaned me from earth, and its feel-
ings,—
They taught me my peace is in Thee.

5 *And when to Thy home Thou hast brought me,
I'll bless Thee for all Thy great love ;*

PILGRIMAGE.

I'll praise Thee, my Saviour, who brought
me,
And keeps me by grace from above !

352

8.4.

WHEN wildly blows life's wintry blast,
I cry to Thee ;
Thine arm, O Lord, around me cast,
And shelter me ;
And oh, when storms of pain and grief
Around me fall,
From Thee, unseen, I'll seek relief,
And tell Thee all.

2 One voice alone, low breathed and clear,
One tender smile
Can make these days and nights appear
" A little while ;"
His who once trod this way before,
In grief unknown ;
Forth in His ear my needs I pour,—
In His alone.

3 This silent path of darkening shade
My Saviour knows ;
His love is strong to grant me aid
And deep repose ;
And when life's tide is ebbing fast,
And earth grows dim,
His word, His truth, His love shall last ;
I'll trust to Him !

353

D.C.M.

OH, do not think, dear child of God,
In every trying hour,
That Thou art left a lonely one
In Satan's grasping power.

PILGRIMAGE.

No, no ! 'tis true the light's withdrawn,
And thy complaints are loud ;
But recollect, dear child of God,
The sun's behind the cloud.

2 The bright and heart-reviving sun
Is an unchanging sphere ;
It undergoes no varied form,
Nor change from atmosphere ;
And so, thy Jesus is the same,
Though sorrow may enshroud ;
He loves thee with undying love,
Although behind the cloud.

3 Thy pathway, thorny as it seems,
Is yet so wisely planned,
That every step is ordered by
A loving Father's hand.
Then recollect, dear child of God,
That though so sadly bowed,
All's well, all's well, e'en though it be
Thy sun's behind the cloud.

4 Soon there will be no shading clouds
In that sweet land of peace,
Where briny tears are wiped away,
And sorrows ever cease.
Ah ! there thou'lt see Him face to face,
Amidst that happy crowd,
And never more shalt sadly say—
“ My sun's behind the cloud.”

5 Then think not, trembling child of God,
Because Thou hast no light,
That thy dear Lord is not the same
Because He's out of sight.

PILGRIMAGE.

No. no ! He sees thy low estate,
He knows thy head is bowed,
And He is Jesus—Jesus still,
Although behind the cloud.

354

I I's.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our
way,

The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay ;
Though suffering and sorrow and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear ?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint,
If the weak are opprest, He hears their com-
plaint ;

The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter, whose help is in God ?

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He
leads ;

His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds !
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the
snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is
our light,

Though storms rage around us, our God is
our might ;

So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come,
The Lord is our Leader, and Heaven our Home.

5 And there all His people eternally dwell,
With Him who hath led them so safely and
well ;

*The toilsome way over, the wilderness past ;
And Canaan the blessed is theirs at the last.*

355

7's.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now ; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light ;
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Christ, the everlasting Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

356

11.9.12.9.

MY birthday of nature I've oftentimes kept,
And rejoiced in the revels of youth :
*Yet 'twas all but a dream, for I slumbered and
slept,*
Quite a stranger to God and His truth :

PILGRIMAGE.

2 But He pitied my case ; I awoke from my sleep—

And He saved me in infinite love ;
A new birthday my Saviour then taught me
to keep,

For again I was born from above.

3 And now I believe that the God of all peace

Will be mine till with age I am hoary !

And if angels rejoiced on my birthday of grace,
How they'll sing on my birthday of glory !

357

8.5.D.

THOUGH the way be sometimes dreary,
Father, lead Thou me !

Though the heart be sometimes weary,
Father, lead Thou me !

Though a host encamp before me,
Fearless will I be !

With Thy banner floating o'er me,
Father, lead Thou me !

2 Through the valley dark and lonely,
Father, lead Thou me !

Give me then Thy presence only,
Father, lead Thou me !

When I hear the billows roaring,
Bid the shadows flee !

Then my fainting soul restoring
Father, lead Thou me !

3 Sins oppose and fears alarm me,
Father, lead Thou me !

Led by Thee there's nought can harm me ;
Father, lead Thou me !

PILGRIMAGE.

By Thy mighty power surrounded,
Trusting all to Thee,
Let me never be confounded :
Father, lead Thou me !

358

7.6.D

'TIS still the path of sorrow,
Where Jesus leads His flock ;
'Tis still the desert weary,—
We drink the smitten Rock.
But Canaan's goodly mountains
Are rising now in view,—
We march with quickened footsteps
To mansions bright and true.

2 'Tis still the rugged pathway—
The narrow way of life ;
'Tis still the warrior's armour
In conflict and in strife.
The sound of distant music
Falls sweetly on our ears,
We hasten on to glory
Through Baca's vale of tears.

3 'Tis still through tribulation
The conqueror's journey lies ;
'Tis still for his redemption
The weary pilgrim cries.
The fiery pillar brightens
'Mid darkness all around,
The prospect of to-morrow
Makes hope and joy abound.

4 'Tis still in faith oft failing
We seek the "living Bread ;"
Oft hoping and oft fearing,
By God our Father led.

PILGRIMAGE.

We mark the heavenly city,
Still brightening in our view ;
The walls of heavenly jasper,
: The beautiful, the true !

5 'Tis still in tears and sorrow
We lay our fond ones down ;
The loving and the loved ones—
They've left us and are gone.
But we shall mingle with them,
On Canaan's crystal sea ;
Where now they stand with Jesus,
From every conflict free.

6 And soon, in joy and gladness,
Beside the throne of God,
Shall stand the mighty army
Redeemed by Jesus' blood.
Each golden harp shall vibrate,
And wake the holy strain ;
Hallelujah to the Saviour—
The Lamb who once was slain !

359

8.7.8.7.4.7.

WHY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship ;
Spread the sail and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storms defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.
- 4 Oh what pleasures there await us :
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore.

360

C.M.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

361

8's.

DEAR Saviour, at Thy feet we bow,
Thy servants poor, Thy flock behold ;
Our only Lord, our Shepherd Thou,
Govern and keep us in Thy fold ;
Keep us, oh keep us near Thy feet—
That peaceful—that secure retreat.

- 2 More of Thyself—still more reveal ;
Nor let us after idols stray ;
But still Thy nearer presence feel,
Still walk in Thee our living Way ;
With fixèd eye, attentive ear,
To catch Thy looks—Thy voice to hear.
- 3 Weary, distressed, assaulted, poor,
Where but to Thee should such apply ?
Thou art for them a boundless store
Of blessings in variety :
Their joy, their shelter, strength and rest,
Be Thou but ours and we are blest.
- 4 We thank Thee for Thy love, Thy power,
We thank Thee for Thy sovereign grace ;
Bring us, in Thine appointed hour,
To see unveiled Thy glorious face ;
Then, then, from sin—from sorrow free,
More loudly shall we sing to Thee.

362

8.6.8.4.

THY way, O Lord ! Thy way—not mine !
Although I am opprest,
For smoother, sunnier paths I pine,
Thy way is best.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 Though crossing thirsty deserts drear,
Or mountain's snowy crest ;
Although I faint with toil and fear,
Thy way is best.
- 3 Though not one open door befriend
The weary passing guest ;
Though night its darkest terror lend,
Thy way is best.
- 4 I cannot see—on every hand
By anguish sorely prest,
In vain I try to understand—
Thy way is best.
- 5 But I believe—Thy life and death,
Thy love to me attest,
And every promise clearly saith—
Thy way is best.
- 6 I cannot see—but I believe ;
If yonder heavenly rest
Is reached by roads where most I grieve,
Thy way is best.

363

(PART I.)

10's.

SERVANT of Christ, stand fast amid the
scorn

Of men who little know or love thy Lord ;
Turn not aside from toil ; cease not to warn,
Comfort and teach. Trust Him for thy
reward ;

*A few more moments' suffering, and then
Cometh sweet rest from all thy heart's
deep pain. .*

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 For grace pray much, for much thou needest
 grace, [more?
 If men Thy word deride,—what can they
Christ's weary foot thy path on earth doth
 trace; [before;
 If thorns wound thee, they pierced Him
Press on, look up, though clouds may gather
 round; [ground.
Thy place of service He makes hallowed
- 3 Have friends forsaken thee, and cast thy
 name [then:
 Out as a worthless thing? Take courage
Go tell thy Master, for they did the same
 To Him who once in patience toiled for
 them:
Yet He was perfect in all service here;
Thou oft hath failed: this maketh Him
 more dear.
- 4 Self-vindication shun: if in the right
 What gainest thou by taking from God's
 hand [invite:
Thy cause? If wrong, what dost thou but
 Satan himself thy friend in need to stand?
Leave all with God: if right He'll prove
 thee so;
If not He'll pardon, therefore to Him go.
- 5 Be not men's servant: think what costly
 price [man be,
 Was paid that thou mayest His own bonds-
Whose service perfect freedom is. Let this
 Hold fast thy heart. His claim is great to
 thee:
None should thy soul enthrall, to whom 'tis
 given
To serve on earth with liberty of heaven.

ALL Christ's are thine to serve : Christ's
brethren here

Are needing aid ; in them thou servest Him.
The least of all is still His member dear,

The weakest cost His life-blood to redeem.
Yield to no "party" what He rightly claims,
Who on His heart bears all His people's
names.

2 Be wise, be watchful : wily men surround
Thy path. Be careful, for they seek with
care

To trip thee up : see that no plea be found
In thee thy Master to reproach. The snare
They set for thee will then themselves enclose,
And God His righteous judgment thus
disclose.

3 Cleave to the poor, Christ's image in them is,
Count it great honour, if they love thee
well ;

Nought can repay thee after losing this,
Though with the wise and wealthy thou
should'st dwell,

Thy Master oftentimes would pass thy door,
To hold communion with His much-loved
poor.

4 "The time is short ;" seek little here below,
Earth's goods would cumber thee and drag
thee down ;

Let daily food suffice, care not to know

Thought for to-morrow, it may never come.

Thou can'st not perish, for thy Lord is nigh,
And His own care will all thy need supply.

364

L. M.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

- 2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
He guides thee to a better home,
He leads to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
- 6 To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend ;
Oh grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

365

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

I'M but a stranger here,
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I too shall rest ;
Heaven is my home.
- 4 Therefore I'll murmur not,
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
For I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand ;—
Heaven is my fatherland;
Heaven is my home.

366

7.6.D.

- GO, when the morning shineth ;
Go, when the noon is bright ;
Go, when the eve declineth ;
Go, in the hush of night ;
With weary mind and feeling,
Upon thy heavenward way ;
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;

PILGRIMAGE.

Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis here denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent pleading
Of thy spirit raised above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

4 Oh not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare ;
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer ;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gives thee all.

367

C.M.

SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard Thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

2 Lord, 'twas Thy power unseen that drew
The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn from Thee
The secrets of Thy grace.

3 There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before,
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.

PILGRIMAGE.

4. And, Lord, to us as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love revealed
At Jacob's well of old.
- 5 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace—and heard Thee there
Its healing virtues tell.
- 6 Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory, Thou !

368

7.6.D.

- I'M kneeling at the threshold,
So weary, faint and sore ;
I'm waiting for the dawning,
For the opening of the door.
I'm waiting till the Master
Shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence,
The gladness of His home.
- 2 A weary path I've travelled,
'Mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden,
Contending for my life ;
But now the morn is breaking,
My toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold,
My hand is on the door.
 - 3 Methinks I hear the voices
*Of the blessed as they stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine
Of that unclouded land.*

PILGRIMAGE.

Oh would that I were with them
Amid the shining throng,
Uniting in their worship,
Rejoicing in their song.

- 4 The friends that started with me
Have entered long ago ;
Ah ! one by one they left me
To struggle with the foe.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best ;
But I am very weary,
My Father, bid me rest.

369

8's.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Saviour and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking resign ;
If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And fast as the moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while Thy saints are asleep,
By day and by night they attend;
The heirs of salvation to keep ;
Bright seraphs despatched from the throne,
Repair to the stations assigned,
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.
- 3 Their worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

PILGRIMAGE.

I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator and mine.

370

11.10.11.10.

- F**ATHER! whose hand hath led me so
securely,
Father! whose ear hath listened to my prayer,
Father! whose eye hath watched o'er me so
surely,
Whose heart hath loved me with a love so rare,
- 2 Vouchsafe, O Heavenly Father, to instruct me
In the straight way wherein I ought to go;
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,
Through health and sickness, and through weal
and woe.
- 3 O my Redeemer! who hast my redemption
Purchased and paid for by Thy precious blood,
Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and punishment of God.
- 4 Thou who hast saved my soul from condem-
nation,
Redeem it also from the power of sin;
Be Thou the Captain still of my salvation,
Through whom alone I can the victory win.
- 5 O Holy Ghost! who from the Father flowest,
And from the Son, oh teach me how to pray!
Thou, who the love and peace of God bestowest,
With faith and hope inspire and cheer my way.
- 6 Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
*Within my soul, and make it thus to be
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion,
A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of Thee.*

PILGRIMAGE.

371

11's.

- P**RESS forward and fear not, the billows
 may roll ;
 The power of Jesus their rage will control ;
 Though waves rise in anger, their tumults
 shall cease, [peace.
 One word of His bidding shall hush them to
- 2 Press forward and fear not, though trial be
 near, [fear ?
 The Lord is our Refuge ! whom, then, shall we
 His staff is our comfort, our safeguard His
 rod ;
 Then let us be steadfast and trust in our God.
- 3 Press forward and fear not, be strong in the
 Lord, [word ;
 The power of His promise, the truth of His
 Through sea and through desert our pathway
 may tend,
 But He who has saved us will save to the end.
- 4 Then forward and fear not, we'll speed on
 our way ; [dismay ?
 Why should we e'er shrink from our path in
 We tread but the road which our Leader
 hath trod ;
 Then let us press forward, and trust in our
 God.

372

10's.

- I** KNOW their sorrows," doth our Father
 say ?
 What gracious words to cheer us by the way !
 A star of comfort, ever burning bright,
 To lighten up the clouds of darkest night.
 "I know their sorrows," whatsoe'er they be,
 "For nothing on the earth is hid from Me."

PILGRIMAGE.

2 "I know their sorrows," Jesus says to thee,
"Oh, heavy-laden sinner, come to Me;
Thy tears and sighs I've treasured up in store,
Thy guilt is pardoned now for evermore;
Fear not the scorn of man, or cruel foe,
Rest in My word, that I thy sorrows know."

3 "I know their sorrows"—Oh! then tell Him
all,

His ear is always open to thy call;
His hand is strong, and mighty too, to save,
And bear thee up above each boisterous wave.
He overruleth all things by His Word: [God.
Then leave with Him thy fears, and trust thy

4 "I know their sorrows." Oh! the cheering
thought,

With so much joyous consolation fraught!
Well may we cast aside each anxious care,
Before the Mercy-seat—and leave them there;
Go on our way rejoicing, till that day,
When earth-born sorrows shall have passed
away.

373

P.M.

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on
cloud

Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me, yet see I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom, lead safely home,
Lead safely home Thy child.

2 The day declines, my Father, and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears of a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
And from the night, lead up to light—
Lead up to light Thy child.

PILGRIMAGE.

3 The way is long, my Father, and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal ;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my
hand,
And in the way to endless day
Lead safely on Thy child.

1 The path is rough, my Father. Many a
thorn
Has pierced me ; and my feet all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy com-
mand
Bids me press forward. Father, take my
hand ;
Then safe and blest, oh lead to rest—
Oh lead to rest Thy child !

374

C.M.

A "LITTLE FLOCK !" So calls He thee,
Who bought thee with His blood !
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

2 Church of the everlasting God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amidst the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice !

3 A little flock ! 'Tis well, 'tis well ;
Such be her lot and name ;
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length,
Her feeble days are o'er ;
No more a handful on the earth,
A little flock no more.

PILGRIMAGE.

5 No more a lily among thorns,
 Weary, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
 Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls
 In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
 The joyous jubilee.

7 Unfading palms they bear aloft,
 Unfalt'ring songs they sing,
Unending festival they keep,
 In presence of the King.

375

7's.

REST ! I cry to Thee for rest,
Calm, oh calm, this troubled breast !
Bid the anxious conflict cease,
'Mid the tempest whisper "Peace ;"
Weary with the length of way,
Pining for the light of day,
Tempted, wounded, sin-distressed—
Lord ! I pray, I pant for rest.

2 Bid my fluttering heart be still ;
Make me cease from vain self-will ;
Seeking Thee alone to please,
Loving all Thy love decrees ;
Casting on Thee every care,
Sure that Thou my grief wilt share ;
On Thy sympathising breast
Let me lean, and be at rest.

3 Soon to me, O Lord, be given
Rest with Thee, at home, in heaven !
Rest from sorrow, toil, and strife,
Rest from all the ills of life ;

PILGRIMAGE.

Every holy want supplied,
Every yearning satisfied,
Give the rest of God above,
Perfect rest in perfect love.

376

7's.

FATHER, throned in heaven above,
Might and Mercy, Light and Love,
Give to us, as Jesus said,
Day by day our daily bread.

- 2 Satisfy our daily need,
Soul and body daily feed,
Daily hear us when we pray,
Succour, save us, day by day.
- 3 Give us daily faith, to ask
Needful aid for daily task ;
Daily guidance in our way,
Daily warning lest we stray ;
- 4 Sympathy for daily grief,
Daily solace and relief,
Daily patience, meekness, zeal,
Others' griefs each day to feel ;
- 5 Daily help for daily cross,
Daily gain in seeming loss ;
Daily strength for daily strife,
Daily grace till close of life.

377

7's.

FAIN'T not, Christian ! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

- 2 Faint not, Christian ! though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage :
*Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.*

PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 Faint not, Christian ! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled ;
Hold the word of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian ! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin ;
Christ, thy Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian ! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod ;
'Tis the Father's voice of love,
Sent to draw thy heart above.

378

8.7.D.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the last day's beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.
Chorus—(First four lines).

- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come,
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away ;
Till they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.
- 3 Waiting for a brighter dwelling
Than I ever yet have seen,
Where the Tree of Life is blooming,
And the fields are ever green—

PILGRIMAGE.

Waiting for my full redemption,
When my Saviour shall restore
All that sin has caused to wither—
Age and sorrow come no more.

379

8's.

- I** WILL go in the strength of the Lord,
In the path He hath marked for my feet ;
I will follow the light of His word,
Nor shrink from the dangers I meet.
His presence my steps shall attend,
His fulness my wants shall supply,
On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.
- 2 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do,
In the joy which His smile shall afford ;
My soul shall her vigour renew.
His wisdom shall guard me from harm,
His power my sufficiency prove,
I trust His omnipotent arm,
I rest in His covenant love.
- 3 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To each conflict which faith may require,
His grace, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire ;
If He give the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
With sling and with stone in my hand,
In the strength of the Lord will I go.

380

6.6.6.4.

I LAY me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 A bowing, burdened heart,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.
- 3 My good right hand forgets
Its every cunning now—
To march the weary march,
I know not how.
- 4 I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past :
I am ready not to do,
But die, at last.
- 5 My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part :
I give a patient God
My patient heart.
- 6 And grasp His banner still,
Its name is love ;
There's weary strife below,
But peace above.

[This hymn was found under the pillow of a soldier lying dead in hospital.]

381

10.10.11.11.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is
strongest ; [longest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's
Onward, and onward still, be thine endeavour ;
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

- 2 Fight the fight, Christian—Jesus is o'er thee :
Run the race, Christian—heaven is before
thee :

*He who hath promised faltereth never,
The love of eternity flows on for ever.*

PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth ;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall
sever ;
Mount when thy work is done—praise Him
for ever !

382

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

383

7's.

- D**OES the gospel word proclaim—
Rest for those who weary be ?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim ;
Surely Jesus speaks to thee.
Marks of grace I cannot show ;
All polluted is my best ;
Yet I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

PILGRIMAGE.

2 Burdened with a load of sin ;
Harassed with tormenting doubt ;
Hourly conflicts from within ;
Hourly crosses from without ;
All my little strength is gone ;
Sink I must without supply ;
Surely on the earth there's none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place ;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ the Ark of grace.
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast ;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

384

8's.

JEHOVAH, my Shepherd and Guide,
In want shall His bounty bestow ;
His pastures my soul have supplied,
Where rivers so peacefully flow.
My soul He restores when I stray,
And bids me to wander no more ;
His righteousness marks out my way ;
His name and His grace I adore.

2 When walking through death's gloomy vale,
Amidst its dark shades, I descend,
No terrors my soul shall assail,
For there shall Jehovah befriend ;
My Saviour the passage hath trod,
And He shall my comforts renew ;
His presence, His staff, and His rod
Shall lead me triumphantly through.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 My table Jehovah hath spread,
And fed me in sight of my foes ;
His oil hath anointed my head,
My cup with His bounty o'erflows.
His goodness and mercy I trust,
My life has been crowned with His love ;
I ever, when raised from the dust,
Shall dwell in His temple above.

385

8.5.8.3.

- J**ESUS, Refuge of the weary,
Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Hear, and with Thy Spirit help us,
While we sing.
- 2 Gracious Prophet, now instruct us,
Guide us in Thy way ;
Heavenly Priest, with unction bless us,
While we pray.
- 3 King Almighty, reign within us,
All our sins remove ;
Lord, uphold us ; Saviour, keep us
In Thy love.
- 4 Lead us onward, lead us upward,
Till we see Thy face ;
Through the wilderness protect us
By Thy grace.
- 5 Save from foes around, within us,
While we journey here ;
And, O Lord, in death's dark valley
Be Thou near.
- 6 May Thy Word of truth and mercy
Feed us as we go
Forward in the race, and nourish
Us below.

. PILGRIMAGE.

7 May Thy loving Spirit keep us
While on earth we rove ;
May Thy grace protect, and carry
Us above.

8 Weary with the road, we often
Long for rest and home ;
Jesus, Refuge of the weary,
Quickly come.

386

11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10.

YE saints of Christ, whose hearts are filled
with sadness,

We soon shall see our enemies no more ;
And then the Church, her sorrow changed to
gladness,

Shall stand with Jesus on the heav'nly
shore.

On earth the cross of Jesus we must bear ;
In heav'n the crown of glory we shall wear.

2 A little while ! our Master's gone before us,
He knows our path, He guides us by His
love ;

A little while ! and Jesus will restore us
To endless blessings in our home above.

3 A little while ! the Church in glory sealèd,
Faith lost in sight, and hope absorbed in
love,

A little while ! the gates of heav'n revealèd,
And then the brightness of our home
above.

4 *A little while ! to suffer and to sorrow,
A little while, as strangers, here to roam !
A little while ! 't may be before the morrow,
Then rest for ever in our Father's home.*

PILGRIMAGE.

387

8.8.8:4.

DEAR Saviour, while on earth I stray,
Be Thou my Shepherd, Thou my way,
And to the everlasting day,
Abide with me !

2 In sickness, sorrow, anguish, woe,
In tribulation here below,
At home, abroad, where'er I go,
Abide with me !

3 Be with me through the hours of night,
Be Thou my everlasting light,
In leading me to mansions bright,
Abide with me !

4 When wearied by fatigue, I sleep,
My soul, in mercy, Jesus, keep ;
To guide and guard Thy helpless sheep,
Abide with me !

5 When this poor body languisheth,
When yielding up my latest breath,
When passing through the vale of death,
Abide with me !

6 And when on earth I breathe no more,
I'll praise Thee on the heavenly shore,
Then, Lord, Thou wilt for evermore
Abide with me !

388

8.8.6.

O LORD, how happy may we be
In casting all our care on Thee,
To Thee our troubles tell.
And feel that Thou, the God of love,
The God of wisdom, throned above,
Art doing all things well.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 To feel that God arranges all,
In matters both the great and small,
And worketh for the best:—
Were such our path from day to day,
As travelling on the heavenward way,
We should be truly blest.

- 3 But oh the cares of daily life,
The worries and the anxious strife,
The *littles* that annoy—
That rob us of the peace that we
Might ever realise from Thee,—
And interrupt our joy.

- 4 Oh could we but be free from sin,
Which—everywhere—is worst within,
'Midst earth's alluring charms.
Could we, but daily, on Thy breast,
Confess our need, and always rest
On everlasting arms.

- 5 We know that Thou art ever nigh
To hear us when to Thee we cry,
Make us from self to cease.
Take us and ours with cares and guilt,
Mould us in all things as Thou wilt,
But, Father, give us peace.

389

IO.4. IO.4. IO. IO.

GUIDE, Holy Cloud, amidst the desert
G drear,

Show me the way ;
The shades of night are falling ; be Thou near,
Lest I should stray ;
Lead, step by step, my feet along the road—
A weary pilgrim, lead me on to God.

PILGRIMAGE:

- 2 From Egypt I could not escape till Thou
 Didst show the way ;
 The sprinkled blood delivered me, And now,
 Still show the way ;
 A stranger in a desert here I roam ; I
 By Cloud and Pillar, Saviour, lead me home.
- 3 The night is dark—the fiery Pillar's near,
 To show the way :
 The Cloud, when needed, also will appear,
 Lest I should stray :
 Thus ever present guide me day and night
 To joys celestial and to mansions bright.
- 4 Then, in Thy presence, may I, gracious God,
 My Saviour King, [blood,
 Clothed in Thy righteousness, cleansed in Thy
 Thy praises sing, [above,
 With ransomed hosts around Thy throne
 Who know the sweetness of Jehovah's love.

390

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

NEARER my rest on high,
 O God, with Thee !
 Journeying heavenward
 Over life's sea :
 Each moment bringing me
 Nearer my rest on high,
 O God, with Thee !

- 2 Sun, moon, nor stars appear,
 All may be dark ;
 Tempest and danger near,
 Shattered my bark :
 Faith simply says to Thee,
 Bring me to rest on high,
 O God, with Thee !

PILGRIMAGE.

3 Father of life and love,
Reigning on high,
Send forth Thy light and truth,
Father, be nigh :
Lead me, by grace, to be
At rest in heaven with Thee,
O God, with Thee !

4 Jesus of Nazareth,
Ruling the wave,
Jesus, Thou Lord of lords,
"Mighty to save,"
Keep me, O Christ, to be
At rest in heaven with Thee,
O God, with Thee !

5 O God, the Comforter,
Spirit Divine,
Giver of peace and joy,
Paraclete, shine.
Bring me, O God, to be
At rest in heaven with Thee,
O God, with Thee !

391

II. IO. II. IO.

THERE is no hope but in the Rock of Ages,
Darker and darker is the sky o'ercast,
The billows roll, and fierce the tempest rages,
Hide me, my Saviour, till the storm is past.

Chorus.

With His everlasting love to preserve me all
the way, [round me,
Let the tempest and the billows gather
Though the raging waters roll, yet with Jesus
in my soul,
They may harass, but they never can con-
found me.

PILGRIMAGE:

- 2 Fierce is the storm ; but Jesus' mighty power
Can hush the wind, and still the angry
wave ; [Tower,
He is my Strength, my Fortress, and my
My Lord, my God, Omnipotent to save.
- 3 Fierce is the storm ; but lo ! the calm is
nearing,
The day of glory's coming on apace ;
The night's far spent, we watch for His ap-
pearing,
When we shall see the Saviour face to face.

392

P.M.

RAGING the tempest, and dark is the
night,
Thunders roll heavily, lightning gleams bright,
Fearful and weak are we, peril is nigh,
Speak, gracious Lord, and say, "Peace! It
is I."

- 2 Jesus, Thou God of God, "mighty to save,"
Hush the loud tempest's roar, calm the rough
wave,
Tempest can never be, sorrow must fly,
Where saith Thy voice divine, "Peace! It
is I."

- 3 Jesus, Deliverer, come Thou to me,
Guide Thou my voyaging over life's sea ;
Ruling the stormy wind, Saviour on high,
Say to my troubled heart, "Peace ! It is I."

- 4 Jesus, Thou Light of Light, shine Thou in me,
Bring me through darkness, Lord, nearer to
Thee, [nigh,
And when my change doth come, Saviour, be
Whisper, O Lord of life, "Peace! It is I."

393

8.8.8.3.

THE tempest raged upon the deep,
Sad watch did the disciples keep,
The weary Saviour was asleep

In the ship.

- 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
The raging tempest then was high,
They could not sink, for He was nigh

In the storm,

- 3 Then He, to whom they bowed the knee—
The Saviour—rose, rebuked the sea,
'Twas stilled before His Majesty,

All was calm.

- 4 At Jesus' word the storm must cease,
He speaks, and there is perfect peace,
From fear He doth our souls release

At His will.

- 5 The Son of Man, of lords the Lord,
By angels, and by men adored,
He rules the tempest by His word—

"Peace, be still."

394

L.M.

O LORD, who by Divine decree,
Didst fix the limits of the sea,
Who, by the interposing sand,
Dost hold the waters in Thy hand :—

- 2 The stormy winds lift up their voice,
But in Thy Name can we rejoice,
For wind and storm obey Thy word—
Command the angry billows, Lord !

- 3 Above the waterfloods, on high !
Amidst the storm, O Lord, be nigh !

*Who rulest all things by Thy will,
Command the tempest, "Peace, be still."*

PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 Look down, O God, behold and keep
Those who now travel on the deep,
And hear us as we pray to Thee,
For all in peril on the sea.

395

8's.

ETERNAL FATHER, who doth keep,
Within its bounds, the restless deep,
Whose power doth calm the angry wave,
Who art Omnipotent to save :
Oh Thou who hearest prayer, to Thee
We cry for those upon the sea.

- 2 Eternal Saviour, who didst sleep,
As Man, upon the stormy deep ;
Whose word, as God, the winds obey,
Our Guardian Thou by night and day.
O Thou who hearest prayer, &c.

- 3 Eternal Spirit, who didst move
Upon the waters, Heavenly Dove ;
In darkness, Light, in trouble, Peace,
Say to the angry tempest, Cease.
O Thou who hearest prayer, &c.

- 4 Eternal God, in mercy save
From rock and fire, from wind and wave,
And, by Thy overruling hand,
Bring all our loved ones safe to land.
O Thou who hearest prayer, &c.

396

10's.

THE foe behind, the mighty deep before,
And journeying Israel trembled on the
shore, [still ;"
The Lord of hosts gave His command : "Stand
That they might see Jehovah's sovereign will.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 Thus Israel stood, while Pharaoh and his host
Advanced upon them. Was then Israel lost?
Not so ; Jehovah was on Israel's side—
He cleft the mighty, overwhelming tide.
- 3 “Go forward,” said the Lord ; and through
the main [slain ;
Passed Israel, while Pharaoh's hosts were
Those enemies of God upon the shore,
Shall trouble Israel again no more.
- 4 Almighty God, so teach us day by day
To learn Thy will, and all that will obey,
Stand still, or when Thou willest, forward go,
Our trust in Thee, nor fearing deep nor foe.
- 5 Jehovah Father, lead us in Thy might,
Our Cloud by day, our Pillar all the night ;
In dangers keep us, guide us as we roam
Through desert here to our eternal home.

397

7.6.8.6.D.

- A**ROUND was storm and tempest,
Upon the angry deep,
The wind was high, and danger nigh—
But Jesus was asleep.
In terror they awoke Him,
And at His gracious will,
He spake the word—the tempest heard,
And wind and waves were still.
- 2 “The wind and sea obey Him,”
Storms cease at His command,
Although asleep, He safe did keep
His own, by His own hand.
The Lord of all creation
Is in the tempest nigh—
In human form—amidst the storm
He hears His people cry.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 Lord Jesus, Master, hear us !
By Thine Almighty arm,
Thou God of power, in danger's hour,
Preserve our friends from harm.
The wind and sea obey Thee,
The floods their limits keep,
Put forth Thy hand, bring safe to land
The travellers on the deep.

398

10.8.10.8.10.

- F**ROM bondage free, fear not, my soul, the
rest,
Nor Satan's boast, nor all his host,
The Lord Jehovah knoweth what is best :
Fear not the wave, for He can save-
By those deep waters which thy faith do test.
- 2 Saved by the Blood, by cloud and pillar led,
The path may lie where streams run dry,
The Rock is there, the water and the bread ;
Through desert waste we pass in haste,
The Lord who saved, by Him we're fed.
- 3 The barren desert all around we view,
No man is found,—God's all around,
The living palms, and wells of water too !
And day by day, He leads the way,
His presence doth our strength renew.
- 4 We cannot see Him, but He's ever there,
Wherever sent I pitch my tent,
He seeks the place for me, takes all my care,
My pilgrim dress His righteousness,
He doth with me His grace and glory share.
- 5 *Thus, pilgrims, by His freest love forgiven,
By Jesus fed, by Jesus led,*

PILGRIMAGE.

By Jesus guided all the way to heaven,
Our King of grace, before His face
To Him alone will all our praise be given.

399

6.5.D.

GRACIOUS Jesus, hear me
When to Thee I pray,
Ever be Thou near me,
Guard me night and day.
I am nought without Thee,
Nothing can I do;
May I never doubt Thee,
Ever kind and true.

2 As at Calv'ry bleeding
On th' accursed tree,
Saviour interceding,
Now in heaven for me.
Send Thy Holy Spirit,
Teach me of Thy love,
By Thy gracious merit
Carry me above.

3 In each sore temptation
Be my Strength and Stay,
By Thy great salvation
Keep me in Thy way.
When in pain or sadness,
Soothe my troubled breast,
By Thy heavenly gladness,
Give me joy and rest.

4 Tender Shepherd, feed me,
Till I want no more,
By the waters lead me
To the heavenly shore.

PILGRIMAGE.

When this world for ever
Vanishes from sight,
Bring me, Lord, where never
Fall the shades of night.

400

7.6.D.

"THEY wandered in the desert"—
"A solitary way ;"
Alone with God they journeyed
For many a night and day,
They wandered on—He kept them
Throughout that desert wide,
From human friendships severed,—
All human help denied.

2 And yet it was "the right way,"
No cause had they to fear,
Although 'twas not the bright way,
Yet God Himself was near.
The Rock gave forth the water,
The heaven gave them bread,
With cloud and pillar o'er them
The Lord Jehovah led.

3 Each resting-place, each journey
Were all upon the road
Which led unto "the city"
For them "prepared" by God ;
Their enemies He conquered,
Their needs He well supplied,
And from distress delivered
When unto Him they cried.

4 We're pilgrims, too, and strangers,
But God Himself is nigh,
No dwelling here to rest in,
Our city is on high ;

PILGRIMAGE.

From Egypt unto Canaan
Each step is marked by love,
To reach the land of promise—
Jerusalem above.

- 5 When there we meet the Saviour,
And see Him face to face,
And there behold His glory,
So full of truth and grace—
We then shall know our pathway
Was ordered for the best,
It was our Father's "right way"
To everlasting rest.

401

10's.

- "YOUR life is hid with Christ ;" nor can
we see
One step we take. Suffice to follow Thee,
O Lord, our Guide, unto eternity !
- 2 "Your life is hid with Christ." To us are
given
Thy love and presence all the way to heaven,
O Lord, our Guide, unto eternity !
- 3 "Your life is hid with Christ ;" then fear no
foes,
Jesus will conquer, whatsoe'er oppose—
Our Lord, our Guide, unto eternity !
- 4 "Your life is hid with Christ ;" all must be
well ;
'Tis He who saved us by His life from hell—
Our Lord, our Guide, unto eternity !
- 5 "Your life is hid with Christ ;" He knoweth
all
The cares and sorrows which can us befall—
Our Lord, our Guide, unto eternity !

PILGRIMAGE.

- 6 "Your life is hid with Christ ;" we leave the
rest,
For, having Jesus, we are fully blest—
Our Lord, our Guide, unto eternity !

402

L.M.

WHEN every human help is vain,
And when I sink in trouble's wave,
Jesus alone can comfort give,
And He's the Mighty One to save.

- 2 The "everlasting arms" beneath,
An "everlasting name" above,
Within me "everlasting life,"
Around me "everlasting love."

- 3 The "everlasting King" is near,
"Salvation everlasting" 's given,
The "everlasting gospel" here.
And "everlasting rest" in heaven.

- 4 The "everlasting Father" keeps
My helpless soul by day and night,
In weakness, "everlasting strength,"
In darkness, "everlasting light."

- 5 Cleansed from all sin in Jesus' blood,
Led by the "everlasting way,"
The "everlasting God" my Guide
To realms of everlasting day.

403

L.M.

JUST when Thou wilt, O Master, call !
Or at the morn or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

- 2 Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home!

PILGRIMAGE.

Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or e'er it hath one silver thread.

3 Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,
"Rise up, my love, and come away!"
Open to me Thy golden gate
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late,

4 Just when Thou wilt, Thy time is best,
Thou wilt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

5 Just when Thou wilt! no choice for me!
Life is a gift to use for Thee;
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ!"

404

II. 10.

NOT now, my child,—a little more rough
tossing,

A little longer on the billows' foam,—
A few more journeyings in the desert-dark-
ness, [Home!

And then the sunshine of thy Father's

2 Not now,—for I have wanderers in the
distance, [love;

And thou must call them in with patient
Not now,—for I have sheep upon the moun-
tains,

And thou must follow them where'er they
rove.

3 Not now,—for I have loved ones sad and
weary,
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly
smile?

PILGRIMAGE.

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely
sorrow ;

Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

4 Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living
power ;

Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and
weary,

Can'st thou not watch with me one little
hour ?

5 One little hour !—and then the glorious
crowning,

The golden harp-strings and the victor's
palm,—

One little hour ! and then the Hallelujah !

Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

405

P.M.

TOSSED with many a wave,
While the loud winds rave,
Sick and weary with the motion
Of the never resting ocean,
Help from Heaven I crave.

2 Now I mount on high,
Now in gulfs I lie ;
Vainly toiling, fainting, weeping,
Hostile tempests o'er me sweeping,
Hear my suppliant cry !

3 Lord, I look to Thee !
Thou didst make the sea ;
Thou didst calm the stormy billow,
Waking from Thy weary pillow ;
Calm the storm for me !

PILGRIMAGE.

4 When the gale is high,
On the wave draw nigh ;
Meet my gaze of grateful wonder,
Let me hear amidst the thunder,
"Fear not, it is I."

5 Guide me safely o'er !
Bring me safe to shore !
Storms all past, to me be given
Thee to see, and serve in Heaven,
Praising evermore.

406

P. M.

IS thy soul at rest amid the rushing of the
waters,
The waves of earthly pleasure, or the
business of the day ?
The roaring of the ocean may excite the
drooping spirit,
But can the restless tossing keep all fear of
death away ?

2 Can thy conscience slumber, though the busy
brain be active,
In this world of many changes, and delights
that soon grow dim ?
The pleasures of a moment, do they bring the
lasting comfort
Which alone can make thee happy in this
world of strife and sin ?

3 *No ! weary and dejected, the hungry spirit
longeth
To be filled with strength and gladness
that never can decay,*

PILGRIMAGE.

The peace of sins forgiven through Christ the
only Saviour,
Who alone can give the sunshine that ne'er
shall fade away.

4 Oh trust the loving Saviour in this world's
joys or sorrows,
The peace of God the Father shall give
thee sweetest rest,
And wheresoe'er He leadeth, o'er the mount
or through the valley,
His loving care will guide thee in the way
He knoweth best.

5 Then when this life is over, with all its varied
changes,
Thou wilt reach the home of brightness,
where the sweetest joy, the best,
Will be to see the Saviour, who now tenderly
invites thee
To "come" and be quite happy in His arms
of love and rest.

407

P.M.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

PILGRIMAGE.

3 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life;
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

4 Briars beset my every path
Which call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

5 In service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

408

C. M.

THE night was very, very dark,
Loud did the tempest roar;
The billows tossed the little bark
Back from the friendly shore.

2 The boatmen rowed with all their might,
They tried and tried again
Throughout that dark and dangerous night—
Yet all their toil was vain.

3 *But Jesus saw each angry wave,
Watchful and kind is He—
And came, His trembling friends to save,
Walking along the sea.*

PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 Still more they feared the unknown Form
Crossing the billows high,
Till Jesus spake amidst the storm—
“Be not afraid, ’tis I!”
- 5 Thus, when my soul is tempest-tossed,
Lord Jesus, come to me!
Let me not ’mid the waves be lost,
But calm the troubled sea.

409

8.7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now Thy love revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
For the joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show Thy power in every nation,
O Thou Prince of peace and love;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.
- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

410

8's.

WHEN Satan's temptations assail,
Defend me, O Lord, with Thy hand:
Né'er suffer the foe to prevail,
But help me his wiles to withstand.

PILGRIMAGE.

Deliver my soul from his power,
E'er deign my Protector to be!
And say in each sore trying hour,
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

2 Thou, Lord, art my Life and my All,
Without Thee I nothing can do!
And, lest I should stumble and fall,
Uphold me the wilderness through.
Oh, with me in danger appear:
The tempter Thy presence will flee!
Then say, Lord, and cause me to hear,
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

3 Thou knowest, O Lord, I am weak,
And may be cast down with a breath;
Oh lead me Thy succour to seek,
Do Thou be my Guide unto death!
When fainting Thy power display,
And show Thou rememberest me;
Then speak, gracious Jesus, and say
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

411

8's.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.

2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?

3 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows and will provide.

4 *Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my Righteousness.*

PILGRIMAGE.

5 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

6 Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

412

11.8.11.8.

YE pilgrims of Zion and chosen of God,
Whose spirits are filled with dismay,
Since ye have eternal redemption through
blood,
Ye cannot but hold on your way.

2 As Jesus, in covenant love, did engage
A fulness of grace to display.
The powers of darkness in malice may rage,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

3 This truth, like its Author, eternal shall stand,
Though all things in nature decay;
Upheld by Jehovah's Omnipotent hand,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

4 They may on the main of temptation be tossed;
Their sorrows may swell as the sea:
But none of the ransomed shall ever be lost;
The righteous shall hold on his way.

5 Surrounded with sorrows, temptations, and
cares,
This truth with delight we survey,
And sing, as we pass through this valley of
tears,
The righteous shall hold on his way.

413

L.M.

AFFLICTED soul, to Jesus dear,
The Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foe is strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For "as thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And "as thy days thy strength shall be."

414

7's.

WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest ;

2 When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear ;
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee—
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave ;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven :
- 4 Soon in glory Thou shalt come—
Take Thy waiting people home ;
Jesus, then Thy Church shall be
Ever, dearest Lord, with Thee.

415

C. M.

- I**N trouble and in grief, O Lord !
Thy smile hath cheered my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn,
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused,
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Perfume the air when bruised.
 - 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven,
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
 - 4 All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

416

8.7.8.5.D.

- I**'M a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road ;
Often in the midst of danger ;
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress me ;
Great and many are my foes ;
Anxious cares and thoughts oppress me ;
But my Father knows.

PILGRIMAGE.

2 Oh how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife;
Although sorrows past endurance
Follow me through life.
Home in prospect still can cheer me;
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me—
For my Father knows.

3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love;
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended;
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended—
This my Father knows.

4 I shall then with joy behold Him—
Face to face my Father see;
Fall with rapture and adore Him
For His love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose,
Jesus stands engaged to bless me—
This my Father knows.

417

L.M.

JUST as Thou wilt, Lord, be it done;
Perfect the work Thou hast begun;
Let all my heart and all my way
Thy wisdom and Thy love display.

2 *Not my will, Lord, but Thine be done,
Till all my earthly course is run:
Since Thou hast given Thy life for me,
Be it my joy to live for Thee.*

PILGRIMAGE.

3 Thou wilt not send me any grief,
But what in Thee can find relief ;
The sorest wound that I can meet
Is healed when laid at Thy loved feet.

4 Enough to know that I am Thine,
And, precious Saviour, Thou art mine ;
Thou can'st not err, Thou wilt not leave,
Nor willingly Thy servant grieve.

5 Just as Thou wilt, Lord, be it done ;
Be Thou my Guard and Guide alone ;
Let nothing, Lord, be given me
But as it seemeth good to Thee.

418

5.5.8.8.5.5.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless ;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring ;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;

PILGRIMAGE.

Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

419

12's.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild
tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to
cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we
perish."

2 O Jesus! once rocked on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from Thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we
perish."

3 And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
waging,
Then send down Thy Spirit Thy redeemed to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we
perish."

420

8.7's.

PILGRIMS on the road to glory,
Pressing to the heavenly prize,
'Mid the ills that now annoy you,
'Mid the dangers that arise;

PILGRIMAGE.

When your way is dark and dreary,
Rugged, filled with rude alarms,
When perplexed, exhausted, weary,
Trust "the everlasting arms."

2 When the waves of trouble heighten,
When the billows fiercely foam
All you see conspires to frighten,
Friends and helpers fail to come ;
When of human aid despairing,
And no voice the tempest calms,
Think of this, that underneath you
Are "the everlasting arms."

3 When corroding cares oppress you,
When the tempter's darts assail,
When your inbred foes distress you,
When they threaten to prevail ;
When you dread the thought of yielding,
When you feel to die is gain,
When your hope seems fast expiring,
"Everlasting arms" sustain.

4 And when all below is closing,
When you touch the chilling flood,
When you feel the waters rising,
You shall find the promise good.
Timid Christian, venture on it,
Bid farewell to all alarms ;
'Tis enough that underneath you
Are "the everlasting arms."

421

*I'M seeking a country—the home of the blest.
Where sin cannot trouble—the wear
find rest ;*

PILGRIMAGE.

Each day I am nearer that City of light,
The thought is still dearer—the hope still
more bright.

- 2 I'm seeking a country, where all will be peace ;
I'm seeking a home, where earth's troubles
shall cease ;
No sorrow, no sickness, and no pain in
heaven,
And those who dwell there have their sins all
forgiven.
- 3 A pilgrim and stranger I onward would go,
Not loving the world, and all its vain show ;
And, if rough be my road, and thorny my way,
I'll tread it the lighter, and with less delay.
- 4 Then joyfully, joyfully onward I'll go,
Forgetting the things that I once sought below ;
A pilgrim and stranger with glory in view,
I'll take little heed of the way I pass through.

422

8.8.8.3.

PILGRIMS ! Homeward ye are tending
While the Wilderness ye're wending :
On the way to bliss unending,
Fear not ye !

- 2 Pilgrims ! though the way is dreary,
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Droop not, for the Rock is near ye,
Faint not ye !

- 3 *Pilgrims ! sprinkled blood above us
Answers Satan's claim to have us,
'Tis the Lamb's who died to save us,
Free are ye !*

PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 Pilgrims ! Trouble, tribulation,
Try the "chosen generation,"
Trust ye Him ! His "Holy Nation,"
Faithful be !
- 5 Pilgrims ! though the Jordan's flowing
Deep and strong, and wild winds blowing,
One there is who through it going
Its waves flee !
- 6 Pilgrims ! lift your heads ! see yonder !
Streaks of light the dark clouds sunder,
His bright dawn whose Name ye ponder !
Watchful be !

423

8.8.6.8.8.8.6.

- I** DO not think that I could bear
My daily weight of anxious care,
If it were not for this :—
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love or cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss.
- 2 There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows, and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell :
Things which the nearest cannot see,
Nor human love uplift from me—
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That long I've known so well !
- 3 The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast ;
The weariness of endless noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

PILGRIMAGE

4 These secret things, however small,
 Are known to Jesus, each and all,
 And this thought brings me peace:
 I do not need to say one word,
 He knows what thought my heart hath stirred;
 And by divine caress my Lord
 Makes all my throbbings cease.

5 And then, upon His loving breast,
 My weary head is laid at rest,
 In speechless ecstasy!
 Until it seemeth all in vain
 That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
 Should hope to drive me forth again
 From such felicity!

424

8.8.6.8.8.8.

THAT I am Thine, my Lord and God,
 Ransomed and sprinkled with Thy blood,
 Repeat that word once more,
 With such an energy and light,
 That this world's flattery, nor spite,
 To shake me ever may have power.

2 From various cares my heart retires,
 Though deep and boundless its desires,
 I'm now to please but One;
 Him before whom the elders bow,
 With Him is all my business now,
 And with the souls that are His own.

3 This is my joy which ne'er can fail,
 To see my Saviour's arm prevail,
 To mark the steps of grace;
*How new-born souls, convinced of sin,
 Yet by His precious blood made clean,
 Extol His name in every place.*

PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 With these my happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,
Or through its gardens fair :
Whether the storm of malice sweeps,
Or all in dead supineness sleeps,
Still to go on be all my care.
- 5 See the dear sheep, by Jesus drawn,
In blest simplicity move on ;
They trust His Shepherd-crook :
Beholders many faults will find,
But they can tell their Saviour's mind,
Content if written in His book.
- 6 Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of Thine,
And human thoughts forget :
Child-like attend what Thou wilt say,
Go forth and do it while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

425

7.6.

- W**HAT, my soul, should bow thee down ?
Perils, or temptation ?—
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong salvation ?
- 2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour ;
He, who death for thee endured,
Surely will deliver.
- 3 Mention to Him every want,
Yea, whate'er may grieve thee ;
If for comfort thou dost pant,
Jesus will relieve thee.

PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus ;
In His presence thou art blest,
He to Thee is gracious.
- 5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
Him whose great compassion
Never fails, whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.
- 6 Earthly things do not regard,
Trust in Jesus' favour ;
He will be thy great reward,
And thy shield for ever.

426

P.M.

- L**OOK up, my soul, to Christ thy joy,
With a believing mind ;
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find ;
Here in this world thou hast no home,
Nor lasting joy—to Jesus come ;
He is the Pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.
- 2 Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And every burden with Him leave,
Whose love is daily new ;
His ways with thee are just and right,
He puts thy enemies to flight ;
However threatening they appear,
Take courage, He is near.
- 3 *Thy closet enter, pray and sigh,
To Jesus tell thy grief ;
His ear is open to thy cry,
His hand to give relief ;*

PILGRIMAGE.

Though men forsake thee, hate, and grieve,
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,
His word is passed, He'll aid afford ;
Rely upon the Lord.

4 Lift up thy heart to Him on high,
And leave this sordid earth ;
Behold, with a believing eye,
God's excellence and worth ;
Devote thy life, thy all, to Him
Who did thy soul from death redeem,
In love to thee the cross endured,
And life for thee procured.

5 Arise, and seek the things above ;
Let heaven be all thy aim,
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love,
And earth and sin disclaim ;
The world, and all its empty joy,
His potent breath will once destroy ;
Abiding rest and peace of mind,
In Christ alone we find.

427.

7.6.D.

IS God my strong salvation ?
No enemy I fear ;
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care ;
If He, my Head and Master,
Defend me from above,
What pain, or what disaster,
Can part me from His love ?

2 Of this I am persuaded,
With joy I can declare,
His love to me ne'er faded,
He listens to my prayer ;
He aid to me dispenses,
He stands at my right hand ;

PILGRIMAGE.

Yea, when a storm advances;
'Tis calm at His command.

3 The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and His blood ;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good ;
Myself, and whatsoever
Is mine, I cannot trust ;
The gifts of Christ, my Saviour,
Remain my only boast.

4 'Tis Jesus Christ, who taketh
Away sin, death, and woe,
And by His blood He maketh
Each spot as white as snow ;
Free from that condemnation
Which sinners else must find,
I joy in His salvation
With an emboldened mind.

5 His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word ;
And I shall joy inherit,
By trusting in the Lord ;
Since after tribulation,
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation,
To live with Him above.

6 Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting Rock ;
No earthly desolation
Shall give my love a shock ;
I'll cleave to Christ, my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
Me from Him separate.

XIII.—GENERAL.

9. VICTORY.

428

7.6.D.

IS God for me? I fear not though all against
me rise; [flies;

I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of evil
My Friend, the Lord Almighty, and He who
loves me, God, [as a flood?

What enemy shall harm me, though coming
I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,

That God, the Highest, mightiest, for ever
loveth me. [side;

At all times, in all places, He standeth at my
He rules the battle fury, the tempest, and
the tide.

2 A Rock that stands for ever, is Christ my
Righteousness, [bliss;

And there I stand unfeared in everlasting
No earthly thing is needful to this my life
from heaven,

And nought of love is worthy, save that
which Christ has given, [saith,

His Spirit to my spirit, sweet words of comfort
How God the weak one strengthens who

leans on Him in faith, [song,

How He hath built a city of love and light and
Where eye at last beholdeth what heart
had loved so long.

3 And, there is mine inheritance, my kingly
palace, home:

The leaf may fall and perish, not long
spring will come;

VICTORY.

Like wind and rain of winter, our earthly sighs
and tears,

Till golden summer dawneth—the endless
year of years.

The world may pass and perish, Thou God
wilt not remove, [Thy love ;

No hatred of all devils can part me from
No hungering nor thirsting, no poverty nor
care, [shelter there.

No wrath of mighty princes, can reach my

4 No angel and no heaven, no throne, nor power
nor might, [fight,

No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear nor
No height, no depth, no creature that has
been or can be, [from Thee ;

Can drive me from Thy bosom, can sever me
My heart in joy uleapeth, grief cannot linger
there, [shine fair ;

She singeth high in glory amidst the sun-
The sun that shines upon me is Jesus and
His love ; [above.

The fountain of my singing is deep in heaven

429

I I'S.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,

Is laid up for you in His excellent Word ;

What more can He say than to you He has
said,

Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled ?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;

At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

VICTORY.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed !
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "E'en down to old age all my people shall
 prove,
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples
 adorn, [borne."
 Like lambs shall they still in my bosom be

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 He will not, He will not desert to His foes ;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
 shake,
 He'll never, no never, no never forsake !

430

11.9.

A GREAT voice was heard, like the trum-
 pet's dread sound,
 By the saint in the lone island dwelling ;
 That voice was the Lord, as in glory He stood,
 Of wonderful mysteries telling.

2 'Twas the voice of the Lamb ! who, though
 first and though last,
 Our sins on the Cross—He once bore them ;
 But now ever liveth, His saints to uphold,
 And not one is forgotten before Him.

3 To each and to all we may now hear Him say,
 Thy works and thy sorrows, I know them ;
 For my Spirit is searching in every heart,
 And rich blessings are mine to bestow them

VICTORY.

- 4 Then fear not the things thou art called to endure,
Each tear, each temptation, is measured ;
Thy struggles, unseen and unknown by the world,
In My Book of remembrance are treasured.
- 5 Till death be thou faithful ; live only for Me—
I am thine, thou art Mine, now and ever !
My truth and My power shall be thy defence ;
From My love none are able to sever.

431

7.6.D.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer-morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes :
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But Dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 2 Christ Jesus is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above ;
There to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 3 Oh ! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine !"

VICTORY.

I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze on glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not on the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

432

P.M.

GOD doth not leave His own !
The night of weeping for a time
may last,

Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine ;
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine,—
God doth not leave His own !

2 God doth not leave His own !
Though few and evil all thy days appear,
Though grief and fear
Come in the train of earth and hell's dark
crowd,—
The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,—
God doth not leave His own !

3 God doth not leave His own !
Their sorrow in this life He doth permit,—
Yea, chooseth it.
To speed His children in their heavenward
way,
He guides the winds ;—Faith, Hope, and Love
all say,—
God doth not leave His own !

VICTORY.

433

7.6.D.

WHEN strong in power assailing,
The enemy is nigh,
Stand in a Might unfailing,
And sing of victory :
His arm who fighteth for us
Shall quell the foeman's thrust ;
Praise is our battle-chorus—
Now is the time to trust !

2 When waves are dark before'us,
No human succour near,
When threat'ning clouds hang o'er us,
Nor sun nor stars appear,
His Angel stands beside us,
The Holy and the Just ;
No evil can betide us—
Now is the time to trust !

3 Made willing by Thy power,
Our inmost souls exclaim
Not "Save us from this hour !"
But "Glorify Thy name !"
We hear our Leader calling,
And know that all is well,
For Thou wilt keep from falling,
Oh, our Immanuel !

4 And on and onward ever,
Yea, though the path be steep,
Yea, though beside the river
The shadows gather deep,
We'll sing, our hearts upraising,
To Him, the Faithful—Just,
"Now is the time for praising !"
Now is the time to trust !

VICTORY.

434

6.6.6.6.8.8.

THOUSANDS and thousands stand
Around the throne of light,
With harps in every hand,
And clothed in virgin white ;
They joyfully adore the Lamb,
And magnify the great I AM !

2 Like ocean's waves that break
Upon the encircling shore,
The melody rolls on,
Resounding evermore !
"Holy, most holy, Lord and King,"
With ransomed power Thy praise they sing.

3 "Not unto us, O Christ,
Not unto us," they cry ;
"Thou hast salvation wrought,
Thine is the victory !
To Thee these radiant crowns we owe,
These spotless robes Thou didst bestow !"

4 Lord ! we would blend our song
With that triumphant strain,
And as it rolls along,
Echo it back again !
One holy Church on earth—above,
Unites to sing that "God is Love !"

5 Yes ! though our weary feet
Still tread the darksome way,
In fellowship we meet
With children of the day ;
One Spirit fills each ransomed heart,
And thus united—who can part ?

6 Soon, soon the morn shall break
When we shall hear His voice,

VICTORY.

Calling the dead to wake,
Bidding His Church rejoice
Lord Jesus, come! and bear away
Thy bride to everlasting day!

435

S.M.

WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
" 'Tis with the righteous well."

- 2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when called to die.
- 3 Well when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.
- 4 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.
- 5 'Tis well when at His throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at His feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.
- 6 'Tis well when Jesus calls—
"From earth and sin, arise;
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

VICTORY.

436

10. 10. 11. 11.

SALVATION by grace, how charming the
song!

With seraphim join, the theme to prolong;
'Twas planned by Jehovah in council above,
Who to everlasting shall "rest in His love."

2 This covenant-grace all blessings secures,
Believers, rejoice, for all things are yours:
And God from His purpose shall never
remove,
But love Thee, and bless Thee, and "rest in
His love."

3 But when like a sheep that strays from the
fold,
To Jesus thy Lord thy love shall grow cold,
Think not He'll reject thee, but rather
reprove,
Yet though He correct thee, He'll "rest in
His love."

437

8's.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring;
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.

VICTORY.

Things future nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 3 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity cannot erase :—
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
So sure as the earnest is given :
More happy, but not more secure,
Are glorified spirits in heaven.

438

IO. IO. II. II.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers
affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all
unite,
Yet one thing assures us whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us "The Lord will
provide."

- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written "The Lord will provide."
- 3 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great
name,
In this our strong Tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

- 4 *When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us
through ;*

VICTORY.

Though tempests may lower, with Christ on
our side,
In death's darkest hour, "The Lord will pro-
vide."

439

8's.

A SOVEREIGN Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand !
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command ;
He smiles and my comforts abound ;
His grace as the dew shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The souls He delights to defend.

- 2 Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee for my God I avow ;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own Thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence Thou hast proved :
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally loved.

440

8.7.D.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken—
Oh my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Sin and heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow ;

2 B

VICTORY. 7

Till in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign :
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me.
 God shall rise and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting Light.

441

8.8.8.4.

"**THEY** shall be Mine," Jehovah saith,
 Redeemed by blood from every clime,
 Saved by a true and living faith,
 "They shall be Mine."

2 "They shall be Mine : " the lost, the weak,
 The sinful, saved by grace divine,
 For each one shall the Shepherd seek,
 "They shall be Mine."

3 "They shall be Mine : " despised, forlorn,
 Among the great unfit to shine,
 Strangers on earth, but heaven-born,
 "They shall be Mine."

4 "They shall be Mine : " though hell oppose,
 And Satan's hosts should all combine,
 Jesus is King o'er all their foes—
 "They shall be Mine."

5 "*They shall be Mine :*" in that great day
My jewels shall around Me shine,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 "*They shall be Mine.*"

VICTORY.

- 6 "They shall be Mine" from every land,
My "special treasure" all divine,
Saved by the Lord Jehovah's hand—
"They shall be Mine."

442

7.6.D.

THERE is but one foundation
Whereon the Church can rest,
When harassed by temptation,
Or when by sin oppressed ;
When trouble's waves surrounding,
Or when perplexed with care,
The grace of God abounding
Alone can shelter her.

- 2 The Rock of her salvation
Is Jesus Christ the Lord,
She is His new Creation
By His life-giving word ;
Loved from of old He bought her
With His most precious blood,
And by His Spirit sought her,
And drew her unto God.

- 3 From every land and nation,
From every tribe and tongue,
Saved by one great salvation,
And in Christ Jesus one !
One Lord in living union,
And by one Spirit led,
One Hope, one blest communion,
With Christ her risen Head.

- 4 This Church from tribulation
The Lord Himself will bring,
To see His full salvation
In the palace of the King ;

VICTORY.

She looks for His appearing,
When she shall rest above,
Her blood-washed garments wearing,
Upon His throne of love.

443

11's.

"REJOICE in Him alway ; the Lord is at hand,"

To shield thee, and bless thee, and help thee to stand.

In time of temptation thy soul to uphold,
To shield thee, as shepherds the lambs of their fold.

2 "Rejoice in Him alway ; the Lord is at hand,"
To guide in the pathway His wisdom hath planned.

In moments of sadness thy soul to sustain,
And help thee in bearing thy moments of pain.

3 "Rejoice in Him alway ; the Lord is at hand,"
In daylight, or darkness, by sea or by land,
In gladness or sorrow, in ease or in pain,
In sunshine or shadow, in loss or in gain.

4 "Rejoice in Him alway ; the Lord is at hand,"
How mighty the comfort ! the promise how grand !

Then trust Him, believe Him, in all that He saith ;

And joy in Him always, in life and in death.

5 "Rejoice in Him alway ; the Lord is at hand,"
Thou soon in His presence with rapture shalt stand ;

Thine eyes shall behold Him, no fears shall annoy,

But all shall be gladness, and "fulness of joy."

XIV.

BAPTISM AND DEDICATION.

(See also PERSONAL SERVICE, XV.)

444

L. M.

O LORD, encouraged by Thy grace,
We dedicate this child to Thee ;
Give *him* within Thy house a place,
Let *him* for ever live for Thee !

2 We ask not for *him* earthly bliss,
Nor earthly honours, wealth, nor fame ;
The sum of our request is this—
That *he* may love and fear Thy name.

3 This infant we by faith commit
To Thy kind love and guardian care ;
We lay *him* at our Saviour's feet,
He will not let *him* perish there.

445

L. M.

COME, gracious Saviour, from above,
Inspire our souls with faith and love ;
While we within Thy courts appear,
And dedicate our infant here.

2 No outward rite can cleanse the heart,
But Thou can'st cleansing grace impart ;
Now, Lord, Thy promised Spirit shed
Upon our little infant's head.

3 Wash out *his* sins in Jesus' blood,
Receive *him* now, O gracious God ;
This child to Thee we now resign,
That *he* for ever may be Thine.

BAPTISM.

- 4 Should'st Thou prolong *his* days below,
May *he* in grace and wisdom grow ;
Should'st Thou remove *him*, take *him* where
Dear little infants glory share.
- 5 And when our work on earth is done,
May we with ours, brought near Thy throne,
In one harmonious song combine
To praise the love that made us Thine.

446

6's.

- NOT the baptismal font,
Nor water's lucid stream,
Can heavenly life impart,
Nor us from guilt redeem.
- 2 'Tis but the outward sign
Of life begun within,
When, by the Spirit's power,
The heart's renewed from sin.
- 3 'Tis then the seal that marks
What has been set apart—
The property of Him
Who has renewed the heart.
- 4 Worthless the sign, without,
Till living grace is given :
Till, freed from self and sin,
We're made the heirs of heaven ;
- 5 Till, of the Spirit born,
We live for things above :
And ready, give up all
For our Redeemer's love.
- 6 Thy baptism, Lord, be mine,
Be mine Thy Spirit's seal ;
To know that I am Thine—
Thy love within to feel.

BAPTISM.

447

L.M.

- J**ESUS, dear Lord, to Thee
 We come in simple trust,
 Thou King of heaven; and earth, and sea,
 We children of the dust.
- 2 Though high exalted now
 Before the throne of God,
 Thou lookest on the earth below
 Where once Thy feet have trod.
- 3 Oh turn Thine eyes in love,
 In mercy, and in grace,
 On us, who now look up above,
 To Thee, and seek Thy face.
- 4 This precious charge that Thou
 Hast to our keeping given;
 Help us to train *him* for Thee now,
 And for Thy home in heaven.
- 5 With Holy Ghost divine,
 O Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
 Baptize this little lamb as Thine,
 And keep *him* to the end.
- 6 We dedicate *him* here,
 Oh take *him* to Thy breast;
 Lord, guide *him* through this desert drear,
 Home to Thy heavenly rest.

448

L.M.

- W**E praise Thee, Saviour, for the grace
 That bids us with our infants come;
 That gives them in Thy heart a place,
 And in Thy kingdom grants them room.
- 2 We bring them to Thine arms, O Lord!
 For each we seek Thy heavenly grace:
 Oh! make them clean, their names record
 On high, that they may see Thy face.

BAPTISM.

- 3 When storms shall beat, or gathering foes
Beset the path their feet must tread,
Great Shepherd ! let Thine arms enclose,
And o'er them for defence be spread.
- 4 If Thou hast marked them for the tomb
Ere morning brightens into day,
As in Thy bosom, bear them home,
And gently wipe our tears away.
- 5 Or if, when gathered to Thy rest,
'Tis ours to leave them pilgrims still,
Guide Thou their steps that, with us blest,
They reach Thine everlasting hill.

449

L.M.

- O** THOU who did'st young children bless,
And not despise their tender years ;
Thou who hast felt a babe's distress,
And wept a feeble infant's tears ;
- 2 Thou who art throned in glory now,
Whose praises the archangels sing ;
Thousands of saints before Thee bow ;
Ten thousand thousand call Thee King ;
 - 3 Yet dost Thou bend a pitying eye
On all who sojourn still below ;
Yet dost thou hold an outstretched hand
Thy priceless blessings to bestow.
 - 4 Oh ! lay it on each little child,
And cause it to be born again ;
Thou can'st the Christian life impart,
We only give the Christian name.
 - 5 O Spirit ! bless us from on high ;
Direct their footsteps day by day ;
Grant them a mansion in the sky,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

BAPTISM.

450

7's.

HEAVENLY Father, may Thy love
Beam upon us from above !
Let this infant find a place
In Thy holy dwelling-place.

2 Son of God, be with us here ;
Listen to our humble prayer ;
Let Thy blood, on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry ;
Thou this infant sanctify ;
Thine almighty power display,
Seal *him* to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah, Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
May the blessing come from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be !

451

C.M.

JESUS, we lift our souls to Thee ;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
And let this little infant be
Baptized into Thy death.

2 Oh let Thine unction on *him* rest,
Thy grace *his* soul renew ;
And write within *his* tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 Thy faithful servant let *him* prove,
Girded with truth divine ;
Be sharer in Thy dying love,
And follower of Thine.

4 Lord, if Thou lengthen out his race,
Continue still Thy care ;
Or should'st Thou quickly end his days,
May *he* Thy glory share.

XV.—PERSONAL SERVICE.

452

II. 10.

FULL consecration !—eye hath not be-
holden,
Ear hath not heard, nor heart of man con-
ceived
All the deep gladness in those words enfolden,
Their blessing who, not seeing, have be-
lieved.

2 Full consecration !—heart and spirit yielded
In the calm rest of resurrection life ;
Within the secret of God's presence shielded
From care in service, and from harm of
strife.

3 Full consecration !—confident surrender
Of starting wish, of plan unowned by Him ;
Conscious encirclement of love too tender
With needless cloud the pilgrim path to dim.

4 Full consecration ! every day revealing
Fresh visions of the land to be explored ;
Once hidden melodies upon us stealing,
Clear whispers of the secret of the Lord.

5 Full consecration !—whither, Lord, Thou
goest,
We too would follow, listening for Thy call ;
The true, glad watchword of our hearts Thou
knowest,—
“All, all for Christ, and Christ our All in
all !”

PERSONAL SERVICE.

453.

7's.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

2 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

3 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

4 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

5 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

6 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

7 Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

8 Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

9 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

10 Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

11 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.

12 Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

454

10's.

I COME, my Lord, to offer up to Thee
A worthless but a willing offering!

PERSONAL SERVICE.

A heart where only evil I can see,
Yet not for that refuse the gift I bring !
Oh, deign accept it : cast each evil out,
And make it pure and new within, without.

2 I come, my Lord, to offer up to Thee
All that that heart can dictate or perform ;
Let Thy blest Spirit its controller be,
Let Thy pure love its every movement
warm ;
And make that heart, once sin's defiled abode,
The holy habitation of my God.

3 I come, my Lord, to offer up to Thee
The brief remainder of life's fleeting span ;
Whate'er I have, or am, Thine own shall be,
Without Thee I will form no wish nor plan :
Time, talents, influence, actions, thoughts, and
words,
All, all be unreservedly my Lord's !

4 I come, my Lord, to offer up to Thee
A creature made Thine own by every tie ;
Hast Thou not formed, preserved, and ran-
somed me ?
Oh, didst Thou not to pay my ransom die ?
Lord, at Thy feet my worthless self I lay,
Oh, never, never cast me thence away.

455

P.M.

OH, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered :
"All of self, and none of Thee :"
"All of self, and none of Thee."

PERSONAL SERVICE.

- 2 Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray "Forgive them, Father,"
And my wistful heart said faintly :
"Some of self, and some of Thee,"
"Some of self, and some of Thee."
- 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered :
"Less of self, and more of Thee,"
"Less of self, and more of Thee."
- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered :
Grant me now my spirit's longing—
"None of self, and all of Thee,"
"None of self, and all of Thee."

456

8. 7. D.

- H**AVE you not a word for Jesus ?
Not a word to say for Him ?
He is listening through the chorus
Of the burning seraphim.
He is listening : does He hear you
Speaking of the things of earth,
Only of its passing pleasure,
Selfish sorrow, empty mirth ?
- 2 He has spoken words of blessing,
Pardon, peace, and love to you,
Glorious hopes and gracious comfort,
Strong and tender, sweet and true ;
Does He hear you telling others
Something of His love untold,
Overflowings of thanksgiving
For His mercies manifold ?

PERSONAL SERVICE.

3 Yes, we have a word for Jesus !
Living echoes we will be
Of Thine own sweet words of blessing,
Of Thy gracious "Come to Me !"
Jesus, Master ! yes, we love Thee !
And to prove our love would lay
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open
At Thy blessed feet to-day.

4 Give us grace to follow fully,
Vanquishing our faithless shame,
Feebly, it may be, but truly,
Witnessing for Thy dear name.
Ours shall be the joy and honour
Thy redeemed ones to bring,
Jewels for the coronation
Of our coming Lord and King.

457

7's.

THINE for ever :—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever :—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever :—Oh how bless'd
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever :—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

PERSONAL SERVICE.

- 5 Thine for ever :—thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied ;
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

458

8's.

O GOD, before whose searching eye
Thy servants stand, to Thee we cry ;
O God of life, by whom we live,
Thy favour to Thy children give ;
Bless them, O holy Father, bless,
Who Thee with heart and voice confess ;
May they, acknowledged as Thine own,
Stand evermore before Thy throne !

- 2 Arm thee, thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword ;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of Thy word unfurled
And by it overcome the world ;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

- 3 Come, ever blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servant's hearts Thy home,
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed, for ever, Lord, to Thee !
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

459

7.6.4

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend !

PERSONAL SERVICE.

I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide,

2 Oh let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within,
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh let me hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still,
Above the storm of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
Oh speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control ;
Oh speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

3 Oh let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

460

It's

O SPIRIT of Jesus, descend now and bless
Thy children here waiting for mercy
and grace,

*Our souls now enlighten, our spirits inspire,
And love shed abroad by Thy heavenly fire.*

PERSONAL SERVICE.

- 2 Great Spirit, proceeding from Father and Son,
Unfold to Thy Church all that Jesus has
done—
His Life and His Passion, His grace and
His love,
And teach us of Jesus now pleading above.
- 3 Anoint with Thy sevenfold gifts every heart;
Strength, counsel, fear, wisdom, and know-
ledge impart;
True godliness and understanding increase;
And us in Thy presence, Lord, bless now with
peace.
- 4 Defend us, we pray Thee, with grace from
above,
Confirm us, and strengthen us now with Thy
love;
And while in Thy strength, Lord, Thy Name
we confess,
We ask Thee, O Father, our spirits to bless.
- 5 Bless Bishop, and pastors, and people, we
pray;
Protect us from danger by night and by day;
Thy favour and goodness in mercy, Lord,
give,
That we to Thy glory for ever may live.
- 6 To Thee, Blessed Spirit, with Father and Son,
To God, in Three Persons—Three Persons in
One;
Praise, honour, and blessing, and glory be
given,
For ever on earth, and for ever in heaven!

XVI.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

461

C.M.

REMEMBER Thee ! Thou dying Lord,
 I have no hope beside ;
 I dare not lift mine eyes above
 Hadst Thou for me not died.
 2 Oft as that broken bread I see,
 I'll think upon the pain
 Which Thou didst suffer once for me,
 Till Thou shalt come again.
 3 These emblems of Thy dying love
 No vital grace can give ;
 Only by union, Lord, with Thee,
 A life of faith we live.
 4 No mystic power these conceal—
 They are but bread and wine ;
 Thy Spirit, Lord, alone can give
 One spark of life divine.
 5 Thou living Bread—Thou Life of life—
 Come and abide in me ;
 For Life—true life—I only know
 When dead to all but Thee.

462

8.8.8.4.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord
 Until He come.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is shown in this memorial bread ;
And so our feeble faith is fed
Until He come.
- 3 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent, we unite,
By one bright chain of loving rite
Until He come.
- 4 Until the trump of God be heard ;
Until the ancient graves be stirred ;
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.
- 5 Oh, blessed hope, with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate ;
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come.

463

7.7.7.3.

ON the night before His death,
When at Supper with His own,
He a solemn mandate gave :
"Till He come."

- 2 Jesus took the bread and brake,
Jesus took the cup of wine,
"This do ye," the Saviour said :
"Till He come."

- 3 "Often as ye eat this bread,
Often as ye drink this cup,
Ye do show the Saviour's death
Till He come."

- 4 Gathering round His table here,
At our blessed Lord's command,
Breaking bread and drinking wine
"Till He come."

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 May we, by His grace, enjoy
Heartfelt knowledge of Himself,
And upon His love rely
"Till He come."
- 6 May our heart within us burn,
As He speaketh by the way,
Making known the truth of God,
"Till He come."
- 7 Members of one living Head,
Bread and wine we here partake,
As memorials of His death,
"Till He come."

464

7's.

- I**N remembrance of the Lord,
At His table bread we break,
And according to His word,
Of the cup we here partake.
- 2 Broken bread, reminding now
Of His body broken thus, (1 Cor. xi. 24.);
Wine poured out, memorial
Of His blood once shed for us.
- 3 His the sacrifice complete,
These memorials we enjoy,
Death is past, while here we have
Pledges of His victory.
- 4 Here we shew the Saviour's death, (1 Cor. xi. 26).
That the Lamb of God was slain;
Here His promise is declared,
That the Lord will come again.
- 5 May we in our hearts, by faith,
Feed on Him the living Bread,
Sin for ever washed away
By the blood that once was shed.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

6 Gracious Lord, we here present
Body, spirit, soul to Thee,
For Thy service here below,
And as Thine eternally.

465

C.M.

THAT solemn night, before His death,
The Lord, for sinners slain,
Did almost with His latest breath
His Supper then ordain.

2 Around Thy table, Lord, we meet,
Unworthy though we be ;
We drink the wine, the bread we eat,
In memory of Thee.

3 We trust not in the outward sign,
But in Thy grace alone ;
Thyself, not bread, Thy blood, not wine,
Did once for sin atone.

4 Thy sacrifice was then complete,
When Thou for sin did'st bleed,
We need not now that work repeat,
By which our souls were freed.

5 Thyself, O Lord, within the heart,
May we by faith receive ;
And "Till He come," Thy love impart,
That we to Thee may live !

466

7's.

TILL He come—oh let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only till He come.
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till He come."
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.

467

L. M.

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those on Thee who call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee All in all.
- 3 *Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4 Lord Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright,
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er our souls Thy holy light.

5 O Saviour Christ, who once wast slain,
Our great High Priest, in heaven, Thou,
Our King who wilt return again,
O gracious Jesus, bless us now!

468

S.M.

WE bless our Saviour's Name,
Who hath our sins forgiven;
To suffer, once to earth He came,
And now is crowned in heaven.

2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Remembering this we break the bread,
And joyful drink the wine.

3 We never would forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love;
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.

4 Lord, let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee,
And ever in our hearts remain
That word, "Remember Me!"

469

C.M.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.
- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart ;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

470

L.M.

THOU Lamb of God ! Thy blood was shed
When Thou did'st suffer in our stead,
To save us, and to make us meet,
With Thee upon Thy throne to sit.

- 2 And Thou hast willed, till Thou shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
That we, Thy little flock, should thus
Rehearse Thy dying love for us.
- 3 O Lord, we joyfully incline
To honour this last word of Thine ;
And oft as we show forth Thy death,
Thy cross, Thy crown, how bright to faith !
- 4 Oh ! be Thy Spirit present still,
With blissful thoughts our souls to fill,
Till we are brought in worlds above
To know the fulness of Thy love.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

471

7.7-7.6.

FOR the grace that makes Thee mine,
For the love that seals me Thine,
For the gift of life Divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

2 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
"Do ye this until I come,"
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

3 "Till He come," we take the bread,
Type of Him on whom we feed,
Him who liveth, and was dead !
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

4 "Till He come," we take the cup,
As we at His table sup,
Eye and heart are lifted up,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

5 For that coming here foreshown,
For that day, to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

472

L.M.

THE dying and undying love
Of Christ our Saviour and our King,
Thou, gracious Spirit from above,
Help us in grateful notes to sing.

2 That love which brought Him down from
heaven
To suffer pain, and grief, and shame,
That we might have our sins forgiven,
And glory only in His Name.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3 That love which now in heaven He bears
For those who trust in Him alone;
That love which wipes away their tears,
And lets them stand before the throne.

4 Oh ! may it be our lot to stand
With all His ransomed saints above,
Who celebrate at His right hand
His dying and undying love.

473

L.M.

STAY, trembling soul, and do not fear,
At Jesus' board for thee there's room ;
He who hath loved thee saith, "Draw near,"
'Tis Christ Himself that bids thee come.

2 Come, with thy burdened, broken heart—
Unworthy of His grace, or love,
But trust in Him, He will impart
His richest blessing from above.

3 Confess to Him thy every sin,
Who once for Thee did shed His blood,
He loves thee, He will make Thee clean,
Thy Lord, thy Saviour, and thy God.

4 Though trembling, thou dost here fulfil
His blest command, fear not, for He
Is Christ thy pardoning Saviour still,
Who loved, and gave Himself for thee.

XVII.—MARRIAGE.

474

7's.

DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love !
Bless Thy servants ; on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed ;
In this holy bond to Thee
Consecrated let them be.

- 2 In prosperity be near
To preserve them in Thy fear ;
In affliction let Thy smile
All the woes of life beguile ;
And when every change is past,
Take them to Thyself at last.

475

C.M.

LORD ! who at Cana's wedding-feast
Didst as a guest appear ;
Thou, dearer far than earthly guest,
Vouchsafe Thy presence here !

- 2 On those who now before Thee kneel,
O Lord ! Thy blessings pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more.

- 3 Oh ! grant them here in peace to live
In purity and love ;
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above.

MARRIAGE.

476

L.M.

OH, blest the house, whate'er befall,
Where Jesus Christ is all-in all ;
Yea, if He were not dwelling there,
How poor and dark and void it were !

2 Oh, blest that house where faith ye find,
And all within have set their mind
To trust their God and serve Him still,
And do in all His holy will.

3 Blest such a house, it prospers well,
In peace and joy the parents dwell ;
And in their children's lot is shown
How richly He can bless His own.

4 Then here will I and mine to-day
A solemn covenant make, and say,
Though all the world forsake Thy Word,
I and my house will serve the Lord.

477

C.M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with Thy favour crown
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

MARRIAGE.

478

7's.

FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with Thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

- 2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part ;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with Thee.

XVIII.—BURIAL.

479

7.6.D.

THOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus,
Beside the still, cold grave,
And proved Thy deep compassion,
And mighty power to save.
Thy tears of tender pity
Thy sympathy declare ;
And still for us Thou feelest,
And dost our sorrow share.

2 Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus,
Thyself the victim then ;
The Lord of life and glory,
Once slain for wretched men.
From sin and condemnation,
When none but Thou could save,
Thy love than death was stronger,
And deeper than the grave.

3 Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus !
But Thou art here no more ;
The terror and the darkness,
The night of death is over.
Great Captain of salvation,
Thy triumphs now we sing !
“ O Grave, where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

4 We wait for Thine appearing ;
We weep, but we rejoice ;
In all our depths of sorrow,
We still can hear Thy voice,—

BURIAL.

" I am the resurrection !
 I live who once was slain !
 Fear not ! thy friend and *brother*
 Shall rise with Me to reign ! "

480

10's.

- " **H**IMSELF hath done it " all—oh how
 those words, [thought !
 Should hush to silence every murmuring
 " Himself hath done it "—He who loves me
 best, [bought.
 He who my soul with His own blood hath
- 2 " Himself hath done it "—can it then be
 ought
 Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love ?
 Not one unneeded sorrow will He send,
 To teach this wandering heart no more to
 rove.
- 3 " Himself hath done it "—Then I fain would
 say,
 " Thy will in all things evermore be done ; "
 E'en though that will remove whom best I
 love,
 While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.
- 4 " Himself hath done it "—precious, precious
 words ; [Friend ;
 " Himself," my Father, Saviour, Brother,
 Whose faithfulness no variation knows ;
 Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.
- 5 And when in His eternal presence blest,
 I at His feet my crown immortal cast,
 I'll gladly own with all His ransomed ~~saints~~
 " Himself hath done it "—all from first to
 last.

BURIAL.

481

10.11.10.11.

THIS is not death! though earth's race
has been run,
The spirit hath fled, but the victory's won,
The body is here in the cold silent tomb,
The soul of God's child is in yon blessed
home.

- 2 Here we commit a corruptible trust,
"Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust,"
But souls of the ransomed in regions above
Are present with Jesus, and share in His
love.
- 3 This is not death, the Lord calleth it sleep,
The jewel is yonder, the grave doth but keep
The casket of earth which peacefully lies
Till the trumpet of God shall bid it arise.
- 4 This is not death, they are with Him in peace,
"They rest from their labours," from con-
flict they cease,
Their troubles are past, and their warfare is
done,
The battle is over, the victory won.
- 5 The journey is ended, the race it is o'er,
The prize it is reached, and they wander no
more,
The path of the desert for ever is trod,
And yonder is "rest for the people of God."

482

8's.

WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquest o'er the grave.

*Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.*

BURIAL

- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
He, by almighty power, shall keep,
Till dawns the bright eternal day,
When death itself shall die away.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring,
Their bodies raised from silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day !
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more.

483

C.M. -

- O**H ! weep not for the blessed dead,
Their days of grief are o'er ;
Their sicknesses, their pangs of heart,
Are felt by them no more.
- 2 Oh ! weep not for the blessed dead,
Their sins are all forgiven ;
Through Him who washed them in His blood,
And made them meet for heaven.
 - 3 Oh ! weep not for the blessed dead,
No tears their eyes bedim ;
They see His face, Who, by His grace,
Had turned their hearts to Him.
 - 4 Oh ! weep not for the blessed dead,
Safe in their Father's Home ;
They've gained the victory over death,
And triumphed o'er the tomb.

BURIAL.

- 5 Oh ! weep not for the blessed dead,
Their struggles all are o'er ;
They live with Him who gave them life,
And they shall die no more !

484

L.M.

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The joys that fill th' enraptured saint,
When mixed with heaven's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss and swells their song.

- 2 He feels no pain, he fears no want,
His portion all that God can grant,
To see the Saviour as He is,
And dwell in heaven with Him and His.
- 3 No darkness now obscures his mind ;
The darkness all is left behind :
And objects lately half concealed,
In full resplendence stand revealed.
- 4 His love, so cold, so mixed before,
In heaven is cold and mixed no more ;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure eternal flame.
- 5 Oh may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God !
For this, let every conflict here
As nothing in my sight appear.

XIX.—ORDINATION, ETC.

485

L.M.

POUR out Thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, Thine appointed servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them with Thy righteousness.

2 When in Thy service they shall stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

4 To love and pray and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

486

C.M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

ORDINATION.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee !

487

8.8.6.D.

- L**ORD of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy holy word :
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful grace impart.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood ;
Nor let Thy Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower ;
To them a messenger of power,
To us of life and peace.
 - 3 So may they live to Thee alone,
Then hear the welcome word,—“ Well done ! ”
And take their crown above :
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise and bliss and love !

488

P.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
*Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;*

ORDINATION.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One,
That through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

189

S.M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King !
He reigns and triumphs here !"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God !

XX.—OPENING SERVICE.

(See also I. PUBLIC SERVICE, and XXII.
PRAISE.)

490

L.M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee ;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, oh forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of Thy Son,
Still by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna to their heavenly King !
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
To dwell with man, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

6 O God, Thy blessing here impart ;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone.
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

OPENING SERVICE.

491

(PART I.)

8.8.6.D.

THOU God of power, God of love!
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice holy!" to their God most high,
"Thrice holy!" to their King.

2 We too, poor worms of earth, would join
In work and worship so divine;
Oh, deign to bow thine ear,
And send a ray of heavenly light
To scatter all our nature's night,
And in our midst appear.

3 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious Name,
Through whom this grace was given,
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
And formed their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

4 The veil that hides Thy glory rend
And here in saving power descend,
Here fix Thy blest abode;
Here to each heart Thyself reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.

491

(PART 2.)

HERE let Thy Spirit's voice proclaim
The glories of Immanuel's Name,
The Lord in whom we live;
God the Redeemer! strong to save
From sin, from Satan, and the grave,
And waiting to forgive.

· OPENING · SERVICE.

2 The dead shall hear Thy quickening voice,
And mourners in the sound rejoice,
And learn celestial strains ;
Hell shrink appalled and yield his prey,
His captives hail the gospel-day,
And spring to burst their chains.

3 Touch with a living coal, O Lord,
Their lips who shall proclaim Thy word,
Fill them with zeal divine ;
Give them to glory in Thy cross,
To meet with joy reproach and loss,
And seek no praise but Thine.

4 While earth and hell shall rage in vain,
Here let Thy gospel firm remain,
Through time's remotest days ;
Thine is the power, the work is Thine ;
And oh, let all to Thee assign
The glory and the praise.

*[The above hymn was composed for the opening
of Bethesda Church, Dublin, June 22, 1794.]*

492

P.M.

HIGH Priest of Thy church-dispensation,
Lift up, we pray, Thy piercèd hand,
And bless Thy ransomed congregation,
In every place by sea or land :
Before Thy Father's throne remember
By name each individual member ;
Thy face upon us shine,
Grant us Thy peace divine,
For we are Thine.

493

6.6.6.6.8.8.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On Him alone we build :

OPENING SERVICE.

With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled ;
On His great love our hopes we place
Of present grace, and joys above.

2 Oh then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing ;
And thus proclaim, in joyful song,
Both loud and long that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore ;
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

XXI.—NATIONAL HYMNS.

494

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.

2 His Sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

495

L. M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace !
Make wars throughout the world to
cease ;

The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again !

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sins' dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again !

NATIONAL HYMNS.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

496

D.C.M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
Oh turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
But let Thy mercy spare.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

497

7's.

GOD the Lord has heard our prayer,
God has lightened all our care ;
To His glorious throne on high,
Rose His children's mournful cry.
Hallelujah ! praises sing
To our Father and our King.

2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face was sought,
Thou our full deliverance wrought ;
God who gave us faith to pray,
Give us thankful hearts to-day.
Hallelujah ! Lord, to Thee
Sing we, though unworthily.

3 Praise to God, who heard our cry ;
Praise to Christ, who pleads on high ;
Praise the Spirit blest, who gave
Strength our Father's help to crave.
Hallelujah ! glory be
To the eternal Trinity.

XXII.—PRAISE.

498

L.M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, His praise forthtell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

499

I I'S.

PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah
our God,
Declare, oh declare ye His glories abroad,
Proclaim ye His mercy and publish His fame,
Till uttermost islands have heard of His
Name ; :

PRAISE.

His grace as a river flows down from above
To satisfy souls with His infinite love.

- 2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sinners
was slain,
Who went to the grave, and ascended again,
And who soon shall return when these dark
days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power.
- 3 The heavens, the earth, and the sea shall
rejoice,
The field and the forest shall lift the glad
voice, [green,
The sands of the desert shall flourish in
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.
- 4 Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day ;
Her King cometh down with His people to
reign,
His presence shall bless her with Eden again.

500

P.M.

THE God of Abra'am praise,
Who reigns enthroned above :
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,—
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blessed.

- 2 The God of Abra'am praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand :

PRAISE.

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn ;
I on His oath depend ;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend ;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore ;
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command ;
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view ;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

501

L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

502

10's.

MY God, my Life ! I cannot but proclaim,
To earth and heaven, the wonders of
Thy Name, [impart,
Make known the blessings which Thou dost
And sing Thy praises with a grateful heart.

2 Blest is that soul to which Thou sayest,
"Live," [give,
Blest is the man who hears Thy word, For-
Thrice blessed he who, cleansed in Jesus'
blood, [God.
Finds heart-communion with his Father—

3 Blessed is he, though ashes and but dust,
Who in the Lord Jehovah puts his trust ;
Blest in the consciousness that, though
defiled,
In Jesus he is saved and reconciled.

4 Blest on that day, when sinful and when
weak,
Thy Spirit taught me thus Thy grace to seek ;
Thrice blest, when, with the chosen blood-
bought flock,
I found my shelter in the riven Rock.

5 Blest in the knowledge that the One who died
Is Brother, Saviour, Shepherd, Friend, and
Guide,
His Father mine, His Holy Spirit given
To lead me safely to Himself in heaven.

6 *My God, my Life ! it passeth human ken
Thy love in Christ to sinful ruined men ;*

PRAISE.

Thou gav'st Thy Son : He gave Himself,
that we
Might share His glory through eternity.

[For the sentiments in this copyright hymn, the author is indebted to a French hymn, the only one ever written by the sainted M. Adolphe Monod.]

503

P.M.

WE thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
For all Thy blessings given ;
For cold and heat we bless Thee, Lord,
And for Thy rain from heaven ;
For frost and snow in winter,
For gentle showers in spring,
For sunshine in the summer,
Thy praise, O God, we sing.

Chorus—Praise, oh praise Jehovah,
Who lives in heaven above ;
We praise our God, for He is good,
And all His name is Love.

2 We bless Thee for Thy promise,
That harvest shall not cease ;
We thank Thee that Thou givest us
Prosperity and peace—
The seed time and the harvest,
The genial heat, the cold,
The summer and the winter,
The night and day foretold.

3 O God ! who feed'st the sparrow,
And ravens when they cry,
Who clothest grass and flowerets,
Be ever with us nigh.

PRAISE.

• The ocean, it obeys Thee,
Thy land, it yields its store,
Oh grant that we Thy praises
May utter more and more.

4 We bless and thank Thee, Father,
Who art in heaven above,
We praise Thee for salvation,
And all Thy gracious love ;
We bless Thee, Jesus, Saviour,
And Spirit of our God,
We praise Thee for the cleansing
Of Jesus' precious blood.

504

P.M.

LORD JESUS, King of Paradise,
Our Prophet and our Priest,
Who hast prepared for waiting souls
A rich and heavenly feast.

Chorus—Where all the saints shall praise,
The Lamb who once was slain,
Their Alleluias raise,
To Him who comes to reign.

2 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Keep by Thy Spirit's grace,
All those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
That they may see Thy face.

3 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
This world is cold and drear,
We long for Thy appearing,
To see Thee ever near.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Thy Church's only Light,
Arise with healing, and dispel
The darkness of the night.

PRAISE.

- 5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Thy people join to pray,
"Come quickly," and to us reveal
The everlasting day.

505

C.M.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me !

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within !
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart !
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love !

506

6.5.D.

JESUS ! blessed Saviour, help us now to
raise
Songs of glad thanksgiving, songs of praise
of his

PRAISE.

Oh how kind and gracious Thou hast always
been !

Oh how many blessings every day has seen !

Chorus—

Jesus, blessed Saviour, now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour, crowning all the year.

2 Jesus, holy Saviour, only Thou can'st tell
How we often stumbled, how we often fell !
All our sins (so many !) Saviour, Thou dost
know ; [as snow.
In Thy blood most precious, wash us white

3 Jesus, loving Saviour, only Thou dost know
All that may befall us, as we onward go.
So we humbly pray Thee, take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward to the better land.

4 Jesus, precious Saviour, make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever, make us Thine alone.
Let each day, each moment, of the present year,
Be for Jesus only, Jesus, Saviour dear.

507

6.6.6.6.8.8.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name ;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

PRAISE.

- 3 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set :
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died,
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 5 Divine almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power : behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
- 6 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown :
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

508

6.6.6.6.8.8.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,

PRAISE.

- Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done ;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

509

7's.

- B**RETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our righteousness ;
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God, to Thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of Thy Church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 *Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;*

PRAISE.

Wrought to set Thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

- 5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more :
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

510

7's.

- S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away :
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No : the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death :
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

PRAISE.

511

8.7.D.

FRRIEND of sinners ! Lord of glory !
 Lowly, mighty ! Saviour, King !
 Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
 Grateful we Thy praises sing :
 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
 In whom power and pity blend,
 Praise we must the grace which gave us
 Jesus Christ, the sinners' Friend.

- 2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us ;
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind !
 Friend who at all times receives us,
 Friend who came the lost to find !
 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
 Loving until life shall end,
 Then conferring bliss entrancing,
 Still in heaven, the sinners' Friend !
- 3 Oh to love and serve Thee better !
 From all evil set us free ;
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter ;
 Be each thought conformed to Thee !
 Looking for Thy bright appearing,
 May our spirits upward tend,
 Till no longer doubting, fearing,
 We behold the sinners' Friend.

512

C.M.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul, what canst thou give ?

- 2 *Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
 :What can I bring Him forth ?
 My best is stained and dyed with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.*

PRAISE.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

5 I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most.

513

C.M.

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !

2 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
And sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

PRAISE.

514

C.M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes
of life,

In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name ;
When in distress to Him I called
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

4 Oh make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

515

P.M.

HIGH we our voices raise,
Glad songs of joy and praise,
Tell far and wide that the strife is o'er ;
Jesus, Who died to save,
Now triumphs o'er the grave,
Mighty in truth, in love, and power.

2 *No more the watch they keep,
No more they wait and weep*

PRAISE.

Who vainly sought where their Lord was
laid ;

Jesus Himself draws near,
Jesus dispels each fear :

“ Lo, it is I ; be not afraid ! ”

3 “ He Whom your hearts adore
Lives now for evermore ; ”
Sing through the earth of His victory !
Death, where is now thy sting ?
Jesus, our mighty King,
Conquering, ascends to God on high.

4 O Thou, the Crucified
Christ, Who hast lived and died,
Breathe o’er the mourner Thy peace to-day !
Now to the tempest-tossed,
Those who have loved and lost,
Whisper of life and hope, we pray.

5 And at this holy tide,
May we with Thee abide,
Who still art near while our songs ascend ;
Worthy the Lamb once slain !
Worthy to live and reign,
Whom we adore, world without end.

516

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

TIS the Church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb ;
Heaven throughout with praises ringing,
Worthy the Lamb.
Thrones and powers before Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice ascending,
Swell the chorus never ending,
Worthy the Lamb.

PRAISE.

2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Worthy the Lamb ;

Join to sing the great salvation,
Worthy the Lamb.

Loud as mighty thunders roaring,
Floods of mighty waters pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring :

Worthy the Lamb.

3 Harps and songs for ever sounding,
Worthy the Lamb ;

Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb.

By His blood He dearly bought us ;
Wandering from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us :

Worthy the Lamb.

4 Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb ;

Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb.

Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling :

Worthy the Lamb.

517

10's.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful
name.

The name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;
And still He is nigh ; His presence we have.

*The great congregation His triumph shall
sing,*

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

PRAISE.

- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne !
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son.
Our Jesus, His praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the
Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right ;
All glory and power, all wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

518

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- O**H my Lord, how great the wonders
Thy rich grace has wrought for me !
On Thy love my spirit ponders,
Praising, magnifying Thee ;
Hallelujah !
To the great eternal Three !
- 2 I was once far off—a stranger—
Guilty, helpless, deaf, and blind ;
Jesus rescued me from danger,
And renewed my heart and mind ;
Precious Saviour !
How compassionate and kind !
 - 3 Quickened by His Holy Spirit,
Covered with His righteousness ;
He has said I shall inherit
Everlasting life and bliss !
Blessed Jesus !
How my soul exults in this !
 - 4 He has all my sins forgiven,
Paid my debt, and set me free ;
Vanquished hell, and opened heaven,
And prepared a place for me !
My Redeemer
Loved me from eternity.

PRAISE.

- 5 Yea, He says He'll never leave me,
But, when all His will is done,
To His kingdom He'll receive me,
As the partner of His throne !
Then I'll praise Him,
While eternity rolls on !

519

8.7.D.

- P**RAISE the Rock of our Salvation,
Our Foundation He alone ;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the Corner-stone ;
Vain against our rock-built Zion
Winds and waters, fire and hail ;
Christ is in her midst ; against her
Gates of hell shall not prevail.
- 2 Framed of living stones, cemented
By the Spirit's unity,
Founded on the Rock of Ages,
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee ;
May Thy Church, O Lord Incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love ;
Emblem of the heavenly Zion
The Jerusalem above.
- 3 Where Thou reignest King of Glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
'Midst Thy saints, no more is needed,
Sun by day, nor moon by night ;
Soon may we those portals enter,
When this earthly strife is o'er ;
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.
- 4 Join we now the voice of triumph
To the throne of glory sent,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
To the Lord Omnipotent !

PRAISE.

Praise to Thee, eternal Father,
Praise to Thee, eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
While unending ages run.

520

8.8.6.

FROM highest heaven th' eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to bleed and die.

- 2 For love of sinful man He bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of misery.
- 3 Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died, His flock to raise
From everlasting woe ;
- 4 With angels round the throne above,
Oh tell the wonders of His love,
Which through His mercy flow.
- 5 In darkest shades of night we lay
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope beyond the grave.
- 6 But He hath brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight.
The Mighty One to save.
- 7 Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice ;
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb whom we adore ;
- 8 To Him who gave His only Son,
To God the Spirit, with them one,
Be glory evermore.

PRAISE.

521

8.8.8.5.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him,
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have, and are.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us,
That for conflict fits and arms us ;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
While we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever ;
He is faithful, changing never,
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves, from Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, oh keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing
Till the time of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5 Then we shall be where we would be ;
Then we shall be what we should be ;
That which is not now, nor could be,
Shall be then our own.

6 Life nor death shall us dis sever
From His love who reigns for ever ;
Will He fail us ? never ! never !
When to Him we cry !

522

P.M.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia.

To the glory of their King

Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia.

And the choirs that dwell on high

Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia.

PRAISE.

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia.

The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say,
Alleluia.

Ye clouds, that onward sweep,
Ye winds, on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye light'nings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring
And glorious forests sing Alleluia.
First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth
sonorous, Alleluia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia.

To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid :

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
Lord Almighty loves :
Alleluia.
Alleluia.

PRAISE.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that
 Christ the King approves : Alleluia.
 Wherefore we sing both heart and voice
 awaking, Alleluia.
 And children's voices echo, answer making,
 Alleluia.

Now from all men be out-poured
 Alleluia to the Lord ;
 With Alleluia evermore
 The Son and Spirit we adore.
 Praise be done to the Three in One.
 Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

523

C.M.

YE servants of the living God,
 Let praise your hearts employ.
 And, as you tread salvation's road,
 Lift up the voice of joy.

2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
 Whose sins have been forgiven,
 Called by a gracious Father's choice,
 To be the heirs of heaven ?

3 Oh ! grant us, Lord, to feel and own
 The power of love divine ;
 The blood which doth for sin atone,
 The grace which makes us Thine.

4 The Spirit of adoption give,
 Teach us with every breath
 To sing Thy mercies while we live,
 And praise Thy name in death.

524

10. 11. 11. 11. 12. 11.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
 dark sea, [free !
 Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are

PRAISE.

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken !
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid
and brave,
How vain was their boasting ! The Lord
hath but spoken, [wave.
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the

- 2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
His word was our arrow—His breath was
our sword ;
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride ? [glory,
The Lord hath looked out from His pillar of
And all her brave thousands are dashed in
the tide.

525

11'S.

UNCHANGEABLE Jesus, Thy praises
we sing,
And own Thee our Prophet, our Priest, and
our King ; [love,
Oh give us while singing sweet tastes of Thy
To raise our affections to treasures above.

- 2 Unchangeable Jesus, our wav'nings we own,
Acknowledge with sorrow our sins at Thy
throne ;
We surely should perish, so changing are we,
But that 'Thy free favour is firm as 'tis free.

- 3 Unchangeable Jesus, oh teach us at length
In no way to lean on our wisdom and
strength ;
Since, changing, our graces now wax and now
wane,
But, changeless, Thy favour is ever the same.

PRAISE.

4 Unchangeable Jesus, in Whom we confide,
Thy sunshine of goodness does ever abide ;
Oh give us on Thee and Thy promise to lean,
And trust Thou art shining when clouds
intervene.

5 Unchangeable Jesus, the day will soon come
When all Thy dear loved ones shall see Thee
at home ; [song,
Oh then may our voices add strength to the
That rolls through the ages Thy praises along.

526

I I'S.

ON our way rejoicing as we homeward
move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love !
Is there grief or sadness ? Thine it cannot
be ! [Thee.
Is our sky beclouded ? Clouds are not from
Chorus—On our way rejoicing as we homeward
move, [of love !
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God

2 If Thou fill our hearts with love for God and
man,
Day by day will find us doing what we can !
Thou who giv'st the seed-time, give us large
increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart
with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing, gladly let us go,
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is
our foe.
Christ without, our safety ; Christ within,
our joy ;
Who, if Christ be for us, can our hope destroy ?

PRAISE.

- 4 Unto God the Father, joyful songs we sing ;
Unto God the Saviour, thankful hearts we
bring ;
Unto God the Spirit, bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore !

527

L. M.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

- 2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His richest blood ;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move ;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Still He displays His pard'ning love.

528

7.6.D.

OH holy, holy Father !
O Christ, ascended high !
O pure celestial Spirit !
Eternal Trinity !
We, with Thy countless seraphs,
We, with Thy saints in light,
Bow down in adoration,
And praise Thee day and night.

PRAISE.

2 One life pervades Thy ransomed,
Within the golden gate,
And those who still are pilgrims,
And for their glory wait.
The shouts of triumph yonder,
The plaintive songs of earth,
Flow from the Spirit's presence ;
Both own a heavenly birth.

3 Oh wondrous, living union !
The saints are one with Thee,
Thou Fountain of their being,
Mysterious Trinity !
No power on earth—or Satan,
Can separate Christ's sheep,
For which He gave the ransom—
Which He is pledged to keep !

4 Then teach us, Lord, to worship
With loving hearts to-day,
And whilst we sing Thy praises,
And learn in faith to pray,
Help us to feel our union
With all who know Thy name,
And glory in Jehovah,
Unchangeably the same !

529

8. 7. D.

CROWN His head with endless blessing,
Who in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim !
Hail, ye saints, who know His favour,
Who within His gates are found,
Hail, ye saints, th' exalted Saviour,
Let His courts with praise resound.

PRAISE.

2 Lo ! Jehovah, we adore Thee !
Thee our Saviour ! Thee our God !
From His throne His beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In Thy word, O gracious Saviour,
Brightly shine Thy truth and grace !
Leading wanderers by Thy favour
Till in heaven they see Thy face.

3 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own ;
Highest honours, never failing,
Rise for ever round Thy throne ;
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For His mercy, never ceasing,
Flows from Him for evermore.

530

COME all, ye redeemed, and unite
In high alleluias to God ;
And sing with increasing delight,
Oh sing of the Lamb and His blood !
Sing Jesus' superlative worth,
Till we His full glory obtain ;
The chorus resound through the earth,
Of worthy the Lamb that was slain !

2 We'll sing of a conquest complete,
Obtained by His wonderful hand ;
A conquest eternally great,
Which shall to eternity stand ;
We'll sing the blest Conqueror's praise,
And never, oh never refrain ;
The chorus to heaven we'll raise,
Of worthy the Lamb that was slain !

PRAISE.

- 3 We'll sing, and exult, and rejoice,
And wonder, and love, and adore,
We'll sing both with heart and with voice,
Till safe on the heavenly shore ;
And when the high throne we surround,
Released from all sorrow and pain,
Then heaven shall swell with the sound
Of worthy the Lamb that was slain ?

531

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GLORY to God on high !
Let earth to heaven reply :
Praise ye His name :
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
And praise Him evermore ;
Worthy the Lamb !

- 2 Jesus our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load ;
Praise ye His name.
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won ;
Sing His great name alone ;
Worthy the Lamb !

- 3 While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name !
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad ;
Worthy the Lamb !

- 4 *Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name :*

PRAISE.

To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb !

- 5 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name :
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Throughout eternity ;
Worthy the Lamb !

532

C. M.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

PRAISE

533

7's.

PRAISE to Thee, Most High, be given,
For the Gospel sent from heaven ;
For the message we have heard,
For Thy pure, life-giving Word.

2 Praise for pardon, full and free,
Loud proclaimed from Calvary ;
Praise for Jesus—Saviour, Friend ;
Praise for love that ne'er shall end.

3 Holy Ghost, Thy grace impart ;
Seal the truth on every heart ;
May we all on Christ rely,
With Him live eternally.

4 Praise the Father ! Praise the Son !
Praise the Spirit ! Three in One !
By us all may praise be given,
Now on earth ; for aye in heaven.

534

8.7.

PRAISE ye the Lord, in Him rejoice :
Pour forth praises like a flood :
He in His love made us His choice,
And redeemed us by His blood.
Let all unite to laud His love,
Men below and saints above.

2 Praise ye the Lord ! whose Shepherd hand
Feeds and guards and guides His flock :
By Him alone can we withstand
Sorrow's storm or trouble's shock.
Let all unite to laud His love,
Men below and saints above.

3 Praise ye the Lord ! our Saviour-Friend,
Seated on His priestly throne :

PRAISE.

There interceding without end,
 He will contrite suppliants own.
 Let all unite to laud His love,
 Men below and saints above.

535

8.7.

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !
 Praise the Father—He is Love :
 Hallelujah ! let our voices
 Join with seraph choirs above.

2 Hallelujah ! praise to Jesus !
 Sinners, crushed beneath your guilt,
 Rise, rejoice, adore the Saviour !
 'Twas for you His blood was spilt.

3 Hallelujah ! praise the Spirit !
 He doth sinful hearts renew ;
 Sanctifier, Guide, Consoler,
 Teacher, ever kind and true.

4 Hallelujah ! swell the chorus ;
 God, our only God, adore !
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Praise be now, and evermore.

536

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SING, sing His lofty praise,
 Whom angels cannot raise,
 By whom they sing,—
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Object of angels' love,
 Jesus, whose grace we prove,—
 Jesus, our King !

3 Jesus, the curse sustained ;
 Bitter the cup He drained ;
 Happy for us !

PRAISE.

Angels were filled with awe
When their own King they saw
Honour His holy law,—
Honour it thus.

3 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought ;
But when we see His face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing His grace,—
Sing without fault.

4 Yet we will sing of Him,—
Jesus, our lofty theme,
Jesus, we'll sing ;
Glory and power are His,
His, too, the kingdom is,
Triumph, ye saints, in this,—
Jesus is King !

537

6.5.D.

SERVE the Lord with gladness !
Joyful tribute bring ;
Banish fear and sadness,
Grateful praises sing.
Serve the Lord with gladness !
Cheerful anthems raise
All his wide dominion
Swell the psalm of praise !

Chorus—Serve the Lord with gladness !
Joyful tribute bring ;
Banish fear and sadness,
Grateful praises sing.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness !
Banish servile fear ;
Trust your tender Father,
We to Him are dear.

PRAISE.

All our sins He pardons,
All our frailty knows ;
Helps in all our conflicts,
Soothes in all our woes.

3 Serve the Lord with gladness !
Serve, and thus be free ;
Unreserved surrender,
Noblest liberty !
All His laws are blessings,
Each command a boon ;
Sorrows work our welfare,
Bringing glory soon.

4 Serve the Lord with gladness !
Leave the world behind ;
Sin and self-renouncing,
Serve with heart and mind :
Serving Him in heaven,
Life is in His love ;
Endless joys are given,
Deathless homes above.

538

8.8.6.8.8.6.

TO Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain,
Sing we Hallelujah !

To Him, the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave Himself our ransom-price,
Sing we Hallelujah !

2 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Him who rose, that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah !

PRAISE.

- 3 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Hallelujah !
- 4 To Him be glory evermore ;
Ye heavenly host, your Lord adore !
Sing we Hallelujah !
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God Most High, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah !

539

C.M.

- W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a grateful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
*For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.*

PRAISE.

540

C.M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

3 Ye saints, redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

541

C.M., with Dox.

SALVATION, oh the joyful sound !
'Tis-pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever !
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.

PRAISE.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

542

8.7.D.

" **A** BBA, Father," Lord, we call Thee,
Hallowed name ! from day to day ;
'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee,
None but children "Abba" say :
This high glory we inherit,
Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood ;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesseth we're sons of God.

2 Abba's purpose gave us being,
When in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began ;
Oh what love the Father bore us !
Oh how precious in His sight !
When He gave His Church to Jesus,
Jesus, His whole soul's delight.

3 Richest stores of heavenly blessings
God hath given in His Son—
With the Holy Spirit's power,
Safe to lead His children on :
"Abba, Father," makes all certain,
E'en by word, and oath, and blood—
Abba saith, "They are My people,"
And they say, "The Lord our God."

PRAISE.

- 4 Hence through all the changing seasons,
Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love shall bring us through.
Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children,
Round the throne their anthems raise,
And in songs of rich salvation
Shout to Abba endless praise.

543

7's.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

- 2 When He came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high !"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue ;
Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No ; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
Every precious name in One !
I will love Thee without end !

544

7's.

HALLELUJAH ! who shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own
heart ?

PRAISE.

Sever from the Saviour's side
Those for whom the Saviour died !
Cast one precious jewel down
From Emmanuel's blood-bought crown ?

2 Hallelujah ! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord ?
Trouble, fire, or dark disgrace,
From His heart our names erase ?
Famine, nakedness, or hate
Us from Jesus separate ?

3 Hallelujah ! life nor death,
Powers above or powers beneath,
Satan's might nor hell's dark gloom,
Things which are, nor things to come ;
Men nor angels, ne'er shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart.

4 Hallelujah ! soon the day,
When this night shall pass away ;
Jesus then will come again—
With His saints shall ever reign ;
They shall sit upon His throne,
With their glorious Saviour one.

545

11.8.11.8.

IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
Days,

His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity, fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of His kindness
He drew,
And brought you to love His great name.

PRAISE.

- 3 Oh had He not pitied the state we were in,
Our bosoms His love had ne'er felt ;
We all should have lived, should have died,
too, in sin,
And sunk with the load of our guilt.
- 4 What was there in us that could merit
Or give the Creator delight? [esteem,
'Twas "Even so, Father !" we ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in Thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to
While others were suffered to go [obey !
The road which by nature we chose as our
Which leads to the regions of woe. [way,
- 6 Then give all the glory to His holy name,
To Him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth His
fame,
And crown Him in each of your songs.

546

P.M.

ETERNAL Alleluias

Be to the Father given,
Who loved His own, ere time began,
And marked them out for heaven,
Anthems of equal glory,
Ascribe we to the Saviour,
Who lived and died, that we, His bride,
Might live with Him for ever.

- 2 Hail, co-eternal Spirit,
The Church's new Creator,
The saints He seals; their fear dispels,
And gives them a new nature.
The Triune God we worship,
The mystic One in essence,
Till called to join the hosts that shine
In His immediate presence.

PRAISE.

- 3 Faithful is He that promised,
And stands engaged to save us ;
The Triune Lord has pledged His word
That He will never leave us.
A kingdom He assigned us,
Before the world's foundation ;
Thou God of grace, be Thine the praise
And ours the consolation !

547

L.M.

- N**OW in a song of grateful praise
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
With all His saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus "hath done all things well."
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express,
But oh, His love, what tongue can tell !
My Jesus "hath done all things well."
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,
Has been His love to sinful me !
He plucked me from the jaws of hell ;
My Jesus "hath done all things well."
- 4 I spurned His grace, I broke His laws,
And yet He undertook my cause,
To save me though I did rebel :
My Jesus "hath done all things well."
- 5 And when to that bright world I rise,
And claim my mansion in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell :
My Jesus "hath done all things well."

548

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,

PRAISE.

Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, Glory,
While eternal ages run !

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain ;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign :
Glory, Glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain !

3 Glory to the King of Angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring ;
Glory, Glory,
To the King of Glory bring.

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal !
Thus the choir of angels sings ;
Honour, riches, power, dominion :
Thus its praise creation brings :
Glory, Glory,
Glory to the King of kings !

549

P.M.

CHRISTIANS, the marvellous story be
telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
birth ;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He dies upon
earth.

Chorus—

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
The Lord is triumphant, Messiah is King.

PRAISE.

- 2 Tell how He came ; till from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news shall the earth
echo round ;
How freely He giveth His finished salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna
arise ;
Ye ransomed, the full alleluia be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and
the skies.
- 4 Tell how He's coming, who now sits in glory,
Jesus of Nazareth coming again,
Publish, oh publish, the wonderful story,
That Jesus Jehovah is coming to reign.

550

8. 7. D.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Rescued now from sin and danger,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood ;
I would walk on earth a stranger,
As becomes the sons of God.

PRAISE.

- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be ;
Let that grace, now, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

551

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- C**OME, ye saints, unite your praises ;
Press around the Saviour's throne,
Soon we hope the Lord will raise us
To the place where He is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing—
"Glory,—glory to our King !"
- 2 Sing how Jesus came from heaven ;
How He bore the cross below ;
How to Him all power is given ;
How He reigns in glory now.
'Tis a great and endless theme ;
Oh 'tis sweet to sing of Him !
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever ;
Thine the everlasting crown ;
From Thy love what power shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own ?
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Soon they hope to see Thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When this flesh no longer wearing,
All our griefs shall pass away.
Then with golden harps we'll sing—
"Glory,—glory, to our King !"

552

7.7.8.7.D.

THY Name we bless, Lord Jesus ;
 It tells Thy love unbounded
 To ruined man, ere time began,
 Or heaven and earth were founded.
 Thine was a love eternal,
 That found in us a pleasure,
 That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,
 And make us Thine own treasure.

2 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
 It tells Thy birth so lowly,
 Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,
 Thy lonely path, so holy.
 Thou wast the " Man of Sorrows ;"
 Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it ;
 The bitter cup, Thou drankst up ;
 The thorny crown—didst wear it.

3 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus ;
 For though Thy travail's ended,
 Thy tender heart still feels the smart
 Of those Thy grace befriended.
 Thy sympathy, how precious !
 Thou succourest in sorrow,
 And bid'st us cheer while pilgrims here,
 And haste the hopeful morrow.

4 Thy name we bless, Lord Jesus ;
 We long to see Thy glory,
 To know as known, and fully own
 The grace that all comes from Thee ;
 We plead Thy parting promise,
 " Come quickly " to release us,
 And endless praise our souls shall raise
 For love like Thine, Lord Jesus.

XXIII.—MISSION SERVICES.

553

P.M.

- A**RT thou suff'ring, sad, alone?
Now through the gloom
Hear as music, weary one,
Whispers of home :
Soft angel voices bring
Heaven-sent message from the King,
Glad let its echoes ring,
"Yet there is room !"
- 2 Room in Jesus' heart of love,
His word thy plea :
Room 'mid happy choirs above,
Glad, ransomed, free.
Who to Himself draw near
Find in Him a Saviour dear ;
E'en now His promise hear,
"Room, room for thee !"
- 3 Where the Lamb His chosen feeds,
Life's warfare o'er ;
Where His flock He gently leads,
Calm, heavenly shore ;
Where all His beauty see,
Harpers by the glassy sea
Ring forth the strains for thee,
"Room evermore !"
- 4 There for ever left behind,
Care, sadness, gloom :
Hark to murmurs on the wind,
"Home ! Welcome home !"
Yes, where in mansions fair
Jesus, doth a place prepare,

MISSION SERVICES.

Thou shalt His glory share :
" Yet there is room ! "

554

8.5.8.3.

- P**RECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary ;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.
- 2 Precious blood, that hath redeemed us !
All the price is paid ;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.
- 3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole ;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er my soul.
- 4 Though my sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.
- 5 Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.
- 6 Precious blood ! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.
- 7 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free ;
Oh believe it, oh receive it,
'Tis for thee !
- 8 Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God !
Precious blood, our song of glory
Praise and laud !

MISSION SERVICES.

555

P.M.

OH, it's joy, joy, joy to be sure of salvation !

It's joy, joy, joy when our sins are forgiven !
Oh, it's joy, joy, joy to bring glad adoration
To Him who has bought for us pardon and
heaven.

2 We can sing of that joy though the path may
be lonely, [through pain ;
And the voice may be faltering or silent
Though the song of the heart may be known
to Him only, [that was slain !"
Who hears its deep "Worthy the Lamb
But it's joy, joy, joy, &c.

3 Oh, it's joy, as the years and the seasons fly
faster, [end ;
To witness for Him who loves on to the
To think that our lives may be spent for the
Master, ["friend."
Who calls each forgiven one "brother" and
Yes, it's joy, joy, joy, &c.

4 It's joy to tell out the brave message to others,
To point to the Refuge to which they may
flee ;
To echo the news to my sisters, my brothers,
That I have found Jesus a Saviour for
me.

Yes, it's joy, joy, joy, &c.

5 It's joy to look on to the day when returning
That Saviour to glory shall welcome His
own ; [yearning,
The day for which all His redeemed ones are
When the cross shall be changed for the
harp and the crown.

Oh, it's joy, joy, joy, &c.

MISSION SERVICES.

556

8.8.8.7.

OH, when all earthly helpers fail,
When sickness, suffering, grief assail,
When through the dark and shady vale
The onward path seems lonely.

2 What voice as hidden music rings,
Speaking of high and heavenly things?
What sacred Presence comfort brings?
That, that of Jesus only.

3 When the redeemed to heaven are brought,
Will they not wonder that they sought
Earth's fading joys, or cared for aught
But Jesus, Jesus only?

4 E'en those who know Him and adore,
Fail half the wonders to explore,
Of love which groweth more and more,
The love of Jesus only.

5 He cleaves the fountain and the flood,
His Spirit guides them on their road,
Grants visions of their Home with God,
Their own through Jesus only.

6 Daily receiving of Thy grace,
Till with adoring joy I gaze
For ever on the unveiled face
Of Jesus, Jesus only.

557

11's.

GO bury thy sorrow, the world hath its
share;

Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care.

Go think of it calmly, when curtained by
night;

Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

2 *Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;*
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief:

MISSION SERVICES.

Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way ;
He'll lighten thy burden,—go, weary one, pray.

- 3 Hearts growing so weary with heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—go, comfort
them, go !

Go bury thy sorrow, let others be blest ;
Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the
rest.

558

IN darkness, and with God alone !
I stood, condemned before the throne—
Could only say, “I am undone !”

- 2 I saw the Lord of glory there ;
Oppressed with sin—I knew not where
To find relief from my despair.

- 3 A shining One, with living coal
Brought from the altar, touched my soul,
And said, “By this thou art made whole.”

- 4 Then I beheld, in that blest place,
The beauty of the Saviour's face—
The glory of the throne of grace !

- 5 The voice of Him who set me free
Said, “Who will go ?” O Lord, to Thee
My heart replied, “Send me, send me !”

- 6 And He said, “Go !” “How long, O Lord ?”
Till all—my gospel shall have heard !
It is a witness—preach the word !

559

P.M.

HAVE you not heard of the beautiful
story ?

Jesus once left His bright home in the sky,
And to prepare a place for us in glory,
Came down to suffer, to bleed, and to die.

MISSION SERVICES.

Tell of His mighty love, tell of His mercy,
Jesus is merciful, "Mighty to save."

- 2 Souls now are perishing, sinners are dying,
Who have not heard the sweet story of
love,
Go forth, ye heralds, salvation proclaiming,
Jesus to bless you now liveth above.
- 3 Tell them there's room for the needy, the
weary,
The thirsty and those heavy-laden with sin,
Tell them of Jesus, His message declaring,
Calling the anxious and wanderer in.
- 4 Tell them that Jesus is coming in glory,
To bring all His loved ones to mansions on
high,
Publish at home, and abroad too, the story,
The coming of Jesus the Lord draweth
nigh.

560

9.7.

I HEARD a voice of sweetest music
As I lay with sin opprest,
So gently saying, "Heavy-laden,
Weary one, for thee there's rest."...

- 2 I heard a voice of sweetest music,
As a pilgrim on the road,
I wandered onwards from the city
Of destruction unto God.
- 3 I heard a voice of sweetest music,
Coming to me from above ;
Cast down by sin, but not forsaken
By the gracious God of love.
- 4 I heard a voice of sweetest music,
As, so weak upon the way,

MISSION SERVICES.

I journeyed, faint but yet pursuing
Onward to the realms of day.

- 5 It was the blessed voice of Jesus,
Thus I heard Him speak to me :
“Come, weary, heavy-laden wanderer,
I have found a rest for thee,”

561

8.8.8.4.

“JESUS of Nazareth passeth by,”
He knows our ills, He sees our need,
He listens to the feeble cry
Of those who plead.

- 2 He passeth by ! The crowd is there ;
They bid the sinner hold his peace ;
He passeth by, the soul to cheer,
And give release.

- 3 He passeth by ! His gracious Word
Invites the blind, the deaf, the dumb ;
And to the weary one the Lord
Says gently, Come.

- 4 He passeth by ! As man He feels,
As God He knoweth all our fears,
He standeth still, He calls, He heals,
And us He cheers.

- 5 He passeth by ! He's still the same,
The Man of power, the God of love ;
Jesus of Nazareth His name
Enthroned above.

- 6 He passeth by ! To Him our need
Our every care and want make known ;
He's now in Heaven to intercede,
And bless His own.

562

7.6.7.6.8.8.

“COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest ;

MISSION SERVICES.

Such are the words of Jesus
To all with sin opprest.

'Tis "Jesus only" who can give
The joys that will for ever live.

2 Oh blessed voice of Jesus !

To souls perplexed with care,
Which tells the heavy-laden
That they His peace may share.

3 "Ho ! every one that thirsteth,"

The living waters free
From Jesus, as the Fountain,
Are flowing now for thee.

4 The loving invitation—

To "Whosoever will"—
The Spirit speaks for Jesus,
Our hearts with love to fill.

5 'Tis Jesus makes us thirsty,

'Tis He the will imparts,
'Tis Jesus sends the Spirit
With rest for weary hearts.

6 To Him who loved us, washed us,

In His most precious blood,
Be praise, 'Tis He who makes us
Both kings and priests to God.

563

II.8. II.8.

I'VE been at the altar and witnessed the
Lamb,

Burnt wholly to ashes for me ;
And watched its sweet savour ascending on
high,

Accepted, O Father, by Thee.

2 And thus my iniquity's taken away,

By Him who its penalty bore ;

*My sins are for ever removed by blood,
And will be remembered no more.*

MISSION SERVICES.

- 3 Lord, send me on errands of mercy to those
Who henceforth my path shall surround ;
To tell them that sins, for which Jesus has
died,
Though sought for shall never be found.
- 4 As far as the east is away from the west,
So far shall their guilt be removed,
Who have come to the altar, and learned from
Thee there,
What the death of its Victim has proved.

564

7's.

- L**AMB of God ! whose love for me
Was revealed on Calvary ;
Jesus, by whose precious blood
Sinners are brought nigh to God.
Gracious Saviour, be Thou near,
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear.
- 2 I have nothing, Lord, to plead,
But Thou knowest all my need ;
Want and poverty are mine,
Grace to satisfy is Thine.
- 3 Helpless, I before Thee stand,
Lord, support me by Thy hand ;
Destitute of grace am I,
But Thou hast a rich supply.
- 4 By Thy blood my sin remove,
Bless me, Saviour, with Thy love
By Thy grace and mercy keep
Evermore, Thy helpless sheep.

565

P.M.

COME, work for Christ !
Lift up your eyes and see ; the fields
are white
For harvest ; and the Master doth invite

MISSION SERVICES.

His servants to the toil, and He doth say,
"Go work to-day."

2 Come, work for Christ !
The Gospel of a Saviour's dying love
Proclaim, and tell of brighter worlds above,
Where Jesus lives, and mansions doth prepare,
For us to share.

3 Come, work for Christ !
The harvest is so great, the workers few,
And they so weak ; yet Jesus doth renew
Their spirits day by day ; His presence here ;
Their souls doth cheer.

4 Come, work for Christ ! [died,
The strength is not thine own, but His who
And lives for us. He ever doth provide
Whate'er is needed by us, to fulfil
His righteous will.

5 Come, work for Christ !
The night's far spent, the day of glory's near ;
The Saviour toiled below, we too while here
Must labour on, and in our Father's home
The rest will come.

566

P.M.

"YET there is room" within the Father's
home ;
The voice of Jesus gently whispers "Come ;"
Jesus, Saviour,
Oh bless us, bless us now.

2 "Yet there is room," so says the Word of
God,

Yet room for sinners washed in Jesus' blood.

3 "Yet there is room" within the Saviour's
heart ; [part.

The Bridegroom seeks His bride, no more to

MISSION SERVICES:

- 4 "Yet there is room," the bridal feast is free
For ruined sinners, and as such, for me !
- 5 Far spent the night, the day is near at hand,
Souls are still passing to the better land !
- 6 "Yet there is room," the door stands open
wide, [side.
The pathway lies through Jesus' bleeding
- 7 "Yet there is room," the Spirit's grace and
love
Lead all the ransomed to the feast above.

567

7's.

JESUS ! sweet it is to hear,
From our Father's house above,
Whispers, often faint, though clear,
Of Thine everlasting love ;
Saying, " Come, my people, come,
Day by day you're nearer home."

- 2 Nearer to the end of strife,
Nearer to the crystal sea,
Nearer to the endless life
Where the "many mansions" be ;
Nearer to the heavenly shore
Than we ever were before.
- 3 Nearer to the saints in light,
Where thy blood-bought people sing,
With the angels day and night,
"Glory, glory, to our King ;"
And their Alleluias raise
To our great Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Jesus ! trusting in Thy grace,
Lead Thy Church in safety on,
Till in heav'n, before Thy face,
We behold Thy glorious throne,—

MISSION SERVICES.

Jesus, Saviour, quickly come,
Take Thy waiting people home.

568

P.M.

SING we the praise of Jesus who died,
Jesus, the Lamb of God crucified,
Jesus, who came that He might provide
Pardon and peace for us.

Chorus—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,
Glory, honour, power to obtain ;
Hallelujah to His name,
For He was slain for us.

2 Jesus, the name the ransomed sing,
Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Jesus, the Shepherd who doth bring
His lost ones to His fold.

3 Jesus, who sits upon yonder throne,
Jesus, who rules the world alone,
Jesus, who, having loved His own,
Loves them to the end.

4 Jesus, the Rock of ages riven,
Jesus, God's Son in mercy given,
Jesus, who brings our souls to heaven,
Jesus, the Lamb of God.

5 Jesus, the Christ, the living Word,
King of all kings, of lords the Lord,
Jesus, in heaven and earth adored,
The Saviour of the lost.

569

10.10.11.12.

THERE'S a beautiful land where Jesus
lives,

Where He, in glory, endless pleasures gives,
Where all His saints with Him shall live for
ever

In that beautiful land just over the river.

MISSION SERVICES.

2 There's a beautiful land, and God is there,
No trouble, no pain, no sorrow, no care ;
'There happiness dwells and sin enters never,
In that beautiful land just over the river.

3 There's a beautiful land, the land of light,
No sickness, no sin, no darkness, no night,
There Jesus is King, and reigneth for ever
In that beautiful land just over the river.

570

12.8.11.8.

O'ER the gateway of heaven this sentence
is writ,

For those who are stricken with sin :
" All sinners who ask, seek, and knock here in
faith,
The Master will welcome within."

Chorus—

Ask, seek, knock ; 'tis the Saviour's
command,

Written in letters of love ;

Ask, seek, knock at the heavenly gate
Which leads to the mansions above.

2 All ye mourners, believing in Jesus your
Lord,

The time of your mourning shall cease ;
And weary-ones, toiling with labour and care,
Shall enter the portals of peace.

3 Ye sin-stricken souls, there's a palace for you,
Prepared by the Saviour above ;
He leadeth and guideth His wanderers hence,
To enter the portals of love.

571

C.M.

COME unto Jesus, ye that mourn,
Our blessed Saviour said ;

His promises, how sure they are,
" Ye shall be comforted."

MISSION SERVICES.

Chorus—This promise on the sacred mount,
Was given by our Lord ;
“Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
For great is your reward.”

2 Ye poor in spirit, unto you
How great the blessings given ;
His choicest promises are yours,
Yours is the kingdom—heaven.

3 The meek, and they for Jesus' sake
Who tribulation bear,
He promises a heavenly home,
A crown of glory there.

572

7.6.D.

I ALWAYS go to Jesus
When troubled or distressed ;
I always find a refuge
Upon His loving breast ;
I tell Him all my trials,
I tell Him all my grief,
And while my lips are speaking,
He gives my heart relief.

2 When full of dread foreboding,
And flowing o'er with tears,
He calms away my sorrow,
And hushes all my fears ;
He comprehends my weakness,
The peril I am in,
And He supplies the armour
I need to conquer sin.

3 When those are cold and faithless
Who once were fond and true,
With careless hearts forsaking
The old friends for the new ;
I turn to Him whose friendship
Knows neither change nor end ;

MISSION SERVICES.

I always find in Jesus
A never-failing Friend.

- 4 I always go to Jesus ;
No matter when or where
I seek His gracious presence,
I'm sure to find Him there.
In times of joy and sorrow,
Whate'er my need may be,
I always go to Jesus,
And Jesus comes to me.

573

10. 11.

MY God, I have found the thrice blessed
ground, [abound.

Where life, and where peace, and true comfort

Hallelujah, Thine the glory, Hallelujah,

Amen.

[again,

Hallelujah, Thine the glory, revive us

- 2 'Tis found in the blood of Him who once
stood

My Refuge and Safety, my Surety with God.

- 3 He bore on the tree the sentence for me,
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

- 4 Accepted I am in the once-offered Lamb ;
It was God who Himself had devised the
plan.

- 5 And though here below, 'mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

- 6 And this I shall find, for such is His mind,
He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.

- 7 For soon He will come, and take me safe
home, [throne.
And make me to sit with Himself on His

MISSION SERVICES.

574

10's.

GO and tell Jesus, weary sin-sick soul ;
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make
thee whole ;

Look up to Him, He only can forgive :
Believe on Him, and thou shalt surely live.

Chorus—

Go and tell Jesus, He only can forgive ;
Go and tell Jesus, and thou shalt surely live :
Go and tell Jesus, He only can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of dark guilt before your
eyes ;

His blood was shed, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.

575

9's.

REST of the weary, joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad ;
Home of the stranger, strength to the end,
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend !

2 Pillow where, lying, love rests its head,
Peace of the dying, life of the dead ;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end,
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend !

3 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry
Crown of the humble, Help ever nigh ;
When my steps wander, over me bend
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend !

4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise :
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend !

576

C.M.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee when sorrows rise—

MISSION SERVICES.

- On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring me sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
Oh may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
There let my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet !

577

P.M.

TO the work ! to the work ! we are ser-
vants of God, [trod ;
Let us follow the path that our Master has
With the balm of His counsel our strength
to renew, [find to do.
Let us do with our might what our hands

Chorus—

Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope and trust, let us watch and pray,
And labour till the Master comes.

- 2 To the work ! to the work ! let the hungry
be fed,
To the Fountain of Life let the weary be led ;
In Christ and His banner our glory shall be
While we herald the tidings, " Salvation
free."

MISSION SERVICES.

- 3 To the work ! to the work ! there is labour
for all, [fall ;
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall
And the Name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "*Salvation is
free.*"
- 4 To the work ! to the work ! in the strength
of the Lord, [reward ;
And a robe and a crown shall our labour
When the home of the faithful our dwelling
shall be, [free."
And we shout with the ransomed "*Salvation is*
- 5 O Lord, in Thy service be with us, we pray,
And guard us from evil by night and by day ;
When weary with toiling, our spirits renew,
And teach us, Lord, what Thou wilt have us
to do.

578

8.7.

- A WONDROUS name of God is "*Jesus,*"
Though it be the name of man,
Let its sound with rapture seize us
As no other music can.
- 2 Oh ! for minds to comprehend it !
Oh ! for hearts to feel its worth !
Oh ! for tongues and feet to send it
Ringing through the list'ning earth !
- 3 With this name all heaven is swelling,
With this name all hell is sad :
When, on earth this name is telling,
Sinners' broken hearts are glad.
- 4 Name of sweetness, name of power,
Mighty both to foe and friend,
Jesus speed the promised hour,
When all knees to Thee shall bend.

MISSION SERVICES.

579

7.6.8.6.D.

'TIS sweet to work for Jesus,
In this life's little day ;
To spread around "The joyful sound,"
As those forgiven may ;
To tell His lovingkindness,
His promises so true ;
To teach the young that they may come,
And trust this Saviour too.

2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
For Him who loved and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we would render
For grace so rich and free ;
Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have borne
So little fruit to Thee.

3 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus ;
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still, to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small ;
If Christ but lead we may indeed
Well follow such a call.

4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe sheltered there,
And with His presence blest.
In such calm happy moments,
No greater joy we know ;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.

5 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh weary not of this,

MISSION SERVICES.

But onward press with cheerfulness,
Though rough the pathway is.
Hold on unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand,
To serve before the throne.

580

6.7.7.7.6.

- W**EEPING will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Nor remove the sin of years,
Weeping will not save me.
- 2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings, too,
Cannot form my soul anew,
Working will not save me.
- 3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie,
Loving not the Lord most high ;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.
- 4 Jesus Christ will save me—
He has lived and died for me,
Grace is flowing full and free,
Lord, I come by faith to Thee,
Jesus, hear and save me.

581

P.M.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small :
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all and all."
*Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe ;
Sin had left a crimson stain ; He washed it
white as snow.*

MISSION SERVICES.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy blood and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim :
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then, "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

582

C. M.

OH could I feel and know again
The joy of sins forgiven ;
That living faith that works by love,
And points the soul to heaven.

Chorus—I will arise, no more delay,
I'll seek my Father's face ;
My sins confess, His pardon ask,
And fly to His embrace,
And wholly trust His grace.

- 2 Dear Father, take the wanderer back,
Thy erring child forgive,
Restore me to Thy love once more,
And teach me how to live.

583

C. M.

COME let us praise the God of grace
For all His love to man ;
Laid up in His eternal breast,
Before the world began.

MISSION SERVICES.

- 2 Though Adam sinned, and thus his race
Lost sinners all became ;
The love of God unto His own
Is found to be the same.
- 3 The Son of God—the Son of man,
The righteous law obeyed,
That we “the righteousness of God,”
In Jesus might be made.
- 4 The guilt was ours, the shame was His,
Who wrath Divine endured ;
And by His all-atoning death,
Eternal life secured.
- 5 When taught of God, the sin-sick soul
To Jesus casts his eyes ;
Salvation finished, full, and free,
The Spirit testifies.
- 6 Thus “heirs of God” the saints are now
Through sovereign grace alone ;
And all the praise to Him belongs,
Who sits upon the throne.

584

8.7.

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

- 2 Was there ever kindest shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet ?
- 3 *There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;*

MISSION SERVICES.

There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus ;
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

585

D.C.M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast ;"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live ;"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light ;

MISSION SERVICES.

Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright ;"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

586

8.7.8.7-4.7

COME, ye sinners poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able, He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him : [beam.
This He gives you, 'tis the Spirit's rising

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call

5 Lo ! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood :
Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude : [good
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners

MISSION SERVICES.

587

L. M.

WITH anxious eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet midst the gloom I hear the sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to Me."

4 When 'gainst my sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to Me."

5 Oh voice of Jesus, voice of love,
Who bidd'st me ever look to Thee,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

588

6.6.6.6.8.8.

THE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead ;
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice hath withstood
The purposes of love ;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

MISSION SERVICES.

785

- 3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is :
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly Priesthood His
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again :
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

589

- N**OT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul ;
Not what this toiling flesh hath borne
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God ;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears
Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ !
Can ease this weight of sin ;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God !
Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God !
Not mine, O Lord ! to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God !
To me can pardon speak ;
Thy power alone, O Son of God
Can this sore burden break.
- 6 *I bless the Christ of God ;
I rest on love divine,*

MISSION SERVICES.

And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

590

6.5.D.

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm;
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm.
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

MISSION SERVICES.

By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine !

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth, unchanging,
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine !

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, and faithful"
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou will keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine !

591

8.7.D.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear !
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer !
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—

MISSION SERVICES.

All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer !

2 Have we trials and temptations ?

Is there trouble anywhere ?

We should never be discouraged ;

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a Friend so faithful,

Who will all our sorrows share ?

Jesus knows our every weakness—

Take it to the Lord in prayer !

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,

Cumbered with a load of care ?

Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—

Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?

Take it to the Lord in prayer ;

In His arms He'll take and shield thee,

Thou wilt find a solace there.

592

8.7.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given

To the weary passer-by,

On the way from earth to heaven,

"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

Chorus—"I will guide thee, I will guide thee,

I will guide thee with Mine eye ;

On the way from earth to heaven,

I will guide thee with Mine eye."

2 When temptations almost win thee,

And thy trusted watchers fly,

Let this promise ring within thee :

"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished

In the grave of years gone by,

Let this promise still be cherished :

"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

MISSION SERVICES.

- 4 When the shades of night are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Leader calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

593

7's.

HEAVENWARD I wend my way,
Simply trusting, day by day,
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

Chorus—Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past,
Till at His dear feet we fall,
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

- 3 Singing if my way is clear,
Praying if the path is drear ;
If in danger for him call,
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

- 4 Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus—that is all.

- 5 Sweet 'twill be to gain our home,
Where no trials ever come—
Freed from sin and Satan's thrall,
Praising Jesus—that is all.

594

8.8.8.6.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come !

MISSION SERVICES.

- 2 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed:
O weary sinner, come!
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but worthless dross;
His grace o'er pays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!
- 4 Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O trembling sinner, come!
- 5 The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Let all who hear re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come:
The Saviour bids thee come!

595

D.S.M.

- I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
- I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
 - 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul

MISSION SERVICES.

'Twas He that washed me in His blood, -

'Twas He that made me whole.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;

'Twas He that brought me to the fold,

'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

596

8.6.8.3.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed ?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."

MISSION SERVICES.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs.
Answer, Yes."

597

8.8.8.6.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height

[prove

MISSION SERVICES.

Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come.

598

8.7.D.

I'VE found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !

He loved me ere I knew Him ;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !

He bled, He died to save me ;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver :
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !

All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour :
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever !

4 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !

So kind, and true, and tender ;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender !
From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever !
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell ?
No :—I am His for ever.

MISSION SERVICES.

599

8.8.8.6.

THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold has come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

2 Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

3 It is the Father's joy to bless :
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

4 Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread ;
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

5 I cannot half His love express ;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

6 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

600

7's.

YE who in this place are found
Listening to the joyful sound,
Weary with a load of sin,
Thirsting for the life within,
Glorify the King of kings,
For the peace the Gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bleeding Sacrifice ;

MISSION SERVICES.

See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven :
Glorify the King of kings,
For the peace the gospel brings.

601

8.7.8.7.4.7.

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus !
Sweet their portion is and sure ;
When the foe another seizes,
He will keep His own secure ;
Happy people !
Happy, though despised and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight ;
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care ;
Though we cannot boast of numbers
In His strength secure we are ;
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

4 As the bird, beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care ;
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them there ;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

602

6.6.6.6.8.8.

YE dying sons of men,
Who feel your sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you ;

MISSION SERVICES.

Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
But trust the Saviour's Name ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame ;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every willing soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is His Name ;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
He freely loves, there yet is room.

4 Constrained by Jesus' love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear ;
For whosoever will may come ;
While Jesus calls, there yet is room.

603

7.6.

HOW lost was our condition,
Till Jesus made us whole ;
There is but one Physician
Can heal the sin-sick soul.

2 In sin and death He found us,
He snatched us from the grave ;
To tell to all around us
His wondrous power to save.

3 The dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

MISSION SERVICES.

- 4 How gracious this Physician ;
His help He'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition,
He bids us look and live.

604

P.M

- E**TERNAL Light ! eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee.
- 2 The angels that surround Thy throne
May bear the heavenly bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before Thy glory, there appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam ?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above :
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through God's eternal Love.

605

P.M.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain ;
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain :

MISSION SERVICES.

For sin and uncleanness,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely,
In streams of salvation.

Chorus—Alleluia to the Lamb,
Who has bought us our pardon,
We'll praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Still flee to the mountain;
That blood can remove them
Which streams from the fountain.

3 O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell
Thou'rt more than victorious.
Thy Name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.

606

A. 6. 8. 8. 4

SAVE, Jesus, save!
Thy blessing now we crave;

MISSION SERVICES.

For every anxious sinner here,
Oh, let Thy mercy now appear ;
Lord Jesus, save.

2 Save, Jesus, save !
Thy banner o'er us wave
Of love eternal and divine ;
O Lord, let each one here be Thine ;
Lord Jesus, save.

3 Save, Jesus, save !
Thou Conqueror o'er the grave,
Give every fettered soul release,
And to the troubled whisper "Peace ;"
Lord Jesus, save.

4 Save, Jesus, save !
And Thou alone shalt have
The glory of the work divine ;
Yea, endless praises shall be Thine !
Lord Jesus, save.

607

8.5.8.5.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Jesus, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling, do not
pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief ;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face ;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

MISSION SERVICES.

- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

608

8.8.8.8. 10.8.

- C**HRIST JESUS the sinner receives!
Oh tell the glad news from on high
To each who the righteous way leaves,
In the broad road of ruin to die.
Salvation is here ; O sinner, draw near !
For Jesus the sinner receives.
- 2 We are none of us worthy His grace,
But He in His Word hath made known
The pity that shines in His face,
And life's open doorway hath shown.
His blood paved the way, and enter we may,
For Jesus the sinner receives.
- 3 O troubled in spirit, come here,—
All ye who are mourning for sin!
For Jesus bids each one draw near,
No matter how far off he's been.
Think on it, believe, and cease now to grieve,
For Jesus the sinner receives.
- 4 So when a poor sheep is astray,
The good Shepherd leaveth the rest,
And seeks on the mountains all day,
And bringeth it home on His breast;
So gently He leads, and tenderly pleads,—
For Jesus the sinner receives.
- 5 'Tis Jesus hath strengthened my heart ;
For though my sins come like a flood,
Yet must the dark current depart,
When met by the tide of His blood.
My Hope stands secure, the promise is sure,
For Jesus the sinner receives.

609

P.M.

JOY ! joy ! joy ! There is joy in heaven be-
 fore angels,
 Joy ! joy ! joy ! for the prodigal's return !
 He has come, he has come to his Father's home
 at last,
 He was lost, he is found, and the night of
 gloom is past.
 Blessed home of joy and communion sweet,
 For his heart is full and his love complete,
 His Father sees him and hastens to meet,
 And bids him welcome home.

Chorus—(First two lines of each verse repeated).

2 Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the courts of heaven re-
 sounding,
 Joy ! joy ! joy ! o'er the prodigal's return.
 Hark ! the song ; hark ! the song. 'Tis a joy-
 ful strain,
 Welcome home, welcome home to Father's
 house again.
 While his eye is dim with the falling tears.
 Of repentant grief over wasted years,
 The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
 And bids him welcome home.

3 Joy ! joy ! joy ! in the radiant fields of glory,
 Joy ! joy ! joy ! when a wandering soul returns.
 Let us haste, let us haste while the morning
 sun is bright,
 Jesus calls, Jesus calls to the land of love and
 light.
 We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
 Shall be found at last in the golden street,
 Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet
 And bid us welcome home.

MISSION SERVICES.

610

P.M.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free :
Showers the thirsty land refreshing :
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favour ;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit ;
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

6 Pass me not, but pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh bless me—Even me.

611

P.M.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

MISSION SERVICES.

“ Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee ? ”

But the Shepherd made answer : “ This of
mine

Has wandered away from Me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.”

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
“ Rejoice, I have found My sheep.”
And the angels echoed around the throne,
“ Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own.”

612

P.M.

ONE more day's work for Jesus —
One less of life for me !

But heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me,
His love and light fill all my soul to-night.

2 One more day's work for Jesus ;
How glorious is my King !
'Tis joy, not duty, to speak His beauty ;
My soul mounts on the wing

*Just at the thought how Christ her life hath
bought.*

MISSION SERVICES.

3 One more day's work for Jesus,
 Sweet, sweet the work has been ;
To tell the story, to show the glory
 Where Christ's flock enter in,
How it did shine in this poor heart of mine !

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
 Yes, and a weary day ; [nearer,
But heaven shines clearer, and rest comes
 At each step of the way ;
And Christ is all,—before His face I fall.

5 O blessed work for Jesus !
 Oh rest at Jesus' feet ! [sure,
Their toil seems pleasure, my wants are trea-
 And pain for Him looks sweet.
Lord, grant I may serve thee more another
 day.

XXIV.—CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

613

6, 5, D.

GOLDEN harps are sounding, angel voices
ring, [King;
Pearly gates are opened,—opened for the
Christ, the King of Glory, Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph to His throne above.

Chorus—

His atonement ended, joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended! Glory to our King.

- 2 He who came to save us, He who bled and
died, [side—
Now is crowned with glory at His Father's
Never more to suffer, never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory, is gone up on high.
- 3 Praying for His children in that blessed place,
Calling them to glory, sending them His
grace; [you;
His bright home preparing, seeking ones, for
Jesus ever liveth, ever loveth too.

614

P.M.

THERE came a little Child to earth
Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth
High and low.
Out on the night so calm and still
Their song was heard, [hill
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's
Was Christ the Lord.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2: Far away in a goodly land
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white ;
In white more pure than the spotless snow,
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On Christmas night.
- 3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A Child was born,
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn ;
And in mortal weakness, in want, and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.
- 4 He has put on His kingly apparel now
In that goodly land ;
And He leads to where fountains of water flow,
That chosen band ;
And for evermore, in their robes most fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a Child.

615

C. M.

HOSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord ;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.

- 2 Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise :
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free !

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Thy blood, our life ; Thy word, our feast ;
Thy Name, our only plea.

- 4 Hosanna ! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 5 Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng ;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour ! if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

616

7.6.D.

- H**E loves the little children
Does our great God and Lord ;
He speaks of little children
In His most holy Word.
He blesses little children,—
Christ blessed them when below ;
He cleanses little children,
And makes them white as snow.
- 2 He loves the little children,
He drew them to His side,
With loving arms embraced them,
And for their souls He died ;
He teaches little children
By His good Spirit given,
And when they die, His children
Shall be with Him in heaven.
- 3 He loves the little children,
He saves them by His grace,
And, some day, all His children
Shall see the Saviour's face ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Like lambs He bears His children
And folds them to His breast,
And with Him high in glory,
They shall for ever rest.

617

C.M.

THERE is a city, beauteous, fair,
A hill is close beside,
That hill is known as Calvary,
Where Christ the Saviour died.

2 He came from heaven—Jesus did—
Was always doing good,
Was crucified by wicked hands
Upon a cross of wood.

3 He lived in heaven long ago,
Then came on earth to die,
And now He lives again, we know,
And reigns with God on high.

4 He ever lives to pray for those
Who by Him come to God,
To those who ask, His Spirit gives,
And saves them by His blood.

5 And this same Jesus Christ again
Will come—no more to die—
To judge the quick and dead ; to bring
His saints to God on high.

618

6.5.D.

LOOKING unto Jesus !" while we run our
race, [grace ;
All His words believing, trusting in His
He who loveth children—Strength of later
years, [fears.
Fills our hearts with gladness—banishes our

2 "Looking unto Jesus !" He, and He alone,
Cleanseth us from all sin, making us His own!

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Carried in His bosom, guided by His hand,
Children of His pasture—of His chosen band.

3 "Looking unto Jesus!" He will bring us
through,

He our Lord and Leader all the way below;
Rescued from the broad way—path of death
and sin;

On our Saviour's highway, led by Him therein.

4 "Looking unto Jesus!"—Him who lived and
died,

Living now, and reigning at His Father's side,
Coming in His glory with His saints above,
Blessing all His children with His endless
love.

619

P.M.

WHEN mothers to Jesus
Their little ones led,

Disciples rebuked them,

The Saviour then said:

"Suffer little children to come unto Me—

Of such I desire God's Kingdom to be."

Jesus, Saviour of sinners,

Hear us, guide us, and keep us,

Pour Thy blessing upon us,

Give Thy blessing to me.

2 And while we are singing,

As children, His praise,

Christ Jesus in heaven

Still unto us says:

"Suffer little children," &c.

3 When oft we forget Him,

When from Him we stray,

Still Jesus the Saviour

Seems always to say:

"Suffer little children," &c.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 4 Sing the praises of Jesus,
Who died on the tree ;
Who speaking from heaven
Says to you and to me :
"Suffer little children," &c.

620

P.M.

OH have you not heard the sweet story of
old ?

It tells of a Saviour's love,
Of Jesus who came, and died as a Lamb,
To bring us to heaven above.

Chorus—

Oh sing a Saviour's love ;
Christ Jesus, He came, and died as a Lamb,
To bring us to heaven above.

- 2 He came as a Babe ; in a manger was laid
Christ Jesus the Son of God ; [die,
He came from on high, that here He might
To ransom us by His blood.
- 3 He lived upon earth, as a child, as a man,
So gentle, and loving, and kind,
So spotless and pure ; so ready to cure
The deaf, and the dumb, and the blind.
- 4 But oh, how He loved little children, when
here
They brought them to Him ; and then He
His hands on them laid, and tenderly said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 5 And now He has gone to His Father's bright
home,
And if this dear Saviour we love, [high,
Then when we shall die, He will take us on
To be with Him in heaven above.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

621

P.M.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of
grace,

Which tells me of Christ and His love,
How He came down to die, thus to bring us
on high,

To be with Him in heaven above :

Chorus—

How gentle is Jesus, how loving and kind,
To think of a sinner like me, [them laid,
For of children He said, with His hands on
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

2 I think when I read that sweet story of grace,
Which tells me of Jesus on earth,
So poor, He lacked bread, or a place for His
head—

Had a manger His cradle at birth !

3 I think when I read that sweet story of grace,
Which tells me of children forgiven,
Made clean by His blood, and brought near
unto God,

“For of such is the kingdom of heaven !”

4 I think when I read that sweet story of grace,
That again to this earth He will come ;
The dead shall arise, and with Christ in the skies
All who love Him shall find there a home !

622

I I's.

HOW gentle is Jesus, how tender His love,
To save little children He came from
above ;

So lonely and weary He once this earth trod,
To bless little children and bring them to God.

2 *He prayed on the mountain, He walked on
the sea,*

He lived doing good, and He died on the tree ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

He healed the poor leper, the deaf and the
blind,

And to little children He ever was kind.

3 He wept with the mourner, He felt for the
sad, [glad,

Gave peace to the dying, rejoiced with the
He loved, lived, and died, from sin to set free,
And opened a Fountain for sinners like me.

4 And now He's in heaven, and sits at God's
side, [guide,

He sends His good Spirit, His children to
He's there interceding, He's coming again,
And all who now love Him in glory shall
reign.

623

7.6.D.

THERE is a loving Saviour,
Who came from heaven above,
This Saviour's name is Jesus,
And He is full of love ;
It is the old, old story,
And yet it's ever new,
It tells of grace and glory,
'Tis strange, and yet 'tis true.

Chorus—This Saviour's name is Jesus,
And all who taste His love,
For ever and for ever
Shall live with Him above.

2 He came a lowly Saviour,
And as a Babe was born,
An outcast in a manger
Upon that birthday morn :
Obedient, humble, patient,
Worked for His daily food,
Despised of men, rejected,
Though always doing good.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 He was a dying Saviour,
The soldier pierced His side;
And on the cross this Saviour,
The Lord of glory died ;
He is a risen Saviour,
And now in heaven lives,
And unto all who ask Him
His Holy Spirit gives.
- 4 He is a coming Saviour,
His coming draweth nigh,
And He, with tens of thousands,
Is coming from on high ;
Then "every eye shall see Him,"
And they who taste His love,
For ever and for ever
Shall live with Him above.

624

8.7.D.

- I'M glad I ever saw the day
When first I heard the story
Of Jesus' love, and learnt to pray
To Jesus high in glory.
'Twas He who taught me first to sing,
And tell the wondrous story,
How Jesus Christ, my Lord and King,
Will give both grace and glory.
- 2 I hope to praise Him up in heaven,
With all the saints in glory ;
And sing salvation freely given
By Jesus high in glory.
I long to meet Him in the air,
And sing with Him in glory,
Then see my Father's children there
Where Jesus is in glory.
 - 3 He leads us all the way by grace
To that bright land of glory ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

And we shall see Him face to face
Above the worlds, in glory.
And all the saints of Jesus there
Who dwell with Him in glory,
Washed in His blood are white and fair
With Jesus high in glory.

- 4 A few more Sabbaths here below,
And then His Church in glory,
All gathered in from earth, shall bow
Before the Lord of glory ;
And all the ransomed throng shall meet
Around the throne in glory,
And cast their crowns before the feet
Of Jesus, King of Glory.

625

L.M.

OH may we all remember why
Christ Jesus came from heaven to die ;
And why He suffered here below
Such dreadful pain as none can know !

- 2 Christ Jesus came from heaven above
That we might know His Father's love ;
Christ Jesus came on earth to die,
That He might raise our souls on high.
- 3 He came to cleanse us by His blood ;
He came to lead our hearts to God ;
He came the Holy Ghost to give,
That for His glory we might live.
- 4 To bring His people, young and old,
As sheep and lambs within His fold
To guide and guard them ; this is why
Christ Jesus came from heaven to die.

626

8.7.

CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be gone,

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
- 2 Oh may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go
- 3 Hark ! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow ME !"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling ;
Teach us all to follow Thee.
- 4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again ;
Oh to meet in heaven for ever !
Oh the crown of life to gain !

627

C.M.

- A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight ;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright.
- 2 When lo ! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong ;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the winds along.
- 3 And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep ;
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.
- 4 "Master, we perish !—Master, save !"
They cried,—their Master heard ;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
And stilled them with a word.
- 5 He to the storm says, "Peace, be still,"
The raging billows cease ;
The mighty winds obey His will,
And all are hushed in peace.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

6 Oh, well we know it was the Lord,
 Our Saviour and our Friend,
 Whose care of those who trust His word
 Will never, never end.

628

8.8.8.5.

SING of Jesus, sing for ever
 Of the love that changes never ;
 Who or what from Him can sever
 Those He makes His own !

2 With His blood the Lord hath bought us ;
 When we knew Him not He sought us,
 And from all our wanderings brought us,
 His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads us,
 With the bread of heaven He feeds us,
 And through all the way He speeds us
 To our home above.

4 There they'll see the Lord who bought them,
 Him who came from heaven and sought them,
 Him who by His Spirit taught them ;
 Him they'll praise and love.

5 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever,
 Sing the love that changes never ;
 Who or what from Him can sever
 Those He makes His own !

629

7.6.

CHILDREN, 'tis a little thing,
 Speak a word for Jesus ;
 If no richer gift you bring,
 Speak a word for Jesus.

Chorus—

Gentle words, loving words,
 How they melt and please us ;
 Oh there's wondrous power in words,
 Speak a word for Jesus.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 When His gospel man assails,
 Speak a word for Jesus;
 He the shame and anguish feels,
 Speak a word for Jesus.
- 3 When you hear His name profaned,
 Speak a word for Jesus;
 By His wondrous love constrained,
 Speak a word for Jesus.
- 4 If His cause should bleeding lie,
 Speak a word for Jesus;
 Do not silent pass it by,
 Speak a word for Jesus.
- 5 Oh then never be ashamed,
 Speak a word for Jesus;
 Let your tongue by love inflamed
 Speak a word for Jesus.

630

8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3.

- T**HERE is a better world, they say,
 Oh, so bright!
 Where sin and woe are done away,
 Oh, so bright!
 And music fills the balmy air,
 And angels bright and pure are there,
 And harps of gold and mansions fair,
 Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
- 2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
 Happy land!
 No teardrop glistens in the eye,
 Happy land!
 They drink the gushing streams of grace,
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
 Whose brightness fills the holy place;
 Happy land! Happy land!
- Though we are sinners every one,
 Jesus died!

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died !
May we be cleansed from every stain,
May we be crowned with peace again,
And in that land of pleasure reign ;
Jesus died ! Jesus died !

631

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- I**N the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do ;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few ;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners too.
- 2 Not for selfish praise nor glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
- 3 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.
- 4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be ;
And for ever and for ever
We will give the praise to Thee ;
Alleluia !
Singing all eternity.

632

6.5.D.

IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be ;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer ;
For He loves me dearly,
He my sins did bear.
Chorus—(First four lines.)

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

633

8. 7. D.

LORD, we meet to ask Thy blessing
On the teacher and the taught,
Strong if that our work possessing,
But without it less than nought.
Bless us while we strive to gather
From a world of sin and strife,
From its all-ensnaring pleasure,
Those for whom Thou gav'st Thy life.

2 Short the time we have them round us,
Give us patience, wisdom, love,
Love like that which sought and found us,
Wisdom coming from above,
That we so may watch and lead them,
So may teach them young and old,

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

So with living bread may feed them,
That they gain Thy heavenly fold.

- 3 Thou whose power can'st bring to blossom
Seeds on many waters cast,
Grant that in each little bosom,
Flowers of life may bloom at last ;
And to us Thy Spirit's teaching,
Give, to make us more Thine own,
That Thy heavenly kingdom reaching,
They may be our joy and crown.

634

L. M.

LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild ;
Oh put Thy gracious hand on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

- 2 Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.
- 3 A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within Thy sacred light ;
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.
- 4 O Jesus ! take me to Thy breast,
And bless me that I may be blest ;
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

635

C. M.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms :
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our children be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek His face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of His grace.

636

8. 7's.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are thine: do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock; from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and simple though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.

Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

37

7.6.D.

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in :
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon :
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

38

P.M.

BENEATH the Name of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land ;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From burning sun at noontide,
And the burden of the day.

2 Oh safe and happy shelter,
Oh refuge tried and sweet,
O Lord, in whom both Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet !
As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour unto me
A ladder up to heaven.

3 Washed in the blood of Jesus,
Mine eye, by faith, can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered once for me ;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love
And my own worthlessness.

4 I take, O Lord, Thy shelter,
For my abiding place ;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of Thy face ;
Content to let the world go by,
To seek my rest above,
My only trust Thy precious blood,
My confidence Thy love.

639

8.7.D

OH what has Jesus done for me ?
He pitied me—my Saviour ;
My sins were great ; His love was free ;
He died for me—my Saviour ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Exalted by the Father's side,
He pleads for me—my Saviour;
A heavenly mansion He'll provide
For all who love the Saviour.

Jesus, Lord Jesus!

Thy name is sweet, my Saviour;
When shall I see Thee face to face,
My wondrous blessed Saviour?

- 2 To my weak steps He doth give heed,
He watcheth me—my Saviour;
He helpeth me in every need,
He loveth me—my Saviour;
He heareth, and doth answer send
To my poor prayer—my Saviour;
And He will keep unto the end
The child that trusts his Saviour.

640

C.M.

' **G**OD is in heaven. Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, that He can; I need not fear
He'll listen unto mine.

- 2 God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.

- 3 God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though I said it very low
He'd hear it in the sky.

- 4 God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes, all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

- 5 God is in heaven. May I go
To thank Him for His care?

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Not yet ; but love Him here below,
And He will see it there.

- 6 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die ?
Yes, love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll bring me up on high.

641

7's.

JESUS loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so ;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

- 2 Jesus loves me. He who died
Glory's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little one come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill ;
From His shining throne on high,
He will watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me ; He will stay
Close beside me all the way,
And, when suffering days are past,
Take me to His home at last.

642

D.O.M.

I'D like to be a singer there,
Where God's bright angels stand,
To have a pretty golden harp,
And palm-branch in my hand.
I'd like to get up very near,
And hear the words they say ;
And though a very little child,
To praise as well as they.

- 2 *I'd like to see the glorious land
Where Jesus Christ is King,*

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Where every heart is full of love,
And every one can sing.

But I am told I need not wait
Until that happy day,
For Jesus Christ can see me now,
And knows the words I say.

3 I am a little helpless one,
My heart is full of sin,
But Jesus died to save His sheep,
I hope He'll take me in.
And though my voice is very weak,
He'll let me learn His praise,
And listen to the notes of love
A little child can raise.

4 Oh, may I serve the Shepherd now,
A lamb within His fold,
And by and by He'll let me see
The shining streets of gold.
Perhaps some little boys and girls
Will hear the songs I sing,
And travel with me to the land
Where Jesus Christ is King.

5 And as we journey hand in hand,
We'll practice here below
The hallelujah hymns of heaven,
And sing them as we go ;
And then we all shall sing above,
Where God's bright angels stand,
And praise Him on our golden harps,
With palms in every hand.

343

6.6.6.6.8.8

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark :
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

- 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel slept ;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.
- 3 Oh ! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word ;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.
- 4 Oh ! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
- 5 Oh ! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with child-like eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

644

7. 6. D.

OUR hearts are young and joyous,
'Tis spring-time with us now,
The dew of life's bright morning
So fresh upon each brow.
The world to us seems pleasant,
With love its joy to share ;
God, in His tender kindness,
Hath made it very fair.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 Oh, can we e'er forget Him,
Who is so good and kind?
No! rather may we love Him
With all our heart and mind;
But we can never love Him,
By nature we're unclean,
Unless the blood of Jesus
First wash us free from sin.
- 3 And then the harps of heaven
Would sound a gladsome strain,
There's joy before the angels
When one is born again.
Oh help us then, dear Saviour,
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let us in youth's glad morning
Thy loved disciples be.
- 4 Then when upon our foreheads
The silver locks shall fall,
Or early comes the shadow
Which comes alike on all.
Still safe upon Thy bosom
Our spirits shall recline,
And 'mid the joys of heaven
We shall be ever Thine.

645

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- G**OD bless our Sunday schools,
Increase our Sunday schools,
God bless our schools.
Send down Thy grace divine,
May every child be Thine,
And love all hearts entwine,
God bless our schools.
- 2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

1 May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by Thee ;
God bless our schools.

2 So may our schools increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our schools.
And when death's arrows fly,
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply ;
God bless our schools.

646

7.7.7.5.

JESUS, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought,
Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay ?
No, He kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave—
Jesus died, from hell to save
Little ones like me.

5 Children still His blessing share,
Lambs are His peculiar care ;
He will in His bosom bear
Little ones like me.

647

6.5.D.

JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear ;
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear ?

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know His
voice; [rejoice;
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts
Even when He chideth, tender is its tone:
None but He shall guide us; we are His
alone.
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep He
bled; [He shed:
Every lamb He sprinkleth with the blood
Then on each He setteth His own secret
sign: [He, "are Mine."
"They that have My Spirit, these," saith
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may ravin, none can do
us harm:
In the midst of danger He will safely keep,
By His mighty power, all His lambs and
sheep.
- 5 Jesus is our Shepherd; with His goodness
now
And His tender mercy He doth us endow.
Let us sing His praises with a gladsome
heart, [part.
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to

648

P.M.

LITTLE child, do you love Jesus?
Oh, how He loves!

Do you wish to go to heaven? Oh, &c.

First of all ask His forgiveness

With your heart, although quite helpless

Jesus little children blesses. Oh, &c.

- 2 He will listen to your prayer, Oh, &c.
Feed you by His tender care! Oh, &c.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

He became a child just like you ;
Here He suffered to redeem you ;
And at last He died to save you. Oh, &c.

- 3 Trust Him, He will ne'er forget you ; Oh, &c.
No, He never will forsake you ; Oh, &c.
None from His strong hand can pluck you,
His Almighty arm protects you ;
Loving once, He ever loves you. Oh, &c.

649

P.M.

THANK God for the Bible ! 'tis there that
we find

The story of Christ and His love,
How He came down to earth from His
beautiful home

In the mansions of glory above.

Thanks to Him may we bring,

Praise to Him may we sing,

For He came down to earth from His beauti-
ful home,

In the mansions of glory above.

- 2 While He lived on the earth, to the sick and
the blind, [given ;

And to mourners, His blessings were

And He said, "Let the little ones come unto
Me,

For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Jesus calls them to come

He's prepared them a home, [Me,

For He said, "Let the little ones come unto
For of such is the Kingdom of
Heaven."

- 3 In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come,
For Jesus is there, with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He's prepared them a home.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Jesus calls, they obey,
They no longer can stay,
For Jesus is there, with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He's prepared them a
home.

4 Thank God for the Bible ! its truths o'er the
earth

We'll scatter with bountiful hand ;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.

There our thanks may we bring,
There with angels to sing, [dwell
And its worth we shall tell if with Jesus we
In heaven, that beautiful land.

650

L. M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song,
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to the eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace ;
God in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
And Thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His love a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thine hands ;
That mystery of mysteries
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 6 Oh may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His glorious face,
And all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

651

7.6.D.

THERE'S beauty on the mountain,
In the valley, on the hill ;
There's beauty in the torrent,
In the gentle running rill.
But greater far the beauty
Than all around I see,
The beauty of my Saviour
Is beautiful to me.

- 2 There's gladness in the sunbeam,
As it scatters every cloud,
That had gathered o'er the landscape
Like a dark and gloomy shroud.
But ah ! what gladness here,
Compared with His, can be ;
The gladness which He giveth
Is gladness now to me.

- 3 There's peace upon the bosom
Of the softly flowing lake ;
The world's unceasing murmur
Its stillness cannot break ;
But deeper far His peace is,
Who died upon the tree ;
The peace which Jesus giveth
Is peace indeed to me.

- 4 Each tells its Maker's story,
In everything around ;
His light, and life, and glory,
In everything abound.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

But in nature's vast resources,
No tale so sweet can be
As that I read on Calvary,
Of Jesus' love to me.

652

- I**N our work and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.
- 2 Thou didst toil a lowly Child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.
- 3 Thou wilt bless our playhour too,
If we ask Thy succour strong ;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.
- 4 Oh ! how happy thus to spend
Work and playtime in His sight,
Till the rest which shall not end,
Till the day which knows no night.

653

6.5.D.

- E**VENING shades are falling o'er each pil-
grim band ;
Loving tones are calling to the better land.
While the shadows gather o'er life's rugged
way, [day.
Saviour, do Thou bless us, turn our night to
Chorus—(First two lines.)
- 2 Let Thy glory guide us, hold Thy banner
high ;
Ill can ne'er betide us, if the Lord be nigh ;
Jesus, blessed Jesus, Thou the path hast trod
Safely lead Thy children to the rest of God

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 But a little longer we shall journey here ;
Gracious Spirit, bless us, ever be Thou near !
Hark the heavenly voices ever sweetly sing
Of the golden city and the gracious King.
- 4 By the bitter sadness of Thy holy Son, [on.
To Thy home of gladness lead Thy children
Lord of Life and glory, when our toils are
past, [last.
Bring Thy weary pilgrims to that home at

654

P.M.

COME! thou precious Bible !
Treasure from above ;
How thy truths rejoice me,
Swell my heart with love.
Godward thou dost point me,
Heaven thou call'st my home ;
More and more I love thee,
Precious treasure, come !

Cho.—Come, come, my Bible—Never old ;
Shew me thy treasure—Truth unfold.
Give, give me comfort—Ne'er give o'er,
Till I'm in glory,—evermore.

2 Thy sweet words have shown me
How to walk aright ;
Turned to day my darkness,
Given brighter light ;
Cheered me in life's conflict,
Bade me nothing fear ;
Told me full and plainly,
“ Jesus ever near.”

3 Joy in time of sorrow ;
Help in trial's hour ;
Comforter in sickness,
Or when tempests lower ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Light in hours of darkness ;
Safety in the gloom ;
Guide throughout life's journey ;
Strength unto the tomb !

- 4 Come ! Thou Holy Teacher,
Deeper truths reveal ;
Give such faith and boldness
My poor heart would feel ;
Then through life's short labours,
Loudly I'll proclaim,—
"Jesus and His Gospel
O'er the wide world reign."

655

8.7.8.7.4.7;

SHEPHERD great, and fair, and holy,
Hear, oh hear me, while I pray :
Let a child, so weak and lowly,
Be Thy care in life's young day.
"Jesus only !"
Hear in pity, hear me pray.

- 2 When Thy voice the stillness breaking,
Seems to whisper soft to me—
"Child of sin, the world forsaking :
'Take thy cross and follow Me."
"Jesus only !"
Give me grace to learn of Thee.

- 3 Grace to seek Thee as my Saviour,
Grace to trust Thee as my Friend,
Grace to love Thee as my Father,
And Thy sweet commands attend.
"Jesus only !"
Now and ever—without end.

- 4 Like a lamb of Thine for ever,
Bear me, Saviour, on Thy breast ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Guard me, keep me, leave me never ;
With Thy blessing make me blest.

“Jesus only !”

Guide me to Thy home of rest.

656

L.M.

THERE is a Lamp whose steady light
Guides the poor traveller in the night :
'Tis God's own Word ! Its beaming ray
Can turn a midnight into day.

- 2 There is a Storehouse of rich fare,
Supplied with plenty and to spare :
'Tis God's own Word ! It spreads a feast
For every hungry, thirsty guest.
- 3 There is a Chart whose tracings show
The onward course, when tempests blow :
'Tis God's own Word ! There, there is found
Directions for the homeward bound.
- 4 There is a Tree whose leaves impart
Health to the burdened, contrite heart :
'Tis God's own Word ! It cures of sin,
And makes the guilty conscience clean.
- 5 Give me this Lamp to light my road,
This Storehouse for my daily food ;
Give me this Chart for life's rough sea,
These healing leaves—this heavenly Tree.

657

S.M.

I OFTEN say my prayers :
But do I ever pray ?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say ?
2 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone ;
*As offer to the living God,
A prayer of words alone.*

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

3 For words without the heart,
The Lord will never hear ;
Nor will He to those lips attend,
Whose prayers are not sincere.

4 Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray ;
Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

658

P.M.

THERE'S a Father above in that happy
land,

A Father who smiles on me ;
And I join my song
With the ransomed throng,
To the Father who smiles on me.

2 There's a Saviour above in that happy land,
A Saviour who died for me ;
And I love to extol
My Deliverer from thrall,
My Saviour who died for me.

3 There's a harp above in that happy land,
A harp that is tuned for me ;
And with it I'll laud
My Saviour and God,
With the harp that is tuned for me.

4 There's a song above in that happy land,
A song that is set for me ;
And I soon shall join
In the strains divine,
Of the song that is set for me.

659

7's.

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Children, too, of present days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.

Chorus—Hark ! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord ;
We are taught to read His Word ;
We are taught the way to heaven :
Praise for all to God be given.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song ;
Higher, and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

660

8.7.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee ;
Thou art great, and high, and holy ;
Oh how solemn we should be.

2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone,
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven ;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong ;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

661

8.7

WHAT a strange and wondrous story
From the book of God is read !
*How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay His head*

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 How He left His throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That our souls might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high.
- 3 Father, let Thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
That Thy children may inherit
Glory, where He reigns above.
- 4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of Thy name.

662

P. M.

WHEN His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name ;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along
He let them still attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud hosanna
To David's royal Son.
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

But should we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No ! while our hearts are tender,
They too should be the Lord's.

663

6.5.D.

IN the name of Jesus, Jesus, God and Lord,
God by angels worshipped, God by men
adored, [fed,
God who made the mountains, who the hungry
God who blessed the children, God who raised
the dead.

In the name of Jesus, Jesus, God and Lord,
Do each smallest action, speak each lightest
word.

2 In the name of Jesus, Jesus, God and Lord,
Who to save the guilty forth His life-blood
poured ;

Who is interceding at the throne on high,
Mingling with His pleading, children's softest
cry.

3 In the name of Jesus, Jesus, God and Lord,
Gird your armour round you, grip your shield
and sword ;

In the name of Jesus, once a child like you,
Boys, be brave and honest, girls, be pure and
true.

4 In the name of Jesus, Jesus, God and Lord,
Live by night and daylight, live at home,
abroad ;

Jesus ever sees you, do your work with care ;
Act as in His presence, for His call prepare.

664

P.M.

WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going—
Going each with staff in hand ?

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land ?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand.
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.

3 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
Ye, a feeble little band ?
No, for friends unseen are near us,
Angels bright around us stand.
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us,
He will guard and He will guide us,
Going to the better land.

4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land ?
Come and welcome, come and welcome ;
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright and better land.

665

P.M.

I HAVE read of the Saviour's love,
And a wonderful love it must be ;
But did He come down from above
Out of love and compassion for me ?

2 I've heard how He suffered and bled,
How He languished and died on the tree ;
But then is it anywhere said
That He languished and suffered for me ?

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus will see ;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me ?
- 4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
For to whom shall I go but to Thee ?
And say by Thy Spirit Divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

666

7.5.7.5.

- N**OTHING either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
A long time ago.
- 2 When He from His lofty throne
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done,
Listen to His cry.
- 3 "It is finished," yes, indeed,
Finished every jot ;
Sinner, this is all you need ;
Tell me, is it not ?
- 4 Weary, working, burdened one,
Why toil you so ?
Cease your doing, all was done
A long time ago.
- 5 Till to Jesus' work you cling
By a living faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.
- 6 Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

667

7's.

JESUS saves me every day,
 Jesus saves me every night,
 Jesus saves me all the way,
 Through the darkness, through the light.
 Jesus saves, oh bliss sublime !
 Jesus saves me all the time.

2 Jesus saves when I repine,
 Jesus saves when I rejoice,
 Jesus saves when hopes decline,
 Jesus cheers me with His voice.
 Jesus saves, &c.

3 Jesus saves when sorrows come ;
 Jesus saves when death appears ;
 Jesus saves and leads me home,
 Where shall end my doubts and fears.
 Jesus saves, &c.

4 Jesus saves me, He is mine ;
 Jesus saves me, I am His ;
 Jesus saves while I recline
 On His precious promises.
 Jesus saves, &c.

5 Jesus saves, He saves from sin ;
 Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh ;
 Jesus saves, He dwells within,
 He will raise my soul on high.
 Jesus saves, &c.

668

6.5.D.

I'M a little pilgrim, and a stranger here ;
 Though this world is pleasant, sin is
 always near.

Mine's a better country, where there is no sin,
 Where the tones of sorrow never enter in.

2 But a little pilgrim must have garments clean,
 If he'd wear the white robes, and with Christ
 be seen ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Jesus cleanse and save me, teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me, on my heavenly way.

- 3 I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here;
But my home in heaven cometh ever near;
Jesus now is bringing to His loving breast
All His little children to be fully blest.

669

P.M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Chorus—If marching to Emmanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

670

8.7's.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee,
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be;
*Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.*

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.
- 3 Let Thy holy Word instruct us ;
Fill our minds with heavenly light ;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us .
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.
- 4 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd
May we our thank-offerings bring ;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

571

8.7's.

THERE is One above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Sovereign, free, and without end ;
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 Oh for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

672

P.M.

- W**HEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes;
Never; no, never.
- 2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill
Where bliss each heart shall fill;
And fears of parting chill,
Never; no, never.
- 3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell;
And time our joys dispel,
Never; no, never.
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain,
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never; no, never.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

673

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LITTLE children, praise the Saviour ;
He regards you from above.

Praise Him for His great salvation ;

Praise Him for His dying love !

Sweet hosannas

To the name of Jesus sing !

2 Little children, praise the Saviour ;

Praise your ever-living Friend,

Praise Him till in heaven you meet Him,

There to praise Him without end !

Sweet hosannas

To the name of Jesus sing !

674

8.7.

JESUS, full of grace and mercy,
Listen to our humble cry ;

From Thy throne above in glory,

Turn on us Thy gracious eye.

2 We are poor, but Thou art mighty ;

Help for souls on Thee is laid ;

Come, Thou Jesus ! God of mercy,

Bless us in our time of need.

3 Low we bend 'neath sin's dark burden,

But Thy power can make us clean ;

Saviour, hear us ! hear and pardon,—

Wash us from all guilt and sin.

4 Purify our souls and spirits,

Cleanse us in Thy precious blood ;

Make us joy and peace inherit,

Saved and blest by Thee our God.

675

6.5.

JESUS, high in glory,

Lend a listening ear ;

When we bow before Thee,

Infant praises hear.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and prone to stray ;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning ;
Watch us day by day ;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

676

P.M.

OH come, let us sing to the God of salva-
tion, [lation ;
To Jesus our King, who hath brought conso-
Who in His own body hath opened a fountain
To cleanse all our sins, though as high as a
Chorus—Hallelujah to the Lamb, [mountain.

Who hath bought us a pardon ;
We will praise Him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Though our hearts are depraved, though with
sin we are burdened, [pardoned ;
Our souls may be saved, and our sins may be
And Jesus our Saviour hath promised to bless
us, [us.

And free us for ever from those that oppress

3 The hour may be nigh, when our bosoms,
faint heaving, [believing ;
Shall breathe their last sigh in the peace of

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

And Thou from our pillow, all darkness dispelling,

Will calm the rude billow of Jordan's proud [swelling.

677

7.6.D.

- I** WANT to be in heaven,
And there in glory stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand !
Before my Saviour, Jesus,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd join in sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.
- 2 I never could be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear ;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' light,
And with ten thousand thousands
I'd praise Him day and night.
- 3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus can forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish
And lay me down to die,
Oh grant Thy gracious presence,
And bear me to the sky.
- 4 I then shall be in heaven,
And then in glory stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand ;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join in heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

678

7's.

- G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought ;
Gracious God, forbid it not ;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.
- 3 Still supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my Keeper be,
Every moment shelter me.
- 4 In Thy garden here below
Water me that I may grow ;
When all grace to me is given,
Then transplant me into heaven.
- 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

679

P.M.

- H**ERE'S a message of love,
Come down from above,
To invite little children to heaven ;
In God's blessèd book
Poor sinners may look,
And see how all sin is forgiven.
- 2 For there they may read
How Jesus did bleed,
His life everlasting to give ;
He cleanseth the soul,
He maketh us whole,
That with Him in heaven we may live.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

3 And then when they die,
He takes them on high,
To be with Him in heaven above ;
For so kind is His heart,
That He never will part
From a child that has tasted His love.

4 And oh ! what delight
In heaven so bright,
When they see the dear Saviour's face ;
On His beauty to gaze,
And sing to His praise,
And rejoice in His boundless grace !

680

P.M.

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.

Chorus—Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more !

- 2 All that love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord while here,
From every Sabbath-school.
- 4 Oh how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
- 5 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

681

L.M.

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die ;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind ;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do ;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died—
He was hung up and crucified ;
And those kind hands, that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died ; and this is why
He came to be a man and die—
The Bible says He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish sin ;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

682

C. M.

- A** WIDOWED mother lost her son—
She had no son beside ;
He was her loved, her only one,
And he fell sick and died.
- 2 And many a friend shed many a tear
But none had power to save ;
They placed the body on a bier,
To bear it to the grave.
 - 3 When lo ! a company appears,—
A band by Jesus led !
Jesus can dry the mourner's tears.
Jesus can raise the dead !
 - 4 *His heart, with tender pity moved,
Felt for the widow's grief ;*

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

"Weep not," He said, and soon He proved
His hand could give relief.

5 He touched the bier,—the mourner's eyes
Are fixed upon the Lord ;

"Young man, I say to thee, arise !"
Is His almighty word.

6 He rises up—he speaks—he lives ;
No tear need now be shed,
Christ to the widowed mother gives
The child she mourned as dead.

683

8.8.11.8.

I WANT that adorning divine,
Thou only, my God, canst bestow ;
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which mark all Thy household below.

2 I want every moment to feel,
That Jesus resides in my heart,
And that He is present to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.

3 I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear ; [stone,
To have that "new name" upon the white
Which none but Thyself can declare.

4 I want in Thee so to abide,
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise !
The branch which Thou prunest though
feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.

5 I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die ; [care,
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy
And breathe out in death my last sigh.

684

C. M.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes His glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from His throne.
- 5 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

685

P.M.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

Chorus—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod ;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Guided by our Shepherd King,
We will walk and worship ever,
His dear footsteps following.
- 3 There beside the tranquil river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Happy hearts, no more to sever,
Sing of glory and of grace.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 4 But before we gain the river
Lay we every burden down ;
Jesus, here from sin deliver
Those whom there Thy grace will crown
- 5 Soon we'll reach the crystal river ;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our golden harpstrings quiver
With the melody of peace.

686

7's.

- **G**LORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreath His Head !
Jesus is the Name we sing,
Jesus, risen from the dead ;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave,
Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing.
Open now, ye heavenly gates ;
'Tis the King of glory waits.
- 3 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from His face ;
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace !
Oh for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King.
- 4 Jesus, on Thy people shine,
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs ;
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

687

8.8.8.3.

ON earth I know 'tis hard to find
A true and faithful loving friend ;
But One to me at least is kind,—
'Tis Jesus.

2 His presence quells my every fear,
His gentle voice I love to hear,
And none to me is half so dear
As Jesus.

3 Though friends be few and foes increase,
Yet I can dwell in perfect peace ;—
I've One whose love will ne'er decrease,—
'Tis Jesus.

4 When tossed upon life's troubled sea,
And darkest clouds around me be,
There's one dear Friend that watches me,—
'Tis Jesus.

5 If death's cold hand should lay me low,
That is my latest earthly foe,
Then more than conqueror I shall go
To Jesus.

688

11's.

HOW loving is Jesus who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die !
His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like me.

2 How gladly does Jesus His mercy impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart,
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of
His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe !
And out of His fulness what grace they
receive ! [guides,

When weak He supports, when erring He
And everything needful He kindly provides.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 4 Oh give, then, to Jesus your earliest days ;
They only are blessed who walk in His ways ;
In life and in death He will still be their
Friend, [end.
For those whom He loves, He will love to the

689

7.6.D.

WE plough the fertile meadows,
And sow the furrowed land ;
But yet the waving harvest
Depends on God's own hand ;
It is His mercy gives us
The sunshine and the rain,
That paints, in verdant beauty,
The mountain and the plain.

Chorus—

Every blessing we enjoy comes to us from
God, [Name,
Then praise His Name, then praise His
For He is ever good.

- 2 By Him were all things fashioned,
Around us and afar ;
He made the earth and ocean,
And every shining star ;
He made the pleasant spring-time,
The summer bright and warm,
The golden days of autumn,
The winter and the storm.
- 3 He makes the glorious sunset,
The moon to shine on high ;
He bids the breezes fan us,
And thunder-clouds to fly ;
He gives us every blessing,
To Him our lives we owe,
He sent His Son to save us
From sin, and death, and woe.

690

7's

LOOK to Jesus ! yes, I may,
He has fed me day by day,—
Kept me safe from every ill,
Blessèd Jesus ! keep me still.

2 Look to Jesus ! yes, I may,
All my sin to take away ;
See the Saviour who once died,
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

3 Look to Jesus ! yes, I may
He can guide my future way ;
Heavenly Teacher ! constant Friend,
He who loveth to the end.

4 Look to Jesus ! yes, I may
For His Holy Spirit pray ;
He can cleanse my soul with blood,
Draw my wandering heart to God.

5 Look to Jesus ! yes, I may,
Now to heaven He points the way ;
He is coming soon again,
May I with Him ever reign !

691

8.8.6.D.

BEYOND this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair ;
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day,
And all are happy there.

2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that defiles can enter in,
To mar its beauty rare ;
Upon that bright eternal shore,
Earth's bitter curse is known no more
By those who enter there.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 Who shall be there? The lowly here—
All those who serve the Lord in fear—
On Him who cast their care—
Who by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread—
These, these shall all be there.
- 4 Those who have learnt the Lord to know,
And follow Him where'er they go,
So that His love they share,—
Who trust in Him, once crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died,"
These, these shall all be there.

692

7.6.

- T**O Thee, O blest Redeemer,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices
Thy Holy Name to praise;
- 2 'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers
Thy blessing to entreat.
- 3 Oh, may Thy precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till every weary sinner
Shall know and serve the Lord:
- 4 Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

693

P.M.

SOUND the high praises of Jesus our King;
He came and He conquered—His victory
sing;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,
The triumph's complete over death and the
grave;
Vain is their boasting; Jehovah hath spoken,
And Jesus proclaimed Himself "Mighty to
save."

Chorus—(First two lines).

- 2 Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
The enemy quailed at the might of His word;
To heaven He ascended,—unfolds the glad
story,
The host of the blessed exult in His fame;
In love He looks down from the throne of
His glory, [Name.
And rescues the sinners who trust in His

694

C.M.

THERE is a Friend whose matchless love
Surpasses all beside;
'Tis Jesus Christ, the mighty God,
Who for His people died.

- 2 Yes, Jesus is a Friend indeed,
Whose love is always true;
And, sinners, if you feel your need,
He'll be a Friend to you.
- 3 If there's a praying heart within,
Though words be very few,
He hears a sigh, you need not fear,
He'll be a Friend to you.
- 4 And if you once shall taste His love,
That kindness He'll renew,
In every season you shall prove
He'll be a Friend to you.
- 5 And when at last before the throne—
That Saviour always true,

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

For ever and for ever then,
Will prove a Friend to you

695

P.M.

BEGIN at once ! In the pleasant days,
While we are all together,
While we can join in prayer and praise,
While we can meet for healthful plays
In the glow of summer weather.
Begin at once, with heart and hand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

- 2 Begin at once ! For we do not know
What may befall to-morrow !
Many a tempter, many a foe,
Lieth in wait where'er you go
With the snare that leads to sorrow.
Begin at once ! nor doubting stand,
But swell the ranks of our happy band.
- 3 Begin at once ! There is much to do ;
Oh do not wait for others !
Join us to-day, be brave and true !
Join us to-day—there's room for you,
For your sisters and your brothers.
Begin at once, for the work is grand
That God has given to our happy band.
- 4 Begin at once ! In the strength of God,
For that will never fail you !
Under His banner, bright and broad,
You shall be safe from fear and fraud,
And from all that can assail you.
Begin at once, with resolute stand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

696

C.M.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace to me impart,

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

- 2 A sinful creature I have been,
And from my birth have strayed,
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.
- 3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away the stain,
And fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.
- 4 To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may,
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.
- 5 For all who early seek His face,
Shall surely taste His love ;
Jesus shall call them by His grace
To dwell with Him above.

697

7.6.D

THERE is a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain ;
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain.
There is a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

- 2 There is a glad Hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes from Eshcol fail.
There is a Rock of Ages,
When desert wells run dry ;
And after weary stages
There is an Elim nigh.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 An Elim with its coolness,
 Its fountains and its shade,
 A blessing in its fulness,
 When buds of promise fade !
 O'er tears of soft contrition,
 There is a rainbow light,
 A glory and fruition,
 So near ; yet out of sight.
- 4 Only when Christ possessing,
 Have we the joy, the balm,
 The healing and the blessing—
 The sunshine and the psalm ;
 The promise for the fearful,
 The " Elim " for the faint,
 The rainbow for the tearful,
 The glory for the saint.

698

P.M.

WE are marching on to everlasting light ;
 We will work for God, and battle for
 the right ; [might,
 We will praise His name, rejoicing in His
 And we'll work till Jesus comes.

Chorus.

Then awake, then awake, happy song, happy
 song, [march along.
 Shout for joy, shout for joy, as we gladly
 We are marching onward, singing as we go,
 To the promised land, where living waters
 flow. [below,
 Come and join our ranks, as pilgrims here
 Come and work till Jesus comes.

- 2 We are marching on : our Captain ever near,
 Will protect us still—His gentle voice we
 hear. [fear ?
 Let the foe advance, why need we faint or
 Let us work till Jesus comes.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 We are marching on the strait and narrow
way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the land of peace that never will decay ;
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
- 4 We are marching on, and pressing toward the
prize, [skies ;
To a glorious crown beyond these earthly
To our Father's home where pleasure never
dies ;
And we'll work till Jesus comes.

699

8. 7.

- J**ESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care :
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

700

L.M.

- G**REAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ;
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?
- 2 Art Thou my Father ? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise ?
- 3 Art Thou my Father ? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

- 4 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are passed,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

701

8.6.6.

ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed by my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy name, still the same
Merciful and tender?
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let Thy peace be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.
- 4 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me with sovereign power.
- 5 From Thy love no power can sever ;
May I be, Lord, with Thee
Safe in heaven for ever.

702

6.5.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

- 2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

6 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

703

7.6.D.

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones should be ;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing with those in heaven,
Because He loves me so.

704

7.6.D.

WE bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine ;
We come with simple measures
To claim Thy love divine.
Children, Thy favours sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise ;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

- 2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary ;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.
- 3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing !
Oh ! teach us how to pray ;
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
Then where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise Thy Name.

705

C.M.

WHEN Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 Like Him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace ;
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed !
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie.
- 5 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around ;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strawed
Their garments on the ground.
- 6 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King !
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

706

7's.

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat ;
Hear, oh hear our feeble cry ;
Guide, oh guide our wandering feet.

- 2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.
- 4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our Guide canst be,

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

- 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day :
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul ;
Hope, till time shall be no more ;
Love, while endless ages roll.

707

7's.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.
Chorus—For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Children, come, extol His might,
Join with saints and angels bright.
- 3 All our wants He doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry.
- 4 He of old our fathers blest,—
Led them to the land of rest.
- 5 His own Son He sent to die,
Souls to raise to joys on high.
- 6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.

708

7.6.8.6.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek ;
For no one marked an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.

- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer ;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 I want to be like Jesus ;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good ;
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."
- 5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me,"
I would obey the call.
- 6 I want to be like Jesus,
And with my Lord to be ,
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

709

P. M.

- O**NE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves,
His is love beyond a brother's,—Oh, &c.
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—Oh, &c.
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,—Oh, &c.
Think, oh think, how much we owe Him,—
Oh, &c.
With His precious blood He bought us
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,—Oh, &c.
 - 3 We have found a friend in Jesus,—Oh, &c.
'Tis His great delight to bless us,—Oh, &c.
How our hearts delight to hear Him,
Bid us dwell in safety near Him :
Why should we distrust or fear Him ?—
Oh, &c.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 4 Through His Name we are forgiven,—Oh, &c.
Backward shall our foes be driven,—Oh, &c.
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,—Oh, &c.

710

P.M.

- T**HERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
For those who love the Saviour,
And to their Father cry.
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy ;
No home on earth is like it ;
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.
- 4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- On those who love Him truly,
And walk with Him below.
- 5 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
A palm of victory.
Lord Jesus, make us worthy
Thy little ones to be,
That we may share these blessings,
And live in heaven with Thee.

711

C.M.

- O**H happy land, oh happy land, .
Where saints triumphant dwell ;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
- 2 But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer ;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.
- 3 Thou heavenly Friend ! Thou heavenly
Oh hear us when we pray ! [Friend !
Now let Thy pardoning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Be all our fresh, our youthful days, .
To Thy blest service given ;
Then we shall meet to sing Thy praise
Around Thy throne in heaven.

712

L.M.

- G**OD made the sun, the world of light,
The moon to cheer the earth by night,
The spacious firmament on high
And all the stars that gild the sky.
- 2 *He made the earth on which we tread,
And round its shores the oceans spread ;*

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

He made the seasons of the year,
And all the golden fruits they bear.

3 'Tis through His kind and gracious care
We see, and feel, and speak, and hear ;
He made our soul, that better part,
Put love and kindness in our heart.

4 His pity sent His only Son
To die for sins which we have done ;
His grace, we trust, will make us meet
To dwell for ever near His seat.

713

6.6.6.6.8.8.

HARK ! hark ! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains ;
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark ! hark ! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend ;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth His footsteps bend ;
He cometh to our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round,
Let every creature know
What love in God is found,
What pity He can show ;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Emmanuel's Name !
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud His grace proclaim ;
Ye ransomed saints, wake every string ;
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

714

7.6.D.

SAFF in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.

Chorus—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there ;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

715

P.M.

ONE day I was in trouble,
My heart was sore distressed ;
But Jesus came to me and said,
" Come, and I'll give you rest."

2 I went to Him, and told Him
My debt I could not pay ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- He said to me, "Dost thou not know
My blood washed it away?"
- 3 He took and laid me in His arms,
My head upon His breast,
And now I'm with my Saviour,
I'm quiet and at rest.
- 4 I pray each day and every night,
Dear friends, that all of you
May trust the loving Saviour,
And be made happy too.

*[The above hymn was written by a little girl
aged eleven years.]*

716

8.7.

- G**OD of heaven ! hear our singing ;
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.
- 2 Let Thy Kingdom come, we pray Thee,—
Kingdom of eternal rest ;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest !
- 3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.
- 4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone !
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own !

717

II. IO. II. IO.

SINGING for Jesus, oh singing for Jesus,
Trying to serve Him wherever we go ;
Pointing the lost to the way of salvation,
This be our mission as pilgrims below.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love ;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
- 3 Singing for Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee we will sing ;
When o'er the billows of life we are wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
- 4 Glory to God for the prospect before us,
Soon shall our spirits transported ascend ;
Singing for Jesus, oh blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never shall end.

718

7's.

- N**OW the daylight goes away ;
Saviour, listen while I pray ;
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.
- 2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day ;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.
 - 3 Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee ;
Oh ! bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.
 - 4 Now my evening praise I give,
Thou didst die that I might live ;
All my blessings come from Thee—
Oh, how good Thou art to me !
 - 5 Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end ;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

9

7. 6. D

COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend,
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend ;
His loving heart rejoices
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in His love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save,
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust His love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day ;
For those who here confess Him
He will in heaven confess ;
And faithful hearts that bless Him
He will for ever bless.

10

8. 7. D.

GOD, immortal and eternal,
God, who lives above the skies,
God, the great, the everlasting,
God, who caused His Son to rise.
God, who made this world of splendour,
And the firmament above,
God of peace, and Lord of wisdom,
God of all things, God of Love.

2 Let the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant ho

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne :
Hallelujahs everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone.

*[The author of these words (not the doxology)
passed away to the better land at the age
of thirteen years.]*

721

7.6.D.

JESUS, we bow before Thee,
Jesus, Thy praise we sing,
Jesus, our gracious Saviour,
Jesus, our heavenly King !
We have received Thy mercies
Richly and freely given,
Guidance and strength and comfort,
Peace, and the hope of heaven.
Chorus—(First four lines).

2 Jesus, the Hope of glory,
Jesus, the Living Way,
Jesus, our Shield and Banner,
Jesus, to Thee we pray !
Pray for the strength to labour,
Strength to maintain the fight,
Strength to resist temptation,
Strength to defend the right !

3 Jesus, the Rock of Ages,
Jesus, the Living Vine,
Jesus, Almighty Father,
Jesus, the Man Divine !
Help us to praise and bless Thee,
Help us to love Thy Word,
Help us to live for heaven,
Help us, O gracious Lord !

722

P.M.

- A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band ,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed :
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy and love :
How came those children there ?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 6 And is that Fountain flowing yet ?
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there ;
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

723

P.M.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far, away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away :
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?

Oh we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free ;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

724

8's.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so
And oft are its glories confessed ; [fair ;
But what must it be to be there ?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there ?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there ?

4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

The sweetest on earth we can raise,
But what must it be to be there?

5 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there?

6 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

725

8.8.6.D.

AND is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's belovèd Son ?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one ?

2 And I a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none :
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His little one.

3 And He can do all this for me,
Because, in sorrow, on the tree
He once for sinners hung ;
And, having washed their sins away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.

4 Others there are who love me too :
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ has done ?
Then, if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him, and say,
Lord, keep Thy little one.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 5 Thus, by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
'That I'm a little lamb of His
Who loves the little one.

726

9.8.D.

WE'LL journey together to Zion,
That beautiful city of light ;
Whose sky is unclouded for ever,
Nor veiled by a shadow of night.
We'll stay not, for we are but pilgrims,
Nor rest in the valley below ;
But cheered by the Lord and His banner,
We'll sing and rejoice as we go.
Chorus—We'll journey together to Zion
The beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
We'll journey together to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 We'll journey together to Zion,
Where all who are faithful will share
A place in the mansions of glory
Our Saviour has gone to prepare.
His flock He doth feed like a Shepherd,
And guards them by night and by day ;
We'll talk of His goodness and mercy ;
And tell of His love by the way.

727

7.4's.

SETTING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them ;
Oh ! we know not what of harm
May betide them ;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wings,
Father, hide them ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

- 2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them ;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them ;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them ;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

- 3 Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them ;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them ;
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them ;
Trustful in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

728

P. M.

WE are going forth with our staff in hand,
Through a desert wild in a stranger
land ; [strong,
But our faith is bright, and our hope is
And the Good Old Way is our pilgrim song.

Cho.—'Tis the Good Old Way, by our fathers
trod ; [God ;
'Tis the way of Life, and it leadeth unto
'Tis the only path to the realms of day ;
We are going home in the Good Old
Way.

- 2 There are foes without, there are foes within ;
They would turn us back to the path of sin ;
We will stop our ears to the words they say,
While we onward press in the Good Old Way

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 3 In the blissful hour of communion sweet,
Let us come with joy to the Mercy-seat ;
Oh, we love to sing, and we love to pray,
And we bless the Lord for the Good Old Way.
- 4 On the brink of Time when we stand at last,
When our sun has set, and our work is past,
When we bid farewell to our mortal clay,
We will praise the Lord for the Good Old
Way.

729

P.M.

IN my Father's House are many mansions
fair,
In my Father's House on high, and [pare
There's a blessed Home the Saviour will pre-
In my Father's House on high.

Chorus—Blessèd, blessed home eternal,
Happy land beyond the sky ;
There we all may meet,
And worship at His feet,
In my Father's House on high.
Happy Home, blessed Home,
Happy, happy Home eternal !
Happy Home, blessed Home,
Happy Home beyond the sky.

- 2 In my Father's House, the children saved by
grace,
In my Father's House on high, shall
Meet from every land to bow before His face,
In my Father's House on high.
- 3 In my Father's House the ransomed all shall
meet,
In my Father's House on high ; the
Saints and angels bow together at His feet
In my Father's House on high.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

730

P.M.

ON to the conflict, soldiers, for the right,
Arm you with the Spirit's sword, and
march to the fight ; [cry,
Truth be your watchword, sound the ringing
Victory, victory, victory !

Chorus—

Ever this the war-cry, Victory, [breeze,
Write it on your banners, waft it on the
Victory, victory, victory !

2 Fiercely it rages, deadly is the strife,
But the prize that you shall win is everlasting
life ;
Jesus shall crown you, your reward shall be
Victory, victory, victory !

3 Valiant and cheerful, marching right along,
Every foe shall quit the field, though haughty
and strong ; [them flee ;
Fears shall oppress them, truth shall make
Victory, victory, victory !

4 Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease,
Soon shall dawn the welcome day of victory
and peace ;
Foes all subdued, we'll raise the joyful cry,
Victory, victory, victory !

5 Then when we reach the palace of the King,
All the triumphs of the fight, rejoicing we'll
bring,
Swell loud the chorus through eternity,
Victory, victory, victory !

731

7.6.

OUR dear one's fight is over,
The earthly race is run,
'Twas by Thy grace and power
The glorious prize was won :

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 *He* now is sweetly sleeping,
 His spirit rests with Thee,
And though on earth we're weeping,
 His song is victory.
- 3 Soon Thou wilt come in glory,
 With all Thy Church to shine,
Our bodies raised in honour
 And beauty, Lord, like Thine ;
- 4 Then we shall raise still louder
 The song which now we sing :—
 “ O Grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ? ”

732

7's.

- H**OLY Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine thou art, to guide my feet ;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith,
How to triumph over death !
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come ;
Mine, to show the sinner's doom :
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

733

8.7.8.5.D.

- L**ITTLE thought Samaria's daughter,
On that ne'er forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her
 As a sheep astray.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

That from sin He longed to win her,
Knowing more than she could tell
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.

Chorus—Hear! oh hear! the wondrous story,
Let the winds and waters tell,
'Tis the Christ the King of glory,
Waiting at the well.

2 'Neath the stately palm tree swaying,
Listened she to words of truth,
While each thought was backward straying
O'er her wasted youth.
Hastening homeward with desire
All his wondrous speech to tell,
Asked she, "Is not this Messiah
Waiting at the well?"

3 Living waters still are flowing
Full and free from Him so kind,
Blessings sweet the Lord bestowing,
All a welcome find.
All the souls who come and prove Him,
Jesus doth their doubts dispel,
When each heart doth truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.

4 Now my thirsty soul has found Him,
Thrills with joy my throbbing breast :
Living waters, all abounding,
Give my spirit rest.
Let me haste to tell the story ;
Oh ! the rapture none can tell,
I have found the King of glory
Waiting at the well.

734

7.6.D.

WORK, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

Work while the dew is sparkling ;
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour ;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

- 4 Work, for the Lord is coming,
Jesus will soon be here,
The night of time is ending,
The day of glory's near ;
He will reward His servants
Who've laboured in His Name,
Who, by His great salvation,
From tribulation came.

735

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song :
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
While saints above His praise proclaim,
And saints below exalt His Name.

XXV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

[N.B.—*The following Hymns were received too late to be placed in their respectively suitable positions in this book. See PREFACE.*]

736

L.M.

- I** WANT not India's pearly store,
I want the joys of earth no more ;
I want to quit each vain delight ;
I want to walk with Christ in white.
- 2 I want to know my Saviour's love,
I want to fix my heart above,
I want more grace to conquer sin,
I want more holiness within.
- 3 I want to lean on Jesus' breast,
And find in Him eternal rest ;
I want the Spirit's sacred fire—
More faith, more love to raise me higher.
- 4 I want Christ's robe of righteousness,
I need that bright and glorious dress,
I want to cast my own aside—
To conquer all self-righteous pride.
- 5 I want with Jesus to sit down,
I want to wear my heavenly crown ;
I want the kingdom promised me,
I want no more, O Christ, but Thee !

737

7.7.7.5.

NOW upon our homeward way,
As the daylight dies away,
Grant us, gracious God, we pray,
Light at evening time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Holy Father, be Thou near
As the sun doth disappear,
Grant, dispelling every fear,
Light at evening time.
- 3 Jesus, Lord, to Thee we call,
As the shades of evening fall,
Grant Thy blessing unto all—
Light at evening time.
- 4 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Source of comfort, peace, and love,
Grant us from Thy light above
Light at evening time.
- 5 Sacred, holy Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee ;
Unto us, Lord, do Thou be
Light at evening time.

738

L.M.

- W**EARY of sin and sore oppressed,
Laden with care, and deep distressed,
I come to Thee to ask for rest,
Jesus, my Saviour and my God.
- 2 Trembling and faint, and very weak,
Thy strength in all my need I seek,
Peace to my troubled spirit speak,
Jesus, my Saviour and my God.
 - 3 Amid the darkness of the way,
Send forth Thy bright and cheering ray,
To lead me to the perfect day,
Jesus, my Saviour and my God.
 - 4 To Thee, in my distress, I call,
Into Thine arms I helpless fall,
Thou art my life, my strength, my all,
Jesus, my Saviour and my God.

739

7's.

- COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home !
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied :
 Come, to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest-home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home ;
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away :
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast ;
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To Thy final harvest home ;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy présence to abide :
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home !

740

6's.

OH, it is well to stand
 Where martyrs stood of old :

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oh, it is well with zeal
Eternal truth to hold ;
Oh, it is well to guard
From error Christ's own fold !

2 Do banded foemen come
Our treasures to despoil,
Purity, freedom, truth,
Won with no common toil ?
And shall we not stand firm
On blood-besprinkled soil ?

3 Yes ; martyr blood hath stained
The soil on which we move,
The blood of those who strove
Unflinching faith to prove,
Who gave to Christ their lives,
Who gave Him first their love !

4 'Tis for the Christian faith
We must as one contend ;
Against a common foe
Our protest must we bend :
May God Himself most High
The cause of truth defend !

741

8.7.8.7.7.7

WATCH and wait ! the stream is rolling
Swiftly towards the end of time,
Bearing all with rapid motion
Onward to that day sublime,
When will come the midnight cry,
Wake ! the Bridegroom Judge is nigh !

2 Watch and wait ! for as the lightning
Flashing o'er the wide, wide sea,
At a moment unexpected,
Shall the Saviour's coming be ;
Then will rise the midnight cry,
Wake ! the Bridegroom Judge is nigh !

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Watch and wait ! in expectation,
Ready for that solemn day,
When the heaven disappearing,
As a scroll shall pass away,
And be heard the midnight cry,
Wake ! the Bridegroom Judge is nigh !
- 4 Watch and wait ! but safe in Jesus,
He alone can keep us when
His appearing shall with terror
Seize the failing hearts of men,
As goes forth the midnight cry,
Wake ! the Bridegroom Judge is nigh !
- 5 Watch and wait with lamps all ready,
Sanctified in heart and life,
Looking for His reappearing,
And the end of sinful strife ;
Then 'twill be the welcome cry,
Wake ! the Bridegroom Judge is nigh !

742

7.6.D.

- THEY sit beneath His shadow
Who have His mercies known ;
They sit beneath His shadow
Whom He has made His own :
They sit beneath His shadow
Who is the Tree of life,
And find a blessed shelter
'Mid this world's toils and strife.
- 2 His shadow well protects them
When storms are in the sky,
And when with scorching fervour
The burning sun-shafts fly.
They come beneath His shadow
From nature's gloomy wild,
And here they taste of pleasures
Sacred and undefiled.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 How precious is the fruitage
This Tree of life supplies :
Upon its fulness ever
The trusting soul relies :
Oh blessed Tree of refuge
Oh blessed Bower of rest ;
Its bows sweet dew's distilling
Enrich each faithful breast.
- 4 His shadow cannot fail them ;
Their Tree of life is here :
Resting beneath its branches,
They cannot yield to fear ;
May we beneath Thy shadow,
Jesus, our station take,
And face each stress of conflict,
Nor e'er Thy cause forsake.

743

C.M..

- COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints on earth now sing.
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King.
In earth and heaven are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

- 6 Oh that we now might grasp our Guide !
Oh that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven !

744

D.S. M

- T**HEY go from strength to strength ;
From grace to grace they move ;
Their course is on the King's highway,
Beneath His smile of love.
They go from strength to strength,
Nor can their hope decay ;
For He who called them by His grace
Is with them on the way.
- 2 They go from strength to strength,
Nor fear the hosts of hell ;
The fiercest onset of their foes
Their Saviour's might can quell.
They go from strength to strength,
Nor falter as they tread,
For He who was their Sacrifice
Is now their living Head.
- 3 Not friendless is their march ;
They pass through sorrow's vale ;
But He who gave them peace at first
Upholds them to prevail ;
They pass by armed bands ;
They press through armed foes ;
But He who saves them from their sins
Can save from all their woes.
- 4 Lord of the hosts above,
Lord of the bands below,
From Thee our heavenward calling comes,
Our inspirations flow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strengthen us, Son of God,
And guide us in Thy love ;
Thus as we bear our cross, our steps
From strength to strength shall move.

745

C.M.

REVERED beyond the noblest name
That ever creature bore,
Christ Jesus, yesterday the same,
To-day, and evermore.

- 2 The same in wisdom, power, and love,
In truth and holiness ;
Whose works, and word, and suffering prove
His will, and wont, to bless.
- 3 The same, salvation to impart
To souls with sin oppressed,
And to the feeble, tempted heart,
Give courage, strength, and rest.
- 4 The same through all the ages past
Of time's long yesterday,
As now, and henceforth in the vast
Eternity shall be.
- 5 Then, O my soul, in every woe
On Him with faith depend ;
To Him in full assurance go,
Thy never-changing Friend.
- 6 He will not fail thee nor forsake,
Whatever may betide ;
All things to work for good will make,
And glory grant beside.

746

7.6.D.

THOU paschal Lamb, appointed
By God the Father's love ;
Once slain, but now exalted
At God's right hand above ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Through Thee we have salvation ;
Life, pardon, peace obtain ;
And praise with adoration
The Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 Freedom from condemnation,
Could only come by Thee ;
Through Thy humiliation.
And sufferings on the tree ;
Thy weight of sorrow bearing,
From Satan, man, and God ;
And love to us declaring,
Through Thy atoning blood.
- 3 We praise Thee, holy Saviour !
That Thou didst suffer thus ;
And in Thy loving favour,
Endure the curse for us.
Through everlasting ages,
All glory be to Thee ;
While this each heart engages—
Thy love on Calvary.
- 4 We wait for Thine appearing,
'To change our night to day ;
The welcome summons hearing,
To call us hence away.
Thy saints will then in glory,
Redeeming love proclaim ;
And worshipping before Thee,
Sing, " Worthy is the Lamb."

747

7.6.D.

A BANNERED host upholdeth
The honours of their King ;
And from this bannered army
The gospel trumpets ring ;
A bannered host is moving
Through darkness to the day,

MISCELLANEOUS.

And still their course is onward
Though foes beset their way.

2 A bannered host upholdeth
The witness of the Lord ;
And through the love of Jesus
Are faithful to His word ;
The shining bands are winning
New conquests as they move,
And still their mighty impulse
Is Christ's redeeming love.

3 The bannered legions hasten
O'er many a rugged plain ;
And aye the course is solaced
By many a sacred strain ;
By strains of martial ardour
And tuneful songs of praise,
And while their glance is upward,
Their blazoned shields they raise.

4 They are not left unweaponed,
Both sword and shield they own,
And inspirations cheer them
From Christ's exalted throne ;
They know that He is near them,
They know His promise sure,
And in His strength confiding
Unyielding they endure.

748

7's.

"**L**ORD of Glory," crucified !
Mighty Saviour, Thou hast died :
Borne Thy people's guilt and sin,
Thus eternal life we win.
Rock of Ages, Rock Divine !
Love e'erlasting made us Thine !

2 Once by nature far from God,
On Thy righteous law we trod :

MISCELLANEOUS.

Spurned Thy grace, despised Thy name,
Gloried in our sin and shame.

Rock of Ages, Rock Divine !

Sovereign love has made us Thine !

- 3 By the Gracious Spirit taught,
'Neath Thy Shadow we were brought.

In Thy comeliness arrayed

Very nigh to God we're made :

Rock of Ages, Rock Divine !

Sovereign grace hath made us Thine.

- 4 Rock Eternal, Thou wast riven
That Thy saints might be forgiven :
From Thy wrath might sheltered be,
Hidden in Thy clefts—in Thee.

Rock of Ages, Rock Divine !

Thy free love hath made us Thine !

- 5 Rock of Ages, from Thy side
Flowèd forth a living tide :
Through the full atonement made,
All Thy chosen ones are saved.

Rock of Ages, Rock Divine !

Grace and mercy made us Thine !

- 6 Rock of Ages, in Thy breast,
Stores of choicest honey rest ;
Here Thy hungry ones may feed,
Satisfying all their need.

Rock of Ages, Rock Divine !

Love unchanging made us Thine !

749

7. 6. D.

THERE is a sure foundation
Which God in Zion laid ;
And here the true believer
His resting-place hath made :
How precious this Foundation !
How tested and how proved !

MISCELLANEOUS.

- No soul from this Foundation
Has ever yet been moved.
- 2 Here stands a Rock of safety :
Here rests the hope of man :
Here all reflects the glory
Of God's eternal plan.
Who on this Rock are building
Shall never know despair ;
No tempests wildly raging
Their safety shall impair.
- 3 Around this sure Foundation
Which God in Zion laid
What beams of splendour brighten,
What glories are displayed !
Upon this Rock eternal,
The smiles of Godhead rest,
And only they who trust it
Are numbered with the blest.
- 4 Here let me fix my station :
Here let my hope be found :
None need to wander further,
Nor seek the world around :
Behold my Son—the Father
Hath spoken from His Throne :
Hear Him whom God hath honoured,
And all His glories own !

750

L. M.

- O**UR Father, whose indulgent care
Provides for man and beast their food,
We bow before Thy presence here,
And worship Thee, the Source of good.
- 2 Earth's beauteous crops have cheered our eyes,
Labour's reward Thou thus hast given ;
Hear, Lord, the songs which to Thee rise,
And answer from Thy throne in heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 May we receive with grateful hearts
The lessons which the harvests teach ;
And through the grace Thou dost impart,
After our Saviour's image reach.
- 4 Sowing the seeds of righteousness,
Reaping the harvest fruit of joy,
Glean we the earnest here of bliss,
Secured for all Thy Church on high.
- 5 So when the angel reapers come
To gather home the precious grain,
We shall be welcomed to Thy throne,
In endless light with Thee to reign.

751

6.5.D.

HEAR the trumpets sounding
With a silver strain !
Hear the message floating
Over land and main !
Hear the voice of mercy
Speaking from on high,
With those gracious accents
Jesus passes by.

- 2 Some have heard Him speaking,
And their hearts replied ;
As He smiled upon them
Sin within them died.
By His love He won them ;
Drew them to His side ;
Bowed their hearts within them,
Vanquished all their pride.
- 3 By His grace He won them,
Made their hearts His own,
And within their bosoms
Fixed His lasting throne ;
In their blood He found them,
In their sin and shame ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

With prevailing power
To their rescue came.

- 4 Who can hear His accents
Thrill the hearts within,
And be still a captive
In the bonds of sin ?
Who can taste the pardon
Which His grace bestows,
Nor confess the mercy
Which hath healed his woes ?
- 5 Harken, sinners, harken,
To the Gospel strain !
Hear the voice of mercy
Sound o'er earth and main !
Is there not a kingdom
Which to man draws nigh ?
In that kingdom, sinner,
Jesus passes by.

752

7.6.D.

- H**E cometh ; yes, He cometh ;
He cometh who was slain ;
He cometh in His glory
Who suffered mortal pain.
He cometh ; yes, He cometh ;
Cometh in royal might ;
He cometh all encompassed
By angels strong and bright.
- 2 He cometh ; yes, He cometh ;
Ye faithful souls, rejoice !
Soon shall ye see His splendours ;
Soon shall ye hear His voice ;
He comes and mighty principedoms
Shall wait around His way,
No honours shall be wanting
To that triumphant Day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 He cometh ; yes, He cometh ;
Ye saints, expect your King !
The day of His espousals
Comes swift with dove-like wing.
Let thrones of proud oppression,
Tremble and rock and reel ;
But joy to humble spirits
That advent will reveal.

4 He cometh ; yes, He cometh ;
He cometh who was slain ;
Messiah came to suffer ;
Messiah comes to reign.
He cometh ; yes, He cometh ;
The sceptre in His hand ;
And His shall be the empire
O'er every smiling land.

753

6.5.D.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear ;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

Chorus—Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

2 "I the Lord am with thee,
Be thou not afraid !
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed !
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand !

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake,
His eternal Covenant
He will never break !
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
For the opening year.

754

11's.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my
song, [tongue ;
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul
fast.

2 Without Thy sweet mercy I could not live
here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
But through Thy free goodness my spirits
revive, [alive.
And He that first made me still keeps me

3 The door of Thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock at
the way ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

No sinner shall ever be empty sent back.
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

4 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell ;
Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on
the tree,
That opened the channel of mercy for me.

5 Great Father of mercies ! Thy goodness I
own,
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son ;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness
mine !

755

11's.

I'M waiting, I'm waiting, Thy footsteps to
see,— [for me;
The pathway Thy wisdom has marked out
I'm waiting in darkness, till Thou shalt make
clear [here.

The plans Thou hast purposed concerning me

2 I'm waiting on Thee, for none other can guide,
For me there's no safety but close by Thy side ;
Thy right hand upholds me when ready to
fall ; all !

Oh ! be Thou for ever my strength and my

3 I'm waiting—Thou knowest the desires of
my soul, [the whole ;
My struggles, my groanings, Thou knowest
Not one thing I've hidden, I've poured out
my heart,— [impart.

I'm waiting till Thou Thy sweet peace shalt

4 I'm waiting, I'm waiting, the night has been
long ; [song ;—

~~Sore~~ burdened my spirit, and saddened r

MISCELLANEOUS.

I know Thou art faithful, the "set time" will
come,— [me home.

I'll see 'tis "the right way" Thou'rt leading

5 Remember Thy promise, remember Thy
Word,

**My faithful, my loving, all-powerful Lord ;
Remember my weakness, remember my grief,
And send me, oh send me, Thy speedy relief !**

756

8.7.D.

FATHER, at Thy table bending,
 Conscious of Thy boundless love,
 That, from heaven to us extending,
 Links us to Thy home above,
 We, Thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Ask Thee to afford Thy care,
 And Thy will still keep revealing
 To the soul that seeks by prayer.

2 Thou art He whose goodness gave us
Every blessing we've enjoyed ;
Thou art He whose Son, to save us
Through His death our foes destroyed ;
In His life we find example ;
Let us do as He has done ;
Help us on our sins to trample,
Share the victory He has won.

3 Let us keep in deep remembrance
Every sacrifice He made,
Let us ponder o'er His suffering,
And the final price He paid ;
Let us gather round the table
Where the bread and wine are spread,
And with silent joy outpouring
Follow what our Saviour said.

4 Here the bread and wine partaking
In remembrance of the Lord,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Here we meet, His supper sharing
 In obedience to His word ;
 Sacrifice and Priest have vanished,
 But Thy love shall never wane ;
 By Thy sacred word admonished,
 Do this till I come again.

757

10's.

ETERNAL God, we now before Thee stand,
 Again to plead for mercy at Thy hand,
 And in Thy presence, ere we hence depart,
 We ask Thee now Thy blessing to impart.

2 Thou hast been with us, Lord, throughout
 this day ;

To bless Thou camest, and to bless did stay,
 And now, before we leave this place, be nigh,
 To fix our minds upon eternity.

3 For every holy thought, O God, we praise
 The loving mercy of Thy freest grace :
 For all that has been sinful, Lord, we crave
 The pardon of the Mighty One to save.

4 Bless those who speak Thy word, and those
 who hear,
 To all throughout this closing hour be near—
 The young, the old, the erring, and the wise,
 For each, O God, accept Christ's sacrifice.

5 Bless all our loved ones, wheresoe'er they be,
 Bless all who travel over land or sea,
 The sick, the sad, the dying, and the weak,
 For each and all Thy blessing, Lord, we seek.

6 The poor, the widow, and the fatherless,
 The desolate, and stranger, pity—bless ;
 Revive Thy people, say to sinners, Live :—
 The weary, comfort,—and the lost forgive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

7 O Father, by Thine everlasting love—
Lord Jesus Christ, our great High-Priest
above—

O Gracious Spirit,—ere our worship cease—
Both now and ever, bless us with Thy peace.

758

S.M.

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
3 To Him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.
4 All through the wilderness,
He is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
If He direct our way.
5 Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that Divinely free ;
Oh grant the Spirit of Thy Son
To work this faith in me.

759

L.M.

MY Lord, my Saviour, and my Stay,
Thou knowest all my heart must bear ;
I could not tread my lonely way,
Unless I saw Thy footsteps there.
2 My rebel will would often fly
From evils that it dreads to meet,
*But courage comes if Thou art nigh,
And strength, when sitting at Thy feet*

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 And if alone, Thou bidd'st me go,
With no kind look, or voice to cheer,
Why should this silence lay me low,
Strength of my life, if Thou art near ?
- 4 Though human hearts for me might feel,
And soothe me with a passing smile,
Or bind the wounds they cannot heal,
'Twere only for a little while !
- 5 But Thou, however dim my sight,
Or cold my faith, dost come to me,
In darkness which to Thee is light,
In grief, whose purpose Thou canst see !
- 6 Thus while upon Thine arm I lean,
I walk with power not my own,
And in Thy presence, Friend unseen,
I am not lonely, if alone !

760

7's.

- H**OLY Spirit, faithful Guide !
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land ;
Weary souls for aye rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, " Wanderer, come !
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear :
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, " Wanderer, come !
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood ;
Whisper softly, " Wanderer, come !
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

- 4 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Comforter, and God of love,
Keep us watching for that day,
When all sin shall flee away ;
When we shall the Saviour see
Clothed in glorious majesty,
When the Lord Himself shall come,
All His saints to welcome home.

761

C.M.

AND does thy heart for Jesus pine,
And make its pensive moan ?
He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan.

- 2 These pinings prove a Christ is near,
And testify His grace ;
Call on Him with unceasing prayer,
And He will show His face.
- 3 Though much dismayed, take courage still,
And knock at mercy's door ;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve His praying poor.
- 4 He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length ;
A look from Him will cheer thine heart,
And bring renewed strength.
- 5 Then wait, I say, upon the Lord,
Believe and ask again ;
Thou hast His kind and faithful word
That none shall ask in vain.

762

7.6.D.

LORD, is it still the right way,
 I cannot see Thy face,
 I do not feel Thy presence,—
 Thine all-sustaining grace?
 Can even this be leading
 Through bleak and sunless wild
 Unto the holy City,
 The mansions undefiled?

2 I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord!
 Dost Thou still hear my cry?
 I cling to Thine assurance,
 That Thou art ever nigh;
 I know that Thou art faithful;
 I trust, but cannot see,
 That it is still the right way
 By which Thou leadest me.

3 I think I could go forward
 With brave and joyful heart,
 Though every step should pierce me
 With unknown fiery smart,
 If only I might see Thee,
 If I might gaze above
 On all the cloudless glory
 Of Thine eternal love.

4 Is this Thy chosen training
 For future task unknown?
 Is it that I may learn to rest
 Upon Thy word alone?
 O Saviour, do not leave me,
 Fulfil Thou every hour
 The purpose of Thy goodness,
 The work of faith with power.

5 *I lay my prayer before Thee!*
And trusting in Thy word,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Though all is dark within me,
I know that thou hast heard.
To that blest City lead me,
Still choosing all my way,
Where faith is lost in vision
As starlight in the day.

763

II. IO'S.

PILGRIM of earth, toiling onward to
heaven!

Heir thou of glory, and child of the day!
Cared for, protected, beloved, and forgiven,
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

2 Cared for, protected, though often thou
seemest

Justly forsaken, nor counted a child;
Loved and forgiven, though rightly thou
deemest

Self all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

3 Weary and thirsty, no waterbrook near thee,
Onward, nor faint at the length of the way;
God who's above will assuredly hear thee,
He will provide thee with strength for the
day.

4 Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide
thee,

Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—
Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of His word.

5 Bring all thy hardness, His grace can subdue
it; [free!

How full is the promise! the blessing how
"Whate'er ye ask in My Name, I will do it;
Rest in My love, and be joyful in Me."

I LOVE, when I am weary,
 And faint, and worn, and sad,
 To spend my hours with Jesus,
 Whose presence makes me glad.
 I love, when tried and tempted,
 Beset with doubts and fears,
 To cast my care on Jesus,
 He wipes away my tears.

2 And when oppressed with sorrow,
 My heart within me dies,
 When tempests round me gather,
 And waves of trouble rise ;
 When all things seem against me,
 In this dark vale of tears,
 Oh ! how one glimpse of Jesus
 Will dissipate my fears.

3 I love to walk with Jesus,
 To lean upon His breast,
 And hear Him sweetly whisper,
 I—I will give thee rest.
 Oh ! what to me are trials
 With Jesus for my Friend?
 Though all things else are fleeting,
 His love can never end.

4 Should earthly friends prove faithless,
 And leave me one by one,
 I know my Saviour Jesus
 Will ne'er forsake His own ;
 But gently bear me onward
 Through trials yet to come,
 Until He lands me safely
 In heaven, my promised home.

765

8.8.6.D.

- A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found
 And knew not where to go ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 "The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink to endless woe."
- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It poured its curses on my head,
 I no relief could find ;
 This fearful truth increased my pain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 And crushed my tortured mind.
- 3 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast oppressive load ;
 Alas ! I read and saw it plain,
 "The sinner must be born again,
 Or drink the wrath of God."
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
 Yet when I found this truth remain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The gracious Saviour passed this way,
 And felt His pity move ;
 The sinner by His justice slain,
 Now by His grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

766

8.8.6.D.

A LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
 The budding fig-tree droop and die,
 No oil the olive yield ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, humbly bend beneath His rod,
And by His grace be healed.

2 Though fields in verdure once arrayed,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parched by scorching beam ;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy ; for He is true and just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall ;
My soul above the wreck shall rise ;
Its better joys are in the skies,
Where God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distressed,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
And triumph in His love :
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

767

8. 7. D.

AS Thy children, gracious Father,
Low before Thy face we bow ;
By the Holy Spirit gather
Every heart in worship now ;
Thou, in tenderness, art seeking
Worship from Thy children dear ;
May our lips, Thy love repeating,
Yield the praise Thou lov'st to hear.

2 Abba, Father, we adore Thee,
Everlasting love is Thine,
We delight to sing Thy glory,
And Thy excellence divine ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thou hast loved us, still art loving,
And Thy love will never end ;
Every earthly thought removing,
Now let souls in worship blend.

- 3 Hallelujah ! Lord Almighty !
God of grace, and truth, and love ;
Praises, through Thy Son, delight Thee,
Rising up to heaven above ;
Perfumed by the holy incense
Of Christ's precious saving name,
While the Holy Spirit's presence
Keeps alive the hallowed flame.
- 4 Hallelujah ! God and Father !
Praise, adoring praise, be Thine,
Praises now, and praise for ever,
Praise exalted and divine !
Hallelujah ! loud the chorus !
Shall resound o'er earth and sea !
Over death and hell victorious,
Glory, glory, be to Thee !

768

L. M.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure :

MISCELLANEOUS.

His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

769

C.M.

I FLY from self ! Say where, oh where
Shall I a refuge find ?

I fly to penitence and prayer,
But sin and self pursue me there,
And leave a troubled mind.

2 I fly from self ! Escape is sought,
In heaven-wrought grace within ;
But ah, I there discover nought,
Whether in deed, or word, or thought,
That is not mixed with sin !

3 I fly from self ! I can't attain
The mark to which I soar,
Each duty tried is tried in vain ;
Each sends me back to self again,
More troubled than before !

4 I fly from self ! In self-despair
To Christ my Lord I fly ;
Pursued by self, to Him repair,
And only find my refuge where
He hung on Calvary !

5 Self there receives its mortal wound
Where Jesus bled for me !
There only be my battle-ground !
Self's victor there in Him is found,
Who died upon the tree.





